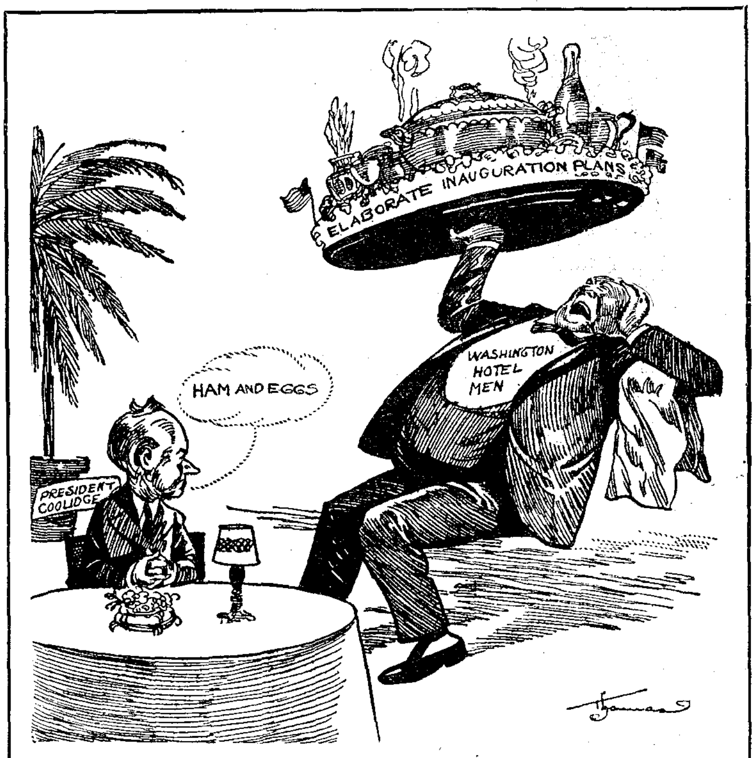
THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)
PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
Vol. LXXXIV, No. 9 New York, February 28, 1925 Whole Number 1819

# TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

## WHERE THE COOLIDGE ECONOMY HURTS

"TO ASCERTAIN THE REAL PUBLIC OPINION in the United States, first find out what Washington thinks. Then you know it is usually exactly the opposite thing." If President Coolidge shares the belief thus exprest by ex-Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels concerning the relation of opinion in the nation's Capital and opinion in the country at large, he may be able to endure with fortitude the murmurs of resentment now emanating from Washington against certain phases of his economy program. This resentment, the correspondents tell us, is directed chiefly against four things—his insistance upon an inexpensive and unostentatious inauguration; his recommendation that the number of Federal employees be reduced; his interest in the regulation of rents in Washington, and his opposition to the "big navy" advocates. The inauguration, stript of its all-day parade, its fireworks, and its inaugural ball, is to cost the country only a few thousand dollars. "It looks," laments a Washington hotel man, "like the simplest inaugural since Jefferson rode his horse from the White House to the Capitol, and tied him to a hitching-post." "The President's Economy Peeves Washington's Upper Crust, Job Holders, and Tradesmen," proclaims the headline over a Washington dispatch to the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Clinton W. Gilbert, in his Washington correspondence to the New York *Evening Post*, gives us further particulars concerning this ire against President Coolidge in the Capital. Says Mr. Gilbert:



AND MAKE IT PLAIN
—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

"The Washington newspapers print on their front pages, with a certain malice, all the doggerel and jokes Congress has turned out on President Coolidge's White-House gymnasium device, the mechanical horse.

"The papers display at great length the Senate opposition to the appointment of Charles B. Warren as Attorney-General, and give prominence to the Mitchell controversy.

"This is unusual. The newspapers here ordinarily are discreet about displaying their feelings toward the Administration in power.

"Mr. Coolidge has done several things to make Washington take pleasure in reading Congressional doggerel about him and his mechanical horse. For one thing, of course, his insistence that the inauguration should be inexpensive has pained every hotel man, boarding-house keeper, hash dispenser and shopkeeper in town.

"The real-estate dealers are angry. The President has exprest sympathy with a rent-commission bill designed to limit their profit-taking. Real estate is the one great industry of Washington. There are more real-estate agents here per one hundred of population than anywhere else in the world. Real-estate speculation reaches everywhere and does much to mold local opinion.

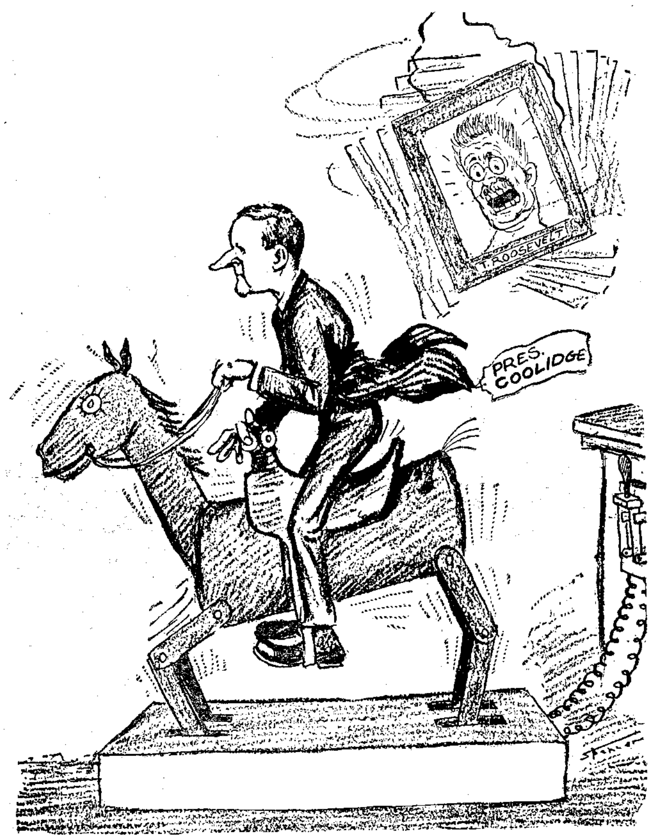
"The President's attitude on rents might make the government workers happy, but their joy has been spoiled by his remark that the number of government employees must be reduced further. So all the government workers are worried for fear they will lose their jobs. And, when you consider that the government workers, the shopkeepers and the real-estate dealers make up about 99 per cent. of the population, you will see why the President does not have the popularity here he has elsewhere.

"But that is not all. Mr. Coolidge comes nearer being a peace President than any one I can remember. He is not so rhetorical about it as Mr. Wilson, but their views on military expenditures are not far apart. He shut up the 'big Navy' propaganda. For weeks its multigraphing machines have been growing rusty. Now, Army and Navy opinion in Washington is powerful. Officers belong to society. Their word goes far in this town. And they like Mr. Coolidge little better than do the realty dealers.

"So, all in all, the President has arrived at the same sort of local unpopularity that befell Mr. Wilson during his first years in office. Then the mechanical horse gave Washington an odd degree of ill-natured pleasure.

"Mostly, it comes back to economy. Washington, which lives off the rest of the country, likes a good spender."

The President's mechanical horse, an exercising device familiar to most users of gymnasiums, particularly on ocean liners, became the target of ridicule in Congress when one Representative made an allusion to cutting down the oat bill in the White House stables, and another read an original poem, inspired by this same steed, and bristling with such original rimes as "ground" and "renown"; "mane" and "fame"; "task" and "passed." As a sample, we quote four of its twelve stanzas:



"GIDDAP!"

—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*

"The Prince of Wales astride a steed
Is a picture of world renown.
When the horse bestrides, as is its need,
The Crown Prince hits the ground.

"Silent Cal is a more cautious chap
Than the young Prince, brave and good.
He profited by the princely mishap,
And bought a horse of wood.

"Electric currents fill its veins,
Instead of thoroughbred blood;
So it never gives its rider pains
Or throws him in the mud. . . .

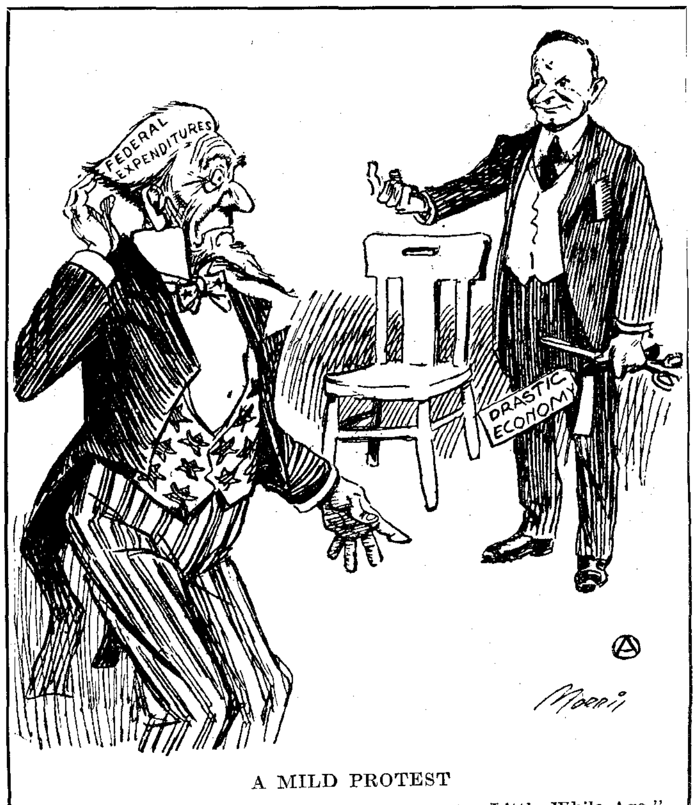
"It might be well to find a name;
We would suggest, of course,
One that would bring undying fame,
Economy—for Cal's hobby-horse."

Here and there, outside of Washington, we find editorial agreement with the Washington view-point. Thus the Brooklyn *Citizen* disapproves of "a niggardly policy" in regard to the inauguration, condemns the curtailment of work at the navy yards, complains that the President thinks of "the taxpayers who have votes" rather than of the government employees. In an editorial headed "Costly Economy," the Rochester *Herald* cites the reduction of the forage ration for army horses and mules and the refusal to grant more money for the Air Service as examples of "bureaucratic unwisdom." In other words, remarks *The Army and Navy Gazette* (Washington), "the practise of horizontal reduction to achieve an aggregate in statistics may easily degenerate into a false kind of economy." President Coolidge has stated that the average wage of the government worker is $1,749. While admitting that "technically the President's average is correct," the Washington *News* declares it misleading, because "it is reached by adding the large salaries of men in professional and scientific grades." And the St. Louis *Star* avers that "in the Mississippi valley there is a growing impression that President Coolidge is going too far in his economic program." To quote this Missouri paper further:

"Undoubtedly the country went to the extreme of extravagance during the war period, but it is just as imprudent to swing the pendulum to the other extreme. There are many underpaid Federal employees, live wires in the postal service. The waterways of the country must be brought into larger service for transportation. A great and rich people do not deserve a niggardly government. There should be the utmost honesty and proper sagacity in expenditures, but no failure to help the people grow in all essential respects. The brakes must not be put on too suddenly. The train of prosperity can be easily knocked off the track."

But in the main an examination of the press of the country seems to confirm the dictum of Mr. Daniels concerning the lack of agreement between the sentiment of Washington and the sentiment of the nation. "President Coolidge may well view with equanimity all the jibes at his propensity to economy," declares the Columbus *Ohio State Journal,* which thinks that "this characteristic perhaps, more than any other, accounts for his great and apparently growing strength with the people." "To come right out and call him stingy," it adds, "probably would be a political service to him." "The rest of the country feels amused at Washington's resentment against the President's economy," declares the Buffalo *Express,* which hopes that "we may continue to laugh at this joke on Washington for a long, long time." "The serenity of the country at large is undisturbed by the agitation at Washington," agrees the New Orleans *Times-Picayune;* and the Wichita *Beacon* finds amusement in Washington's "paroxysms of grief." "The people of the country, regardless of party, applaud the President's position," declares the Atlanta *Constitution.* "What the people want is lower taxes, which can come only out of savings," says the Indianapolis *News,* and the Minneapolis *Journal* adds: "It was the public's confidence in the ability and purpose of Mr. Coolidge to bring about that reduction which largely accounted for his victory at the polls." To quote the Grand Rapids *Herald:*

"The very fact that an inaugural is a spectacular occasion makes the gesture of economy immensely more valuable than otherwise would be the case. The whole country's eyes will be riveted on Washington on March 4. By setting an example of



A MILD PROTEST

"Aw, Gee, Mr. President, You Bobbed It Just a Little While Ago."

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

economy on such an occasion the President drives home his purposeful policy more forcefully than any other stroke of equal proportions would permit."

That the inauguration ceremonies will be without pomp and pageantry "is a good bit of news for the public," declares the Boston *Globe*, which thinks that "democracy and gold braid never pull well together in the same harness." "A President who both preaches and practises economy is a novelty; he is more, he is a sensation," avers the Portland *Oregonian*. "The people of the West believe the pay-rolls are over crowded, and that one adult in every eleven is too much in the way of government employment," remarks the Kansas City *Star*. "The people have got to stop spending money like drunken sailors or face an impossible high cost of living which will play havoc with their institutions," declares the New Haven *Journal-Courier*. The Providence *Journal* is for President Coolidge's program of economy and reduction of taxes "first, last and all the time."

"The President is absolutely right," thinks the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. "The more Coolidge is criticized for pressing economy, the stronger the people are for him," declares the Topeka *Capital*. "He will have the ardent support of the taxpayers throughout the country," says the Fargo *Tribune*, which thinks that "nearly half the bureaus and boards could be eliminated without harm to the government machinery." "In Washington there is a fairly effective alliance in defense of jobs," remarks the Utica *Press*, which adds: "No wonder Washington wails if pay-rolls are to be cut and economy turns out to be something more than a campaign slogan." "Spending other people's money has an attraction all its own for those whose profession is politics," remarks the Wheeling *Intelligencer*. "The joke is on the pie-counter brigade; more power to Cal," says the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. The Omaha *Bee* describes President Coolidge as "the man who actually has the courage to show his country the way back to a solid foundation for its social life." And in the Seattle *Times* we read:

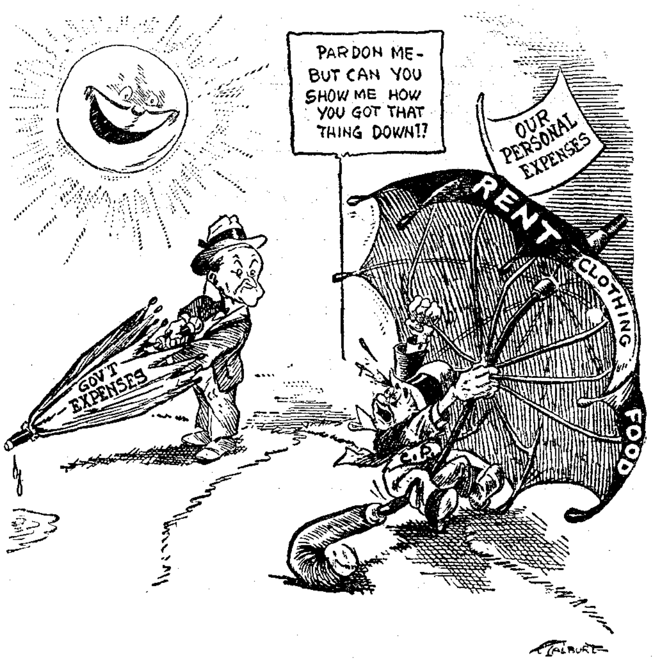
> "The policy of retrenchment in governmental expenses is far-reaching in its effects. In virtually all the State Legislatures in session this winter there is a new zeal for saving. There is a disposition to match the Federal Government in proportionate reductions in the cost of administering the people's business. Undoubtedly President Coolidge has done more than any other man to awaken the public conscience to the extravagance and waste being practised by thousands of taxing bodies throughout the United States. The millions saved by Mr. Coolidge in Federal expenses will be magnified into billions when all the legislatures, city councils and boards of county commissioners have profited by his example. Not only is Mr. Coolidge a real economizer, but he is an inspiration to the rest of the country."

"Coolidge is right," declares the Nashville *Tennessean*, which goes on to say:

> "No public man of his times has evinced a clearer realization of the imperative need of retrenchment in governmental expenditures; and no man of his day has displayed a surer and more stedfast courage in demanding that governmental administration and conduct respect that need. He has sounded a note of protest, of warning, against all Government waste throughout the country. No man knows better than he the enormous drain of government upon the energies and resources of the people. There has come about a saturnalia of taxation. The average American hands over the result of one day's labor each week to Government, Federal, State and local."

"The nation believes that the way to economize is to economize, and is enjoying the unconcealed chagrin of the Capital," remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Among other papers that unreservedly endorse the President's economy program and harden their hearts against the grief in Washington are the San Francisco *Bulletin*, Chicago *Post*, Los Angeles *Express*, Richmond *News Leader*, Houston *Chronicle*, Omaha *World-Herald*, Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, Helena *Independent*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, San Diego *Union*, Boston *Transcript*, Mobile *Register*, Kansas City *Journal*, Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*, Macon *Telegraph*, Louisville *Times*, Detroit *News*, Philadelphia *Record*, Manchester *Union*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Denver *Post*, Hartford *Courant*, Newark *News*, Syracuse *Post-Standard*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Milwaukee *Leader*, and Des Moines *Register*.

The Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* applauds his attitude with the qualifying remark that "the appropriation for the Army and Navy is a matter for those departments and Congress to settle." "There may be some question regarding the Army and Navy," agrees the Salt Lake *Tribune*. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* also applauds the President's program of economy, except where it touches the Army and Navy. On this point it says:



LEND A HAND!

—Talburt in the Washington *Daily News*.

> "The era of world unity has not yet dawned. The United States, in not making adequate preparation for possible eventualities, is living in a fool's paradise. If this is what President Coolidge calls economy, he has missed the meaning of the term."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* joins in these warnings against reducing the national defenses below the level of safety, and adds a word of disapproval of "holding down the wages of postal and other necessary government employees." "Selective economy," rather than blanket economy should be the watchword, thinks the Wichita *Eagle;* and the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* makes the same suggestion in different terms.

Turning specifically to the matter of the inauguration, we read in the Kansas City *Star* that "Washington misses the frills dreadfully when they are snatched away, because the frills mean expenditure, and expenditure is the life of the Capital as truly as economy is the life of the nation." But "the people are with the President in his stand against extravagant display," declares the Los Angeles *Express*. The Chicago *Post* commends him for sounding a note of "genuine American simplicity"; and the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* remarks that "an inauguration can be dignified and impressive without being given the display and trappings of a durbar." "The crude, old-fashioned custom of making a three-ringed circus of the inauguration of a President has gone into the discard," says the Manchester *Union*. And, remarks the Des Moines *Register*, "the President believes the whole American people ought to come back to simpler ways of living."

P. & A. photograph

HIS PERIL UNITED THE NATION IN SYMPATHY, HOPE, AND FEAR

Floyd Collins, as he appeared when exploring a Kentucky cavern about ten days before his entrance into the fatal Sand Cave.

# THE FLOYD COLLINS TRAGEDY

IF THE ROCK which pinned Floyd Collins in the Kentucky cave that became his tomb had killed him outright, the incident would have been given only a passing paragraph in the newspapers, which would have gone unnoticed by most readers. But as the efforts to release him continued for two weeks he became a national figure. Every day multitudes followed the latest news from Cave City, line by line. The entire nation, in a sense, as the Minneapolis *Tribune* puts it, was "at once trying to save him and looking on aghast." "Could the national will to assist have been directed into any constructive plan, Collins would have been free by a force sufficient to have moved a mountain," remarks the Louisville *Times* in his own State. Why, asks many an editor, was there this universal interest in the fate of one obscure Kentucky youth? Partly it was the sheer horror of a fate as cruel as that of the mythical Prometheus or the fictional victim in Poe's picture of "The Pit and the Pendulum," says the Baltimore *Sun;* "nothing more truly awful has been chronicled." True, only a single victim was concerned, but that only increased our interest and deepened our sympathies, in the opinion of the Boston *Globe*, for—

> "It is the plight of an individual that catches the imagination. To most of us a statement that 100 persons have perished in a flood or that 100,000 are starving in some far-off corner of the earth means less than the peril of a single life. A man may be unmoved by statistics proving the wretchedness of families in a slum, but if he can be made really to see one little girl clad in calico and broken shoes, shivering in the snow, the door of his sympathy opens wide."

The story hardly needs retelling after the columns which appeared in all the newspapers of the land. Floyd Collins lives in the cave region of Kentucky where, besides Mammoth Cave, there are thousands of sink-holes and caverns of various sizes. He had discovered Sand Cave himself, and on January 30, according to press accounts, he was trapt on his way out from an exploration trip by a "squeeze," due to the movement of loose material between large blocks of limestone, caused by saturation after spring thaws. As Floyd Collins told the story himself to a Louisville *Courier-Journal* correspondent, who was able to reach him in the early days of his imprisonment:

> "I was crawling out of Sand Cave, which is the most beautiful I have ever seen, when, soon after ascending a steep wall, I dislodged a huge rock. It caught my left foot. That was 10 o'clock Friday morning."

He spent the first night calling for help; then he prayed. During the next two days the first workers found him and brought him food and a blanket. Then, he continues, "after attempts to save me had failed, I began to lose confidence." He said he realized that "a lot of people" were trying to help him. He tried to help by endeavors to twist himself free, but in vain. Then he began to think of death. He would pray: 'O Lord, dear Lord, gracious Lord, Jesus all powerful, get me out if it is thy will, but thy will be done." He told the correspondent "to tell everybody outside that I am happy because so many are trying to help me. I will keep helping all I can to move some of this rock."

But in vain! The original entrance was blocked by fresh slides. And when, after the State authorities had taken charge and the workers, using the most-up-to-date mining equipment, reached Collins by digging a new shaft, they found him dead, and his body so wedged in that to avoid risking other lives they decided to let the cave be his final resting-place.

The following day-by-day record of the entombment of Collins and the rescue efforts is given out by The Associated Press:

Jan. 30—Collins, exploring Sand Cave, was climbing out when rock shift pinioned his left foot.

Jan. 31—Collins's plight discovered by Jewel Estes.

Feb. 1—Torches used to heat stone so it can be chipped easily achieve little progress. Collins begged to be pulled out at cost of foot.

Feb. 2—Sand discourages use of air-compressor and drill. Collins harnessed, but rescuers fail to pull him loose.

Feb. 3—Appeal for troops to preserve order. Electric lights taken in, one being hung around Collins's neck.

Feb. 4—Collins reported his foot free, but slide cuts off rescue workers. Dr. Hazlett of Chicago finds it impossible to get in to amputate Collins's leg.

Feb. 5—Floor of cavern rises and walls close in a few feet ahead of Collins. Last time his voice is heard.

Feb. 6—Tunneling is begun on a shaft about fifty feet from Sand Cave entrance.

Feb. 7—Rescue shaft progressed twenty-five feet of the estimated sixty feet to reach Collins.

Feb. 8—Fumes of banana oil forced into cave, but fail to emerge anywhere, indicating no other entrance to cavern.

Feb. 9—Military court ordered to settle rumors that story was a hoax and that outside rescue work has been obstructed by native cave-dwellers.

Feb. 10—Court-martial opens, witnesses assailing hoax theory. Tunnel reached the forty-foot level.

Feb. 11—Military court continued. Sound amplifier tests failed for first time to record noises believed to have been Collins's respiration.

Feb. 12—Mining drill strikes limestone for first time at depth of forty-eight feet; limestone thought to form top of Collins's prison. Downward draft felt for first time in shaft and accepted as indicative of large crevice near shaft.

Feb. 13—Earth crevice found at fifty-foot level proves impassable. Workers in shaft and tunnel say they heard Collins cough.

Feb. 14—Conversation tests between shaft and tunnel indicates they are only few feet apart. Shaft down fifty-five and one-half feet.

Feb. 15—Seven feet of lateral shaft opened and timbered under great difficulty.

Feb. 16—Find Collins dead.

# A "COW-PUNCHER" IN THE CABINET

THERE WILL BE NO FEDERAL SOUP KITCHENS for farmers in the near future, predicts the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, for Dr. William M. Jardine, Mr. Coolidge's new Secretary of Agriculture, "is outspoken in his opposition to government meddling in the economic affairs of the farmer." He is convinced, we are told, that the farmer can not be helped by artificial formulas, that any solution of the agricultural problem must be brought about under the natural laws and by such legislative enactments as will not seek to put the farmer in a class by himself. Nevertheless, a telegraphic survey of some of the country's most widely read farm journals reveals, despite Dr. Jardine's opposition to such measures as the McNary-Haugen bill to provide government handling of excess farm products and to fix prices, a surprizing amount of enthusiasm over the appointment of Secretary Gore's successor. "Jardine is a wise choice; he will please the farmers more than he will the politicians," wires *Farm and Ranch*, of Dallas, Texas. "He is safe, sane, direct in method, discreet, a friend of the public as well as of the farmer, and he knows agriculture," adds this Texas periodical. To the Omaha *Journal-Stockman* "it looks as if the Department of Agriculture and some of its bureaus are in for a house-cleaning."

The selection of Mr. Jardine from a list of eligibles numbering almost 200 completes the Cabinet that will go into office with Mr. Coolidge on March 4. According to *The Iowa Homestead*, of Des Moines:

> "The agricultural situation has been badly muddled in Washington for years. The Department of Agriculture has been allowed to become a loosely knit aggregation of bureaus, headed by men jealous of each other, who would not cooperate. Their work also overlapped on occasion.
>
> "President Coolidge, Mr. Hoover, and the new Secretary will work in harmony. The bureaucratic hangers-on will bury the hatchet in the interest of self-preservation, or retire 'by request.' There will be no more artificial price-fixing measures."

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KANSAS COMES TO THE FRONT

In the appointment of Dr. William M. Jardine, president of Kansas State Agricultural College, as Secretary of Agriculture. The last two Secretaries were from Iowa.

"Dr. Jardine is unquestionably the most acceptable man President Coolidge could have named, so far as the employees of the Department of Agriculture are concerned, for they knew him well when he was a scientific worker in the Department fifteen years ago," remarks *Wallaces' Farmer*, of Des Moines. And, it adds, "this means a lot from the standpoint of efficient government." "He is by birth, training, and experience well equipped to discharge his new duties," believes *Hoard's Dairyman*, of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. "Dr. Jardine has never alined himself with any faction, nor has he been a politician," recalls the editor of *Successful Farming*, of Des Moines, himself a former Secretary of Agriculture. "His experience as a 'cow-puncher' should enable him to rope and hog-tie the 'locoed' idealists in Congress and the 'maverick' individuals who are always in attendance at hearings to which they have not been invited," is the pithy comment of *The Wisconsin Agriculturist*, of Racine. Moreover, he is conservative, points out *Farm and Home*, of Springfield, Massachusetts, as it recalls his connection in an advisory capacity with the American Bankers' Association.

Turning now to the daily newspaper editors we find that Dr. Jardine is "eminently qualified" to administer the Department of Agriculture, in the opinion of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. The Topeka *Capital*, one of the papers of Senator Capper of Kansas, recognized leader of the "farm bloc," finds him "energetic, competent, and hard-headed." Moreover, we are informed by the Syracuse *Post-Standard:*

> "He also suits Secretary of Commerce Hoover, who did not always get on well with Secretary Wallace. Hoover believes that agriculture does not demand government subventions, but improved business management, a better regulation of transportation, and cooperative marketing; so does Jardine."

So much for the professional equipment of the new Secretary. But what appeals to the Washington *Star* is his mental and moral courage. Says this paper:

> "At a time when an overwhelming majority of supposed spokesmen for the American farmer were clamoring for artificial stimulation of farm produce prices by means of what amounted to a government subsidy, Dr. Jardine came out strongly in opposition to the McNary-Haugen bill creating a Federal export commission. This required courage of no mean order, as was shown by immediate demands that he should be discharged from the presidency of the Kansas State College of Agriculture." But Dr. Jardine believed the theory back of the McNary-Haugen bill was unsound economics, and believing it, he felt it his duty to say so, regardless of personal consequences."

According to the Washington *Post*, "the selection of a Secretary of Agriculture gave the President more concern, perhaps, than the appointment of any Cabinet officer in several years."

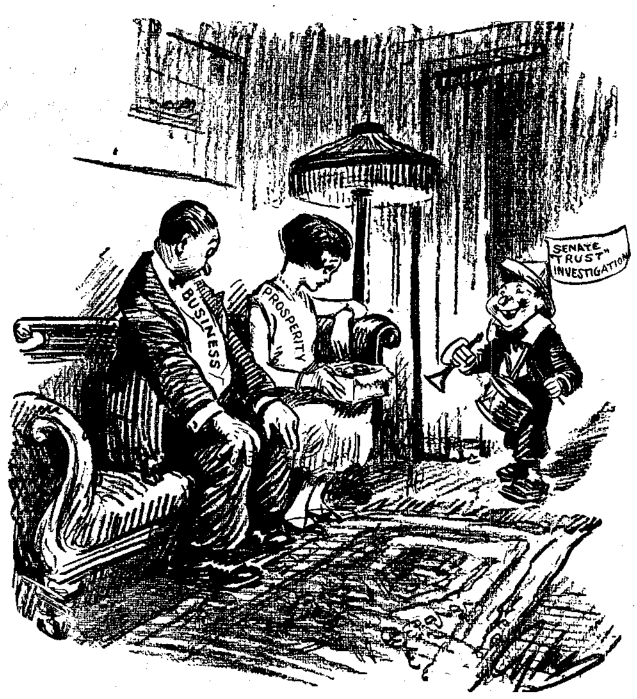
As J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, explains:

> "In selecting Dr. Jardine, Mr. Coolidge has picked a former 'cowpuncher' and a man who has spent his life in the study of agricultural problems. The President is convinced that he has selected a man who is 'always on his toes.' As an indication of the manner in which Mr. Jardine applies new methods to the benefit of agriculture, his early adaptation of radio-broadcasting to farm management is cited by his friends.
>
> "Dr. Jardine is now president of the Kansas State Agricultural College, which has an enrolment of 5,000. His selection for the Cabinet means a radical change in the policy of the Department of Agriculture, for the late Secretary Henry C. Wallace, of Iowa, was a proponent of the McNary-Haugen bill to provide government handling of excess farm products in export, and to fix prices.
>
> "Dr. Jardine is committed strongly to extension of the farmers' cooperative movement as a means of solving the agricultural situation instead of attempting anything along the line of government price-fixing. The fact that he did not line up for government price-fixing when the wave of sentiment for it swept the Middle and Far West made him unpopular with many of the agricultural leaders in that section, but it was the courage he showed that appealed to President Coolidge. The Chief Executive is certain that he has the courage of his convictions.
>
> "The naming of Dr. Jardine, it is believed here, will end the feud which has been on for several years between the Department of Commerce and that of Agriculture. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover and Secretary Wallace were at loggerheads over government price-fixing, and when the latter

was endeavoring to win the President's support for the McNary-Haugen bill, Mr. Hoover was resisting it."

While the farm press of the country seem to be in complete agreement on Dr. Jardine's qualifications for his new post, a few journals believe he is entering upon his duties under several distinct handicaps. Says *The Prairie Farmer*, of Chicago:

"One of these handicaps is the report of the Farm Commission of which he was a member. This report was a great disappointment to Middle Western farmers. Its chief recommendation was for government supervision of cooperative marketing, which farmers generally do not want. It ignored the proposal to create a farm export commission, which farmers do want. It recommended giving to speculators and traders the same immunities from anti-trust laws which farm cooperatives now enjoy, a proposal highly objectionable to Middle Western farmers."



THE CHAPERON

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

Still another handicap, in the opinion of *The New England Homestead*, of Springfield, Massachusetts, is the fact that Dr. Jardine was recommended for Secretary of Agriculture by Secretary Hoover. "It will be most unfortunate if Mr. Hoover's policies are to dominate the Department of Agriculture," thinks *The American Agriculturist*, of New York, which says:

"The Department of Agriculture, and every other department of government for that matter, should stand squarely on its own feet, and should be directed without interference from men in other departments. The chief object in having a separate department with a Secretary of Agriculture is to get a man with the knowledge and view-point which come from first-hand experience, which will give him the sympathy necessary to execute the duties of his department in the interests of the farmers and of the whole people."

Certainly, observes *The Michigan Business Farmer*, "the new Secretary of Agriculture has a man's size job cut out for him." For, we are reminded by *The Progressive Farmer*, of Raleigh, North Carolina, "the farmers of this country have come to demand something more of the Department than merely leadership in experiments and research regarding plants, soils, and animals. The farmers are demanding leadership in meeting and solving the great economic problems that so profoundly affect them. Agriculture must be fostered for its own sake, and not merely as an aid to America's commercial, financial, and industrial interests."

## THE RETURN OF THE "TRUST-BUSTER"

"TRUST-BUSTING" has come back in Washington, conclude correspondents and editors who note the Senate's decision to investigate the General Electric Company and the American Tobacco Company. Nor is the revived trust-busting spirit confined to Congress, for Attorney-General Stone leaves his Department committed to the prosecution of the Aluminum Corporation of America, as noted in another article. "Steadily mounting prices of many of the necessities of life are being reflected in an increasing clamor in and out of Congress for Federal inquiry or court action against monopolistic excesses," we read in a Washington dispatch to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*—"flour, wheat and bread; light and heat; gasoline; kitchen utensils made of aluminum, and even tobacco are among the objects of scrutiny." In asking the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the "Tobacco Trust" and the "Power Trust" Congress has given that body a new lease of life, observes the Washington *News*. And the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* remarks:

"The existence of this accord lends new dignity to the Trade Commission, and makes the inquiry which the Senate has directed it to conduct into the tobacco and electric-power industries an undertaking of more than ordinary consequence. If Charles Beecher Warren continues the policy inaugurated by Mr. Stone, it is to be expected that the Trade Commission findings with respect to these two industries will receive an attentive hearing from the Government's legal officers. Perhaps no tobacco or power monopoly will be found to exist; but if the Trade Commission's investigators should disclose any improper practises, legal action to end them might reasonably be expected."

Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, a Progressive Republican, is responsible for the investigation of the General Electric Company. In the debates over Muscle Shoals he urged a general investigation of the whole electric light and power business, but failed to win the Senate to his way of thinking. When Senator Ernst (Rep.) of Kentucky won a hearing for his resolution calling for investigation of the American Tobacco Company, Senator Norris succeeded in tying up with it a demand for an inquiry into the monopolistic tendencies of the General Electric Company, and the Senate adopted the doubled-barreled resolution without a dissenting vote. The Ernst resolution directs the Federal Trade Commission to report by July 1 on the methods of, and relations between, the American Tobacco Company and the Imperial Tobacco Company (British), and in particular their alleged boycott of the cooperative tobacco-marketing associations in the Southern States. The Norris amendment asks the Federal Trade Commission to investigate and report "to what extent the General Electric Company, or the stockholders or other security holders thereof, either directly or through subsidiary companies, stock ownership, or through other means or instrumentalities, monopolize or control the production, generation or transmission of electric energy or power, whether produced by steam, gas or water-power; and to report to the Senate the manner in which said General Electric Company has acquired and maintained such monopoly or exercises such control in restraint of trade or commerce in violation of law." The Commission is also asked to report whether the General Electric Company and other organizations are trying "to influence or control public opinion on the question of municipal or public ownership of the means by which power is developed and electric energy is generated and distributed." In the Brooklyn *Eagle's* Washington correspondence, Henry Suydam thus sums up the reasons for Senator Norris's attack:

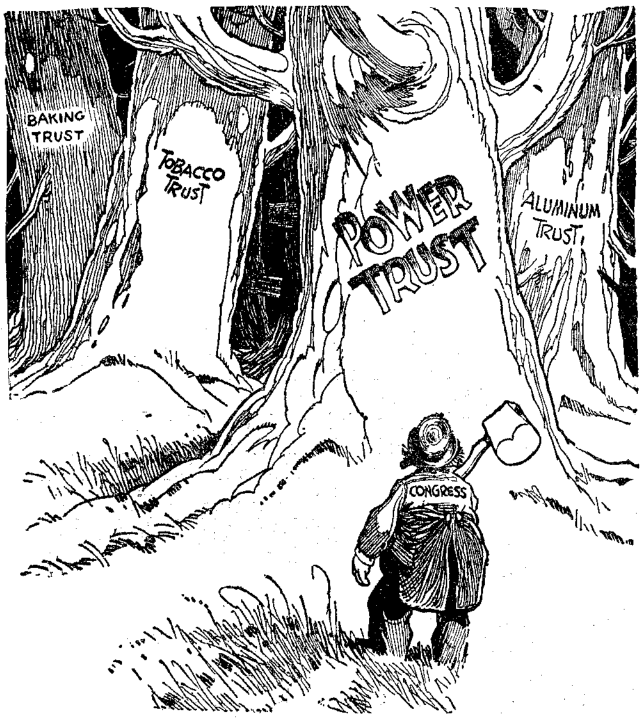
"The general charge is that a gigantic power trust exists in this country, the head of which is the General Electric Company. Under the General Electric Company is a subsidiary—the Electric Bond and Share Company—which in turn has a large number of subsidiaries, which in their turn have other subsidiaries, the whole, it is claimed, forming a vast, interlocking web that controls the distribution of power in the United States.

"Since the Senate began to talk of an investigation the stock of the General Electric Bond and Share Company has been distributed, it is alleged, among the shareholders of the General Electric Company. The Electric Bond and Share Company is reputed to own more than a half interest in many valuable properties, such as American Gas and Electric, Lehigh Power, National Power and Light, Carolina Power and American Power and Light.

"The Electric Bond and Share Company was formed as a General Electric subsidiary more than twenty years ago, it is said, to act as a holding company for small light and power companies throughout the country. The charge is that the Electric Bond and Share Company, as a General Electric subsidiary, practically controls the public utility business of the country."

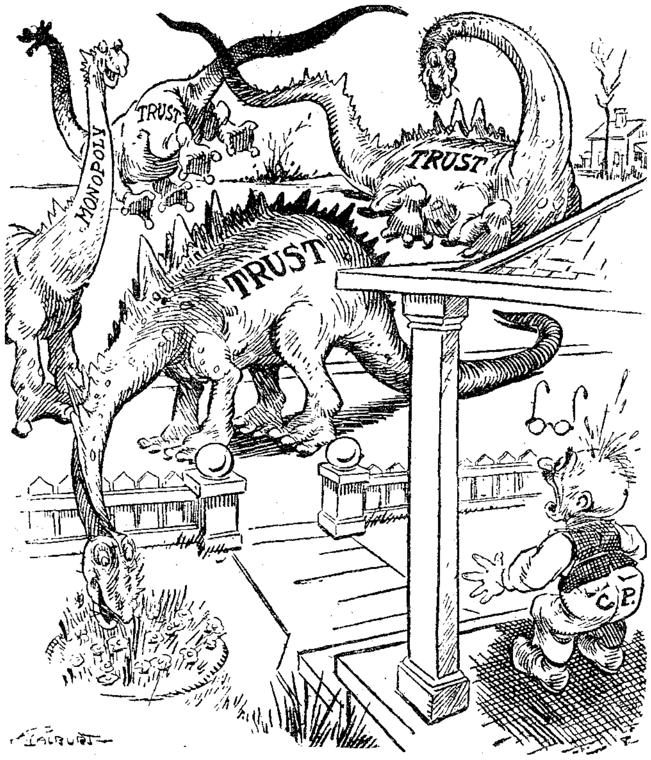
There appears in *The Congressional Record* a full-page map of the United States, submitted by Senator Norris, in which the whole country is criss-crossed with a spider-web of lines connecting the various power-plants in one way or another affiliated with the General Electric Company. If we were to trace each one of these various subsidiaries out, said Senator Norris, "we should have a list that would cover not only the United States but a fair share of the world. Would it not be interesting for the Senate to have all of these subsidiaries traced to their ultimate end? Would it not be interesting for the country to have them all traced out?" And this company, continued the Nebraska Senator, controls the electric world not only through stock ownership, "but through interlocking directorates as well." Mr. Norris has further told the Senate of his belief "that through stock-ownership there is an understanding that goes all over the country between the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company," and that he expects the Trade Commission to find out whether the two concerns "have an understanding or agreement about prices or anything else in a trade way."

There was no Senatorial opposition to the investigation of the two great tobacco companies. It seems that such an inquiry was called for last January by the National Council of Farmers' Cooperative Marketing Associations in session at Washington. And, as Mr. Edward E. Britton of the Raleigh *News and Observer* points out, "with the Tobacco Growers' Cooperative Association composed of some 100,000 growers in Virginia and the Carolinas, and the Dark Tobacco Growers' Cooperative Association with large membership in Kentucky and Tennessee," a large section of the country is at deep interest in the matter. The same writer calls attention to the statement attributed to an employee of the Imperial Tobacco Company, that it "would never buy a damned pound of tobacco" from the Tobacco Growers' Cooperative Association. According to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*



GETTING AMBITIOUS AGAIN

—Camden *Daily Courier.*



GOOD NIGHT! WE THOUGHT THOSE THINGS WERE KILLED OFF LONG AGO!

—Talburt in the Washington *Daily News.*

"It has been repeatedly charged that the great tobacco companies are hostile to the interests of the growers, and have made agreements tending to keep the leaf tobacco markets in their own control. That some of the companies have been especially hostile to the operations of the growers' cooperatives is quite generally understood. But very little evidence, if any, has been brought forward to show that this hostility has resulted in the adoption of illegal practises to the disadvantage of the cooperatives. The charges have been repeated, however, on so many occasions as to warrant the Senate in ordering, and the Trade Commission in conducting, an exhaustive investigation."

On general principles, this is a very good time for investigating possible monopolies, Mr. A. T. Seymour, who heads the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice, is quoted as saying in the New York *Commercial:*

"Mergers in the packing and baking industry, among grain elevators, of companies engaged in the manufacture of steel, copper, sugar, ice, and other commodities are reported as in progress of formation and are asking financial support.

"I do not mean to say that these enterprises are all illegal or fraught with menace to our economic welfare. But it is of the utmost importance in the common interest that every move toward the centralization of power in any industry or among those dealing in any commodity should be scrutinized with care.

"The existence of power in a small group of men to control the supply or to fix the price of any commodity passing in interstate commerce is at war with the whole economic system which has made our civilization progressive. If such power is acquired without any resort to means prohibited by existing legislation, the executive department of the Government may be unable to interfere. But if the statutory prohibitions against combinations in restraint of trade have been violated, its duty is clear."

The revival of trust-busting activity pleases the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, because it hopes that there will come out of it "a redefinition of American law covering the subject of combination in industry." Moreover:

> "If non-competitive business units have been created within the past few years, the Government itself is largely at fault. During the period of the war the restrictions which earlier had been thrown around the creation of large business units were removed. Everything then was subordinated to the production of the largest possible volume of goods and their distribution in the way best calculated to bring the war to an early end.
>
> "It was not to be supposed in the absence of Government proscription that the business organizations thus established during the war would immediately be abandoned. Whatever advantages of combination and cooperation appeared definitely during the war period naturally were carried over into the period of adjustment when business was deprest and profits greatly reduced.
>
> "The comparative inactivity of the Government in trust prosecution unquestionably created the impression that it approved a loose interpretation of the anti-trust laws and that no very serious action was to be taken against business organizations in which the element of competition had been materially reduced. Attorney-General Stone, however, seems not to have been in sympathy with such a policy, and in his short tenure of office has been largely responsible for the anti-trust agitation which has lately appeared. His promotion to the Supreme Court should not be permitted to affect the situation. The Federal regulations touching industrial combination ought to be restated, and once they have been determined, they should be enforced."

While it admits the Senate's right to investigate these large corporations, "the awe-struck approach to that duty, and the nervous allusions of statesmen to possible disclosures of vast conspiracies against the public interest" recall to the mind of the New York *Herald Tribune* "the hysteria and illusion of a more simple-minded day"—the day of the late Thomas W. Lawson, "frenzied finance," and the anti-trust campaigns of William Jennings Bryan. In the New York paper's opinion, "Mr. Norris and his friends still speak the language of 1900." As it understands our recent economic history:

> "The quarrel with organized production can never be with its fundamental economic value, but only with its passing excrescences and abuses. The anti-trust act antagonized a sound principle and failed. It has had to be accommodated in execution to economic facts not clearly recognized when it was passed. The General Electric Company has had a stupendous growth, and has done a great service to American industry. Whatever else the Federal Trade Commission's investigation may disclose, it will show the company's splendid contribution to American prosperity. It will prove that the company, through its auxiliaries, has helped in the last ten years or so to restore the public service utility companies of the country to economic vigor and to accelerate industrial growth in regions dependent on a supply of electric power."

"There is no call for any more smelling committees," in the opinion of the Buffalo *Evening Post* (formerly *The Commercial*). The Chicago *Daily News* thinks that all these investigatory resolutions, "accompanied by wild assaults upon big corporations merely because they are big, or upon industrial leaders who endeavor to carry out plans approved by law and beneficial to the nation, would create serious apprehension and threaten the essential moral condition of healthy prosperity—namely, confidence in the future." Of course, remarks the Hartford *Times*,

> "Senator Norris's desire that great public resources shall not fall into the hands of exploiters is natural, and is shared by most people possessing a social conscience. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that 'Gloomy George' will discover that he is on the track of something that is less horrible than it appears from a distance. Power requirements are enormous to-day and demand great mobilizations of capital for their satisfaction. This fact does not necessarily connote exploitation in any invidious sense, and the burden of proof that there is anything to be gained from making this great power development a matter for politics lies with Senator Norris."

## THE TRUST ROW WITHIN THE CABINET

MANY AN AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE questions the desirability of having Mr. Harlan F. Stone take a place just now as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, even tho his nomination by President Coolidge has been confirmed by the Senate. This, explains the Boston *Globe*, is not because of doubt of his qualifications for his new and exalted position, but simply because these purchasers of aluminum kitchenware believe he should follow up "the aluminum situation" until the entire truth about it is known and the Department of Justice has taken whatever legal action may be indicated by the facts.

Attorney-General Stone, it will be recalled, threw a bombshell into the President's official family early in February when he announced in a letter to the Federal Trade Commission that there have been violations of the dissolution decree ordered against the Aluminum Company of America, as charged by the Commission last fall. Moreover, says the Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "Mr. Stone has ordered a full investigation of the company's more recent activities. Thus he paves the way, before his retirement, for possible prosecution of the corporation which figured so largely in the Presidential campaign last year, and in which Andrew W. Mellon, another member of the President's Cabinet, is heavily interested." Truly, as one editor remarks, "the Attorney-General's spear knows no brother." Does his promotion mean the end of the attack on the aluminum concern? several papers ask.

Of the decree under discussion the Washington correspondent of the New York *World* explains:

> "This decree perpetually enjoined the company from delaying shipments to a competitor without reasonable cause and notice, refusing or ceasing to ship crude or semi-finished aluminum to a competitor on contracts or orders placed, and 'charging a competitor higher prices for crude or semi-finished aluminum than are charged at the same time, under like or similar conditions, a company in which defendant was interested.' It also enjoined the company from refusing to sell crude aluminum to a prospective competitor, and from furnishing competitors with defective material."

After reviewing some of the data on hand, Mr. Stone said in his letter to the chairman of the Commission:

> "It is apparent that during the time covered by your report, the Aluminum Company of America violated several provisions of the decree. That with respect to some of the practises complained of, they were so frequent and long continued, the fair inference is the company either was indifferent to the provisions of the decree, or knowingly intended that its provisions should be disregarded, with a view of suppressing competition in the aluminum industry.
>
> "The Aluminum Company of America at present controls more than 90 per cent. of all known deposits of bauxite in North America that are of such character that aluminum can be manufactured therefrom in commercial quantities. Having this practically complete control of the sources of supply of the raw material, it is in a position to, and does, control the domestic price of sheet aluminum to utensil manufacturers.
>
> "In order that the Department may act with full knowledge of the course of conduct of the company up to the present time, I have instructed that the investigation of the facts be brought down to date by the Department of Justice. This will not interfere in any way with any further investigation which the Federal Trade Commission may find it proper to take."

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, writes Raymond Clapper, Washington correspondent of the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, retired as a director of the Company when he entered President Harding's Cabinet, "but he retains his holdings and is expected to resume his place as a director when he returns to private life." Moreover, we are reminded by J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun:*

> "Not only is Mr. Mellon heavily interested in the Aluminum Company of America, but he constituted himself the corpora-

tion's defender when, in the Presidential campaign, John W. Davis, the Democratic nominee, charged that the aluminum tariff rates had been raised almost to the prohibitive point, to the great profit of the aluminum company.

"When Mr. Stone's successor assumes his duties as Attorney-General, he will find his department committed to a rigid anti-trust policy, one which may prove embarrassing to him, in that it involves the Aluminum Company of America. He will find, moreover, that an entente has been established between the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission. All this is the work of Harlan F. Stone.

"The policies of one Attorney-General do not necessarily bind those of a successor, even when both are of the same political party and when both are appointed by the same President. But when a line of action has been determined upon and proceeded upon by one head of the Department of Justice, it is not always easy or safe for the next one to shelve the business in hand.

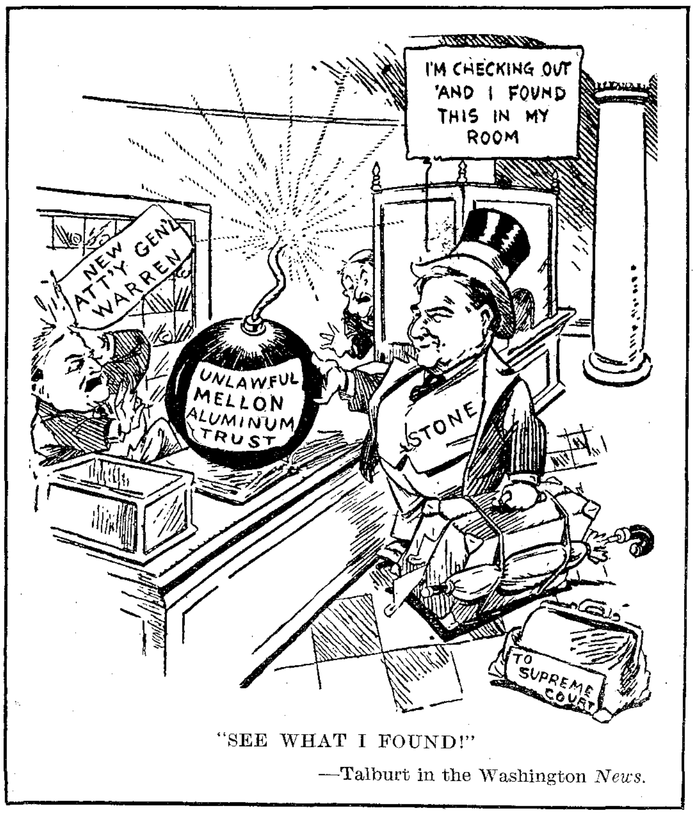
"It so happens in the present instance that Attorney-General Stone, being first and last a lawyer and somewhat cold-blooded about the law business, found the Aluminum Company of America in a decidedly questionable position. He publicly has stated that this gigantic corporation either is indifferent to its dissolution decree or deliberately is violating it. This probably would not be of more than passing interest except for the fact that Mr. Stone's cabinet colleague, Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, is largely interested in the company, helped create it and constituted himself its defender when it was attacked during the course of the last campaign.

"The Federal Trade Commission late in October issued a broadside against the Aluminum Company in response to a Senate resolution, but that did not make it incumbent upon Mr. Stone to take any public notice of the Commission's findings. He could easily have pigeon-holed the matter or laid it aside until he should go out of office.

"He did neither. He went into the matter, found what he believes to be illegal practises on its part, communicated as much to the Federal Trade Commission, ordered a further investigation of the company, then gave publicity of the whole matter. He acted in the case exactly as if Mr. Mellon were a private citizen instead of a Cabinet officer."

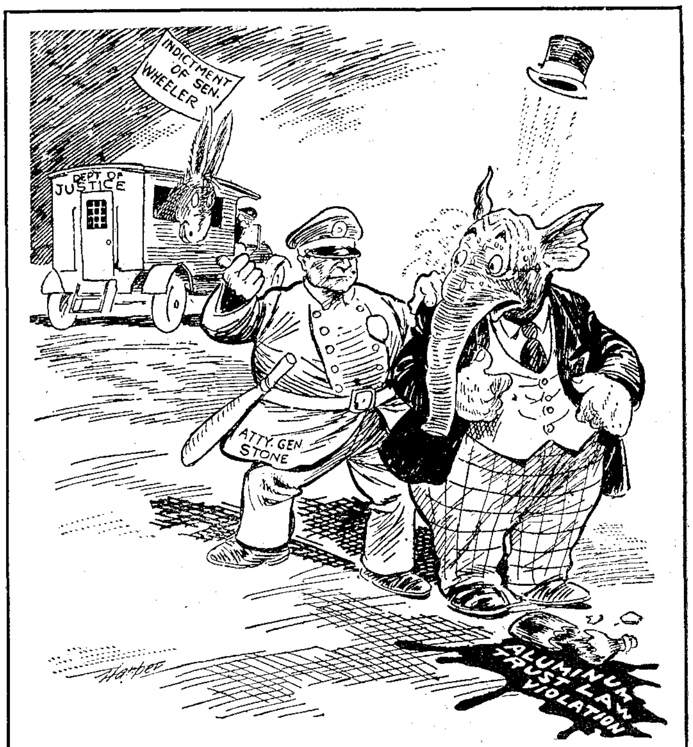
Nevertheless, thinks the Baltimore paper, editorially, Mr. Stone's action "leaves the President in an embarrassing position." Last fall, recalls *The Sun:*

"Mr. Coolidge let it be known that he was displeased with the attack of the Federal Trade Commission. There was intimation that it was permitting itself to be used for political purposes. The President was so disturbed by the developments that he indicated his purpose to make over the Commission. He declined to reappoint a member who voted for the report in question. It is the business of the Federal Trade Commission to investigate and make public the facts when complaints of unfair competition are made to it. In this instance, having done so, it found itself assailed as a tool of other interests and of political manipulation. An apology seems to be due it."


I'M CHECKING OUT AND I FOUND THIS IN MY ROOM
NEW ATT'Y GEN'L WARREN
UNLAWFUL MELLON ALUMINUM TRUST
STONE
TO SUPREME COURT

"SEE WHAT I FOUND!"

—Talburt in the Washington *News.*



NOT A RESPECTER OF PARTIES

—Harper in the Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

"The Attorney-General who made that report across the Cabinet table, at which sat the largest stockholder in the Aluminum Company of America, can not be justly accused of lack of courage or candor, or of subservience to the money power," maintains the Syracuse *Post-Standard.* "Nor can these charges be dismissed as political mud-slinging," asserts the Washington *Daily News,* "for this time it is a Republican Attorney-General who makes the charges." In this paper's opinion:

"It is time to use the machinery of government to see that the Secretary of the Treasury and his aluminum monopoly obey the laws of the land as explicitly as must the humblest and least influential citizen."

The Brooklyn *Citizen,* on the other hand, declares that—

"As a governmental policy, prosecution of large business enterprises is one of the disturbing influences to American business. *The Citizen* has no sympathy with government interference in business, irrespective of whether the Secretary of the Treasury, a Republican, or any one else is concerned therein.

"The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, as *The Citizen* has repeatedly stated, is an obsolete and archaic law that should have been wiped off the statute books long ago. The entire tendency in the modern industrial world is away from the competitive principle and in favor of consolidation in industry. This is well recognized by European Governments, and mergers, cartels and syndicates are not only tolerated but encouraged.

"It is impossible for American business to compete with the cheaper labor of Europe unless through protective tariff laws and combination. Combination makes for greater efficiency and lower cost of production. The public benefits by it through lower prices. Take aluminum as an example. Thanks to the practical monopoly of the Aluminum Company of America, there is not a household in this country, however humble, which is not able to purchase a complete set of aluminum utensils because the price to-day is within the reach of all.

"The dissolution decrees are so much waste paper and merely harass and annoy business men, but they are unable to check a universal tendency in the industrial world. The quicker the Sherman Law is repealed and the sooner the policy of antagonizing big business is dropt, the better it will be for the Government and the American people."

## A TREATY WITH A STRING TO IT

ANOTHER IMPORTANT STEP toward the restoration of prewar relations with the German Government is discerned by the Providence *Journal* in the ratification by the Senate of the new treaty of friendship, commerce, and consular rights with Germany. Like most treaties of this sort, the pact provides that "nationals of the high contracting parties" may enter, travel, and reside in the territories of the other. In case of war between either Germany or the United States and a third Power, either Germany or the United States may draft for military service nationals of the other residing permanently in its territory, if they are still residents sixty days after the declaration of war. The shipping clauses of the treaty, granting reciprocal national treatment, however, came in for considerable criticism in the Senate, so that for a year no action on the treaty was taken. Part of the article bearing upon most favored nation treatment regarding shipping is as follows:

> "All the articles which are or may be imported from foreign countries into ports of the United States in United States vessels may be imported into those ports in German vessels, without being liable to any other or higher duties or charges whatsoever than if such articles were imported in United States vessels; and reciprocally all articles which are or may be legally imported from foreign countries into the ports of Germany in German vessels may likewise be imported into these ports by United States vessels without being liable to any other or higher duties or charges whatever than if such were imported from foreign countries in German vessels."

The Senate formerly had opposed the treaty on the ground that the United States should not sign away its right to discriminate in favor of American shipping as against that of a foreign nation. Under the terms of the Jones Merchant Marine Act, the President was instructed to notify foreign nations with which we had treaties of commerce of the intention of the American Government to abrogate so much of such treaties as would stand in the way of the United States giving American vessels preferential treatment in the way of lower customs duties on goods shipped to this country in American vessels.

President Wilson refused to carry that provision of the Jones Act into effect, after being advised by the State Department that it would abrogate treaties with some twenty-three important nations and precipitate a hornet's nest of trouble. And when the treaty with Germany was approved by the Senate, early this month, these reservations were added:

> "First, that there shall be added to Article 1 of said treaty the following: Nothing herein contained shall be construed to affect existing statutes of either country in relation to the immigration of aliens or the right of either country to enact such statutes.
>
> "Second, that the fifth paragraph of Article 8 and Articles 9 and 11 shall remain in force for twelve months from the date of exchange of ratification, and if not then terminated on ninety days' previous notice shall remain in force until Congress shall enact legislation consistent therewith, when the same shall automatically lapse at the end of sixty days from such enactment, and on such lapse each high contracting party shall enjoy all the rights which it would have possest had such paragraphs or articles not been embraced in the treaty."

The majority of editors apparently are not pleased with the reservations "tacked on" to the document, which had been approved by President Coolidge and Secretary of State Hughes. To the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, for example, it seems that—

> "The reservation habit has the Senate in its grip. No treaty can be carefully enough drawn to satisfy those distinguished students of foreign affairs whose 'advice and consent' the President is obliged to ask. It has ratified the German trade treaty with the proviso that, after the agreement has run ten months, the equality clause will be automatically voided in sixty days if Congress passes discriminatory legislation. This takes away from the President the discretion he has hitherto exercised.
>
> "Apart from the obvious objections to a policy of discrimination—and they are many—this is an encroachment upon the prerogative of the Executive which is contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the Constitution. If the tendency to interference revealed in this case is not checked, there will some day be a serious conflict between President and Senate. Any reasonable or consistent foreign policy will become impossible if Senators persist in trying to transform an advisory into an initiative function."

In consequence of the Senate's action, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* anticipates "a sweeping change in the trade policy of the United States and of the world." As this paper explains:

> "This reservation, in effect, gives to Congress a year hence the power to levy discriminatory tariffs which will favor American shipping. It naturally also gives Germany the right to favor German shipping in a similar manner. Carried further, as it must be, it means discriminatory tariffs against all other nations by the United States and against the United States by all other nations.
>
> "Acceptance of this reservation will signalize a victory for Congress. It may also signalize an international tariff war of considerable proportions in which the United States may or may not come out the preferable end of the horn."

Formal ratification by the United States of the treaty has created in Germany a feeling of satisfaction, particularly in industrial, commercial, and financial quarters, says an Associated Press report from Berlin, and no difficulty is anticipated when the pact comes up for ratification in the Reichstag. And in the United States, we read in a Washington dispatch to the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, the State Department will now proceed with negotiations of new commercial pacts with practically all maritime nations having such treaties with this country which antedate the World War. As one editor puts it: "Approval of the German treaty is a matter of consequence not only because of its own importance, but also because the negotiation of these other commercial treaties has been awaiting the action of the Senate." Meanwhile, notes the El Paso *Times*, "the cotton and automobile industries, to mention only two of the country's outstanding sources of prosperity, have failed to reap the full benefit of world market conditions." For the eleven months ending with November, we are told, Germany's imports of merchandise exceeded its exports by 2,200,000,000 gold marks. For the last month of that period, imports exceeded exports by 400,000,000 gold marks, which is even at a greater rate.

Other parts of the commercial treaty between the United States and Germany bearing upon the most favored nation treatment follow:

> "Between the territories of the high contracting parties there shall be freedom of commerce and navigation. . . . Each of the high contracting parties binds itself unconditionally to impose no higher or other duties or conditions, and no prohibition on the importation of any article, the growth, produce or manufacture of the territories of the other than are, or shall be imposed, on the importation of any like article, the growth, produce or manufacture of any other foreign country.
>
> "Each of the high contracting parties also binds itself unconditionally to impose no higher or other charges or restrictions or prohibitions on goods exported to the territories of the other high contracting party than are imposed on goods exported to any other foreign country.
>
> "Any advantage of whatsoever kind which either high contracting party may extend to any article, the growth, produce or manufacture of any other foreign country, shall simultaneously and unconditionally, without request and without compensation, be extended to the like article, the growth, produce or manufacture of the other high contracting party.
>
> "With respect to the amount and collection of duties on imports and exports of every kind, each of the two high contracting parties binds itself to give to the nationals, vessels and goods of the other the advantage of every favor, privilege or immunity which it shall have accorded to the nationals, vessels and goods of a third State, and regardless of whether such favored State shall have been accorded such treatment gratuitously or in return for reciprocal compensatory treatment. Every such favored privilege or immunity which shall hereafter be granted the nationals, vessels or goods of a third State shall simultaneously and unconditionally, without request and without compensation, be extended to the other high contracting party, for the benefit of itself, its nationals, and vessels."

# TOPICS IN BRIEF

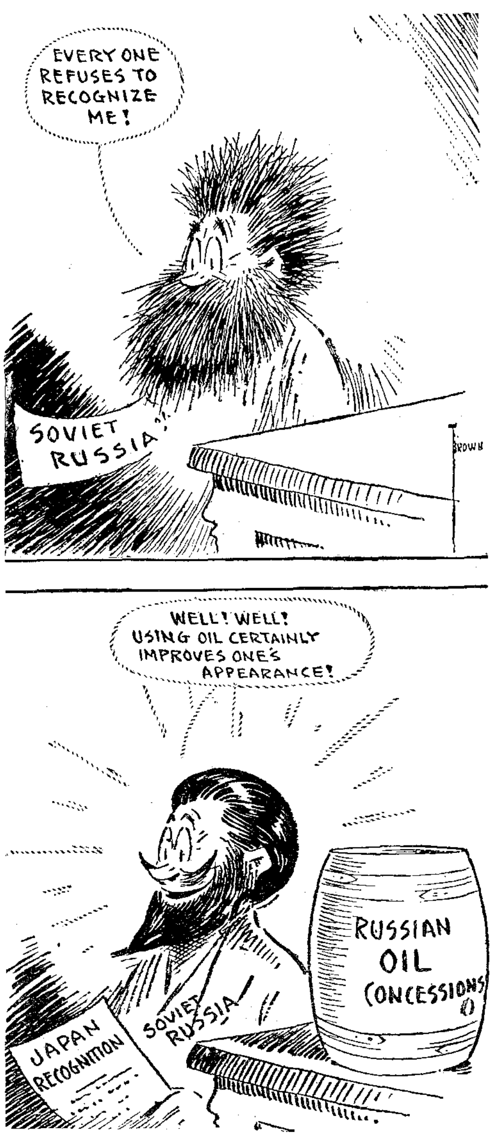
*(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")*

EUROPE seems ever ready to be Yanked out of trouble.—*Wall Street Journal.*

SCIENTIST claims he can add fifty years to life. Probably take you that long to pay his bill.—*Columbia Record.*

THERE have been times when those opium conferees acted as if they were full of their subject.—*Cleveland Press.*

CHILE has been threatened with a civil war between its Army and its Navy. This ought to interest General Mitchell and Admiral Moffett.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*


EVERY ONE REFUSES TO RECOGNIZE ME!
SOVIET RUSSIA
BROWN
WELL! WELL! USING OIL CERTAINLY IMPROVES ONE'S APPEARANCE!
RUSSIAN OIL (CONCESSIONS)
JAPAN RECOGNITION
SOVIET RUSSIA

THE INTERNATIONAL SHEIK

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

IT costs $4,371,000 to run the League of Nations a year, this being about the price of a day or two of a cost-plus war. —*Detroit News.*

CONGRESS would have done better to refer the Muscle Shoals issue to THE LITERARY DIGEST.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

SENATOR BORAH'S idea to return the property of aliens might well be amended so as to return the aliens also. —*Philadelphia Record.*

MR. COOLIDGE'S hobby-horse has no head. The only part Cal didn't need was horse sense.—*Philadelphia North American.*

THERE seems to be one law for the rich and one for the poor and about 2,000,000 for the middle class.—*Memphis News-Scimitar.*

SPEECHES at public dinners in Japan are made before the dinner commences. Now we know what is meant by the wise men of the East.—*London Humorist.*

A BRITISH writer complains that he spent five years writing a drama which he can not get produced. It looks like a case of all work and no play.—*Detroit News.*

A COLLEGE president says a girl should be so drest that people will not remember her for her clothes. That stage is reached, largely.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

IN a London suburb recently, a man was knocked down by a motor-car outside a cemetery, but was uninjured. Some people can't take hints.—*Humorist.*

WE are thinking of putting up the following office motto in a conspicuous place: No, we don't know any word of any number of letters meaning anything.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

PAAVO NURMI is doing a lot toward bettering the race.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A PRACTICAL joke is one that an editor is willing to pay money for.—*New York American.*

THERE is talk of higher bread prices. It appears the bakers always knead the dough.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

UNDISCOURAGED by their failures, prophets of the world's destruction are at it again. Isn't there a penalty for turning in false alarms of fire?—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

HOTEL men declare that 97 per cent. of their guests are honest. For the other 3 per cent., they have signs in the rooms asking: "Have You Left Anything Besides the Gideon Bible?" —*Detroit News.*

ANOTHER version: Lafayette, we are hearing nothing.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

MANY people are so busy telling the world what is wrong with it, they haven't time to improve it.—*Toledo Blade.*

SOME publicists urge people to vote the way they think, and then complain about the small vote.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AN enthusiastic editor in Paris says that France owes the United States a debt she can never repay. That confirms the worst fears of our bankers.—*Southern Lumberman.*

A SCIENTIST says that the earth weighs more in the winter. It must. Look at the people with heavy colds. —*Humorist.*

THE LITERARY DIGEST inquires, "Do ravens think?" Perhaps not; but thinkers sometimes rave.—*Philadelphia Record.*

SOVIET hopes for recognition based on understanding. Our refusal of recognition is based on exactly that.—*Wall Street Journal.*

"Is Trotzky's health improving?" asks a contemporary. Well, he certainly doesn't seem to die quite so often as he used to.—*Punch.*

PERSONS who have known Mr. Coolidge intimately for some time say he is growing to resemble Mr. Coolidge more every day.—*Detroit News.*

ROME is to dig up the ancient Circus Maximus, which will probably be found imbedded in several layers of petrified peanut shells.—*New York Evening World.*

A SEVENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD bachelor has just got married in an Essex village. After seventy, one's power of resistance almost inevitably weakens. —*Humorist.*

IN a bookseller's catalog sent us we read: "The Wives of Henry the Eighth, Third Thousand." Surely there is some exaggeration here.—*Boston Transcript.*

SEVEN scientific expeditions are combing the wilds in search of a vanished civilization, and not one of them thought of starting in with Herrin, Illinois.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ANOTHER evidence of the arrival of the brotherhood of man will come when the Florida realtors are sincerely distrest by the news of another earthquake in California.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A MODERN Calvin knows how to steer clear of Geneva. —*Wall Street Journal.*

POVERTY is no crime; but it is apt to count against you if you commit one.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT is strange how much time some people waste in telling the world how busy they are.—*Philadelphia Record.*

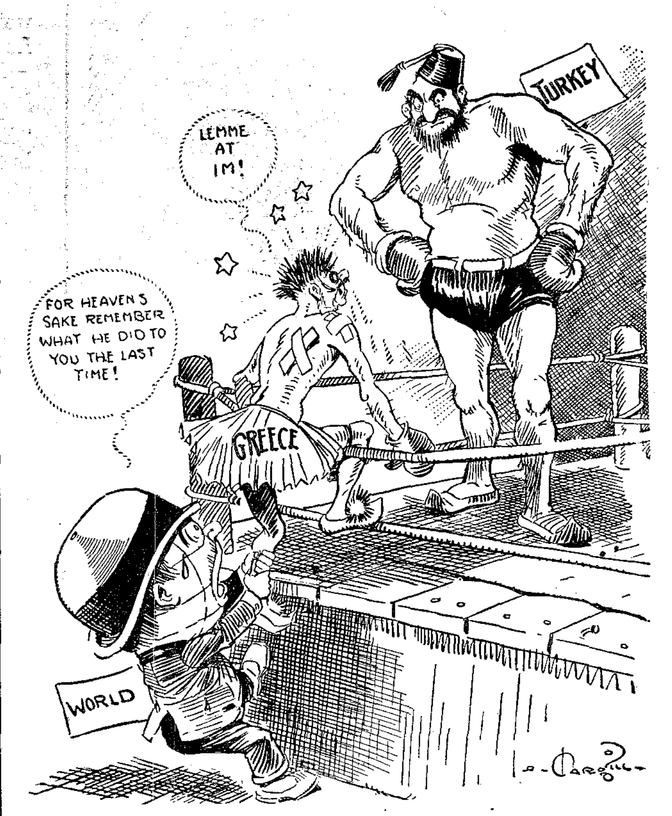
EUROPEAN statesmen say that Uncle Sam is a Shylock. And our recollection is that a tricky lawyer talked Shylock out of his loan, both principal and interest.—*Southern Lumberman.*

IT sometimes seems as if we worried altogether too much about the welfare of posterity, nearly all of whom probably will have good jobs as Federal inspectors or something or other.—*Ohio State Journal.*

# FOREIGN - COMMENT

## THE NEW GRECO-TURKISH CONFLICT

TURKISH BARBARISM shows in new guise in the expulsion of the Greek Patriarch, the Most Reverend Constantinos VI, from Constantinople, say Greek editors, some of whom feel that the "inevitable Greco-Turkish war" is now much nearer. The deportation of the Patriarch, avers the Chicago *Greek Star*, is "a brutal act of violence and an effrontery to Christianity and the civilized world." It is not a question of sympathy toward Greece, but a question of right, this daily goes on to say, "and it must be determined once and forever how much longer the world will tolerate the unspeakable Turk, and whether the Lausanne Treaty is another scrap of paper or an official document." Meanwhile Geneva dispatches advise us that the Greek Government registered a protest with the League of Nations, and sought redress. But, according to a London press dispatch from Saloniki, the Patriarch has declared his readiness to resign his claims to the Patriarchate, if necessary, to facilitate a settlement of the Greco-Turkish dispute arising from his banishment. And it is added that the Patriarch deplores the action of the Greek Government in applying to the League of Nations. Some Greek editors maintain that the incident of the Patriarch's expulsion marks the culmination of a series of disagreements between Greece and Turkey, which the Treaty of Lausanne, signed in 1923, has set in motion. The deportation of the Patriarch, we are told, is one result of the so-called convention of the Exchange of Populations, which is part of the Lausanne Treaty. A semi-official Constantinople Turkish daily *Djumhuriet* condemns this convention on strictly Turkish grounds:


TURKEY
LEMME AT IM!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE REMEMBER WHAT HE DID TO YOU THE LAST TIME!
GREECE
WORLD
CARGILL

AN AMERICAN VIEW

"Another Loss of Memory Victim."

—Cargill for the Central Press Association.

"Our attitude on this subject is to cancel the whole agreement pertaining to the exchange of populations, because all its provisions regarding the obligations of the Greeks have been ignored, and therefore lost every meaning for us. There is not a single instance in which Greece has respected this treaty, and therefore the only thing that remains for us to do is to expel every Greek from our soil. When this is done, we may come to an understanding regarding the reestablishment of normal relations with the neighboring State of Greece.

"The Greeks who still reside in Turkey, are the richest, the happiest, the busiest lot of people. They enjoy the best of everything, and they are the best drest people in Constantinople. They are the people who own the best motor-cars, the best buildings, the luxurious mansions, all the while dreaming how they will redeem the old Byzantium."

Another Turkish newspaper, the Constantinople *Vatan*, alleges that the Greeks tried from the beginning to make a political issue out of the deportation of their Patriarch, and that they maintained that such deportation was beyond the jurisdiction of the Mixed Commission on the Exchange of Population. This newspaper believes that the Mixed Commission were inclined to make concessions to Christian sentiment, and it declares: "For us Turks there is only one side to the question, namely, that we have before us a certain priest named Constantinos, who must be sent to Greece. The fact that he lately became an arch-priest does not in any way change our point." But the really warlike note is sounded by the Constantinople *Ikdam*, which says:

"From abroad we are receiving disagreeable news. Some of the States which signed the Lausanne Treaty seem to be running after new adventures on the soil of Greece. Every day the cry of vengeance is heard louder. The British banks have opened their coffers to the Greek refugee loan. British boats are landing war material for Greece in Salonika. The Greek Army and Navy are in the course of serious reorganization. All these things are enough to set us thinking.

"The overthrow of the MacDonald Cabinet and the victory of Baldwin in England have caused keen disappointment in Turkey. The Greek preparations are not without reason. Does Great Britain wish to unite the Balkans against the Soviet danger, or does she wish to take revenge for the Treaty of Lausanne, by bringing back the Lloyd George policy and by creating new troubles here? Then there comes the question: Is Greece willing once more to tie herself to the British chariot? No one disputes the fact that the country which suffered most in the Great War was Greece, and this only because she tied herself to Britain. Greece knows this perfectly, and we know on the other side that neither Europe nor Turkey of to-day are the old Europe and the old Turkey. Where then is Greece to lead her new armies? To Anatolia? No, indeed. The Greeks know that Anatolia has been the grave of all those who attempted to go there as conquerors. Would they attack Constantinople? That again is impossible. Constantinople is an international and not a Turkish question. Any trouble there may precipitate a general war, and therein lies the strength of Turkey. Therefore let the Greeks forget the past, and try to live with us as good neighbors."

Among the Greek press of Athens the *Eleftheros Typos* argues that the Patriarch is "not a local authority, but the supreme head of the Orthodox Churches, whose status was long ago established, and whose right to reside in Constantinople has been affirmed by two Ecumenical Synods, the Second and the Fourth, and that it has never been an issue subject to international law." This daily adds: "The Ecumenical Patriarchate has always remained beyond the jurisdiction of international conferences, because of its spiritual and exclusively religious character." In the view of the Athens *Hestia*—

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"The attitude of the Turkish Government on the question of the Patriarch is now apparent to all. What the Turks want is to deal a body blow to the existence of the Patriarchate itself, by the expulsion of the Patriarch and of the two-thirds of his Holy Synod, on the assumption that they are subject to exchange. It is useless for the Angora Government to claim that the deportation of Patriarch Constantinos does not imply an attack on the Ecumenical Patriarchate as an institution. The Ecumenical Patriarchate is something toward which Turkey at Lausanne has assumed certain definite obligations; and altho an institution, it is not something impersonal, or abstract, but an organism which is duly represented by those who are at the head of it. Turkey at Lausanne tried by all means to take away from the Patriarchate all political significance; but the Government of Angora is to-day doing everything in order to make a political issue out of the Ecumenical Patriarch."

From *l'Illustration* (Paris)

EMIGRATION BY TREATY

Greeks leaving Thrace in accordance with the Lausanne Convention on exchange of populations.

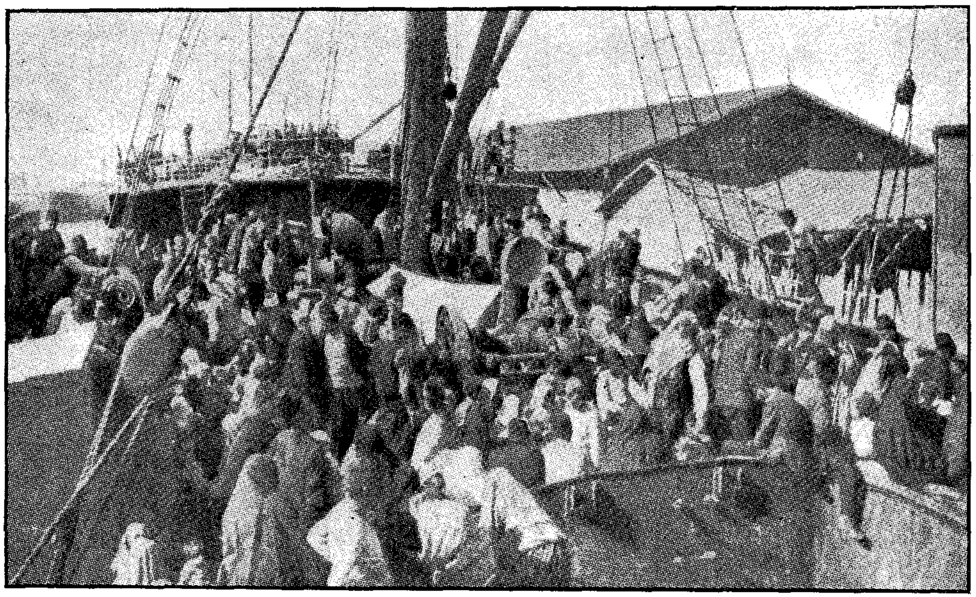
Among the English press we find the London *Nation and Athenæum* saying that, besides causing strained relations between Turkey and Greece, the expulsion of the Patriarch will acutely alarm the Christian populations under Turkish rule, and it adds:

"Whatever the legal rights of the case, the expulsion of the supreme head of the Orthodox Church must be regarded as highly provocative. It should not be imagined, however, that it is due to the operation of Mohammedan prejudices. The real reason is to be found in the statement that 'the Patriarchate is a Turkish institution.' This most questionable statement is a characteristic expression of the present attitude at Angora. One party at first wished to put all Mohammedan religious foundations in Turkey on the same footing as a disestablished church occupies in a Western democracy. When this proved to be impossible, a movement arose for 'nationalizing' the Mohammedan religion, that is, for purifying it of Arabic and Persian influences. The expulsion of the Patriarch suggests an attempt to apply the same principles to the Christian churches. It is obvious that the Angora Government are playing with fire."

According to the Diplomatic Correspondent of the London *Westminster Gazette*, the expulsion of the Patriarch is the climax of a number of expulsions of Turkish subjects of Greek origin from Constantinople, which the Greek Government has repeatedly protested against as contrary to the Lausanne Convention on the exchange of populations, and this informant continues:

"It was then agreed that Greeks established in Constantinople before 1918 should not be liable for expulsion, but in spite of this some thousands of Greeks have been expelled. It would have been possible for the Greek Government to retaliate by expelling their subjects of Turkish origin from Western Thrace. Instead of doing so the Greek Government appealed to the League of Nations, and a session of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague was summoned on January 16. The Court has still to make its decision.

"In the meantime, it was agreed that, pending a solution, the exchange work should be suspended by the Commission which was appointed to carry it out. It was, therefore, a breach of covenant on the part of the Turks to expel the Patriarch from Constantinople."



From *l'Illustration* (Paris)

BACK TO ASIA MINOR

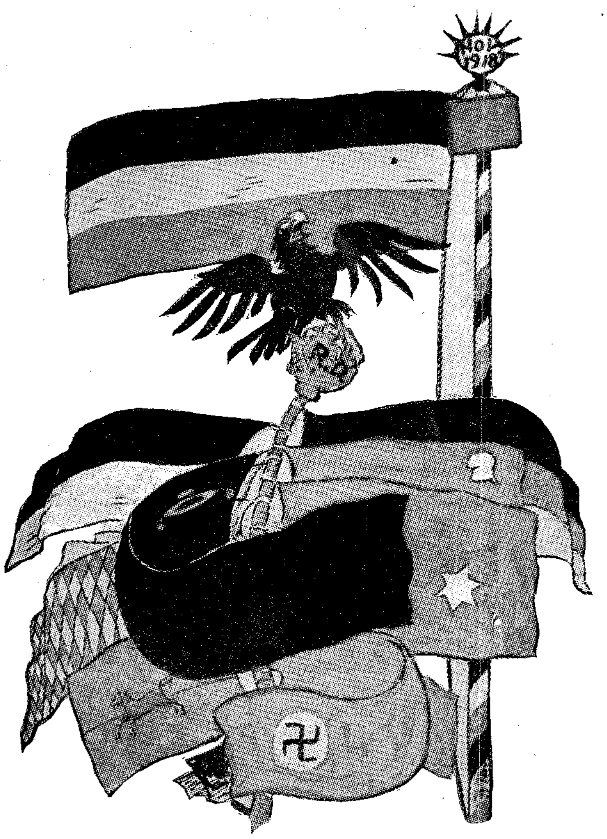
Turks leaving Macedonia in accordance with the Lausanne Convention exchange of populations.

The Athens correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* relates that the Archbishop of Athens, Monsignor Chryostome has telegraphed to the heads of all the churches of Europe and America protesting:

"A century ago the Turks hanged the Patriarch Gregory V. To-day, before the eyes of the entire civilized world, and in spite of the existing treaties, they have expelled the present Patriarch with the purpose of weakening the Patriarchate, which for centuries has been the hearth of Christianity and civilization by which Europe was regenerated. This act constitutes a vital blow to Christianity. We appeal to the leaders of the churches to raise their voices, and to their peoples to intervene in order that the Turkish persecution of Christianity shall cease and the Patriarch be allowed to return to his seat."

# REPUBLICANS AND MONARCHISTS IN GERMANY

DOUBTFUL REPUBLICANS and undoubted Monarchists make up the German Government only a few weeks after a general election that gave the Republican parties an absolute majority, we are told, and in answer to the question of how this can happen, the Berlin correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* offers an analysis of the party strength in the Reichstag. The Republican parties and the number of mandates they hold in the Reichstag, which has a full membership of 493, are as follows: Socialist, 131; Center, 69; Communists, 45; Democrats, 32. This makes a total of 277, which he informs us is 20 above the lowest number necessary for an absolute majority. According to parliamentary practise, we read, the leader of the strongest party is asked to form a new Cabinet after a general election. But to explain why Hermann Mueller, the leader of the Socialists, could not form a Cabinet of the parties listed above, this informant says:



A GERMAN THOUGHT

THE GERMAN EAGLE: "I sat much firmer on the old imperial staff than on this republican one."

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"The answer is that the Communists would never have consented. But would it not have been possible to buy at least the neutrality of the Communists by promising an amnesty to the many hundreds of their members who are in prison, and could not concessions have been made to the Bavarian People's party with its 19 mandates and to the Economic party with its 17, seeing that both these groups are at least not definitely anti-Republican? Some such attempt might indeed have been made. Even if a government with a clear majority of its own could not have been formed, it might well have been possible to form one numerically stronger than the Opposition, which in such a case would have been made up of the following mandates:

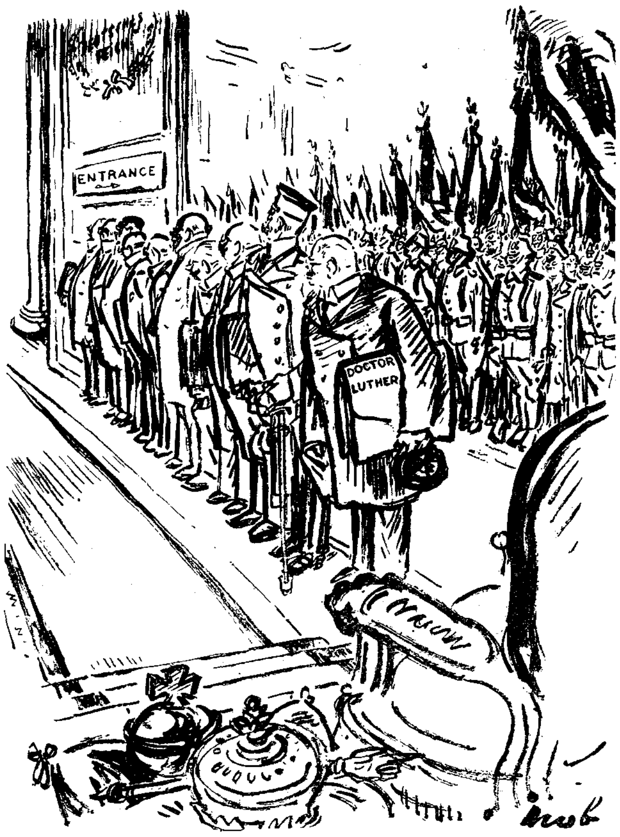
| | |
|---|---|
| National People's party | 103 |
| People's party | 51 |
| Freedom party | 14 |
| Agrarian League | 8 |
| Hanoverians | 4 |
| | 180" |

This Berlin correspondent goes on to say that the Democratic *Frankfurter Zeitung* demanded that the experiment should be tried. The Left Wing of the Center would have been willing, it is said, and its leader, Dr. Wirth, would have been a likely chancellor. If all the others had taken the initiative, we are told, the Right Wing would probably have agreed, tho with much reluctance. The Socialists are said to have been willing in principle, but only some of them were ready to take immediate action in trying to form a Cabinet with the cooperation of the Democrats and the Center, while neutralizing enough of the smaller parties or groups to reduce the sure Opposition to a minority. We read then:

"Had this been done Germany might now be under a liberal Republican Government that would have represented the majority of the German people in conformity with the result of the last general election.

"The chief reason why it was not done is that a number of the Socialist leaders argued as follows:

"'The general election showed that the Republican movement in general and the Socialist movement in particular are gathering strength and solidarity. The Communists are disintegrating, and in time most of them will be drifting back into our ranks. Our relations with the Democrats and the Center have improved so much that we were able to fight side by side in the election campaign. But to form a government now would be a precarious venture. We could not hope for a stable majority. If the parties of the Right come into power, then the Nationalists at least will have to see that the Dawes plan, which many of their leaders opposed so vehemently, is carried out. They will also have to face a conflict with the Allies over disarmament and the evacuation of Cologne. Their embarrassment will be extreme; indeed, their intelligence is not great enough for the difficulties that lie ahead. As for ourselves, time is on our side and we shall grow stronger and stronger (especially when their blunders drive new voters into our arms) and we shall come into power when their failure is clear to all.'"



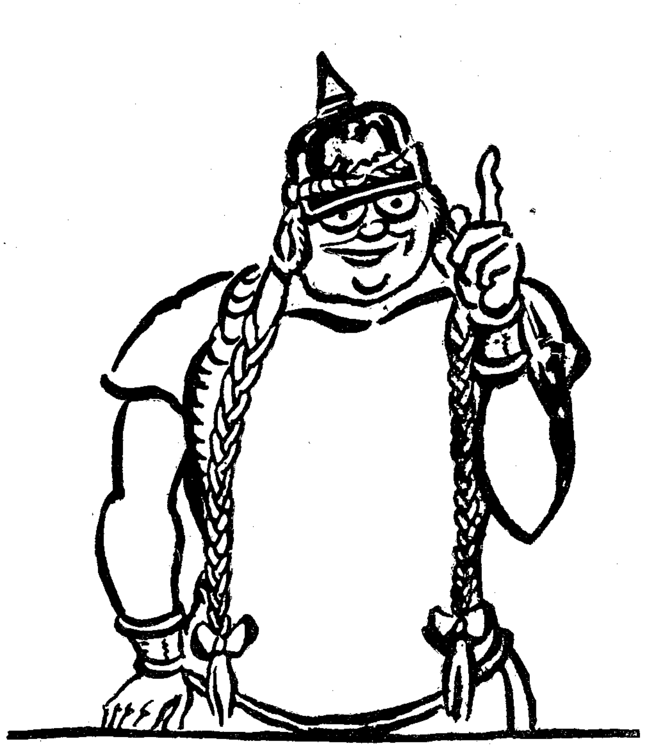
A FRENCH PREMONITION

"Awaiting the German Emperor!"

—*Le Rire* (Paris).

The Socialists remained deaf to the advice of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, we are told, and did not act. The "ever-opportunist" Center compounded with the People's party, the Nationalists waived their extremer demands, and the Luther Cabinet came into being, leaving the Socialists to oppose it in the Reichstag and to hold meetings of vehement protests against "the onward march of reaction in Germany." This Berlin observer relates further that it is still too early to say whether their argument was altogether fallacious, and he proceeds:

> "The Luther Government may, of course, be unequal to its task, but it is by no means unintelligent. It may fail ignominiously and make room for a coalition of the Left, but things as they are now do not in the least seem to be drifting in that direction. It is true that the Luther Government is entirely Conservative, but it is not quite so reactionary as the Socialists would have wished. It has begun well and is displaying great caution. No one can prophesy its future. It may even hold office for a long time—long enough to consolidate its own position instead of weakening it.
>
> "But even if the Conservative parties hold power, how will they be able to use it? The Socialists are by far the strongest party, while the Democrats and the Left Wing of the Center are likely to remain at least partially sympathetic to them. Will they not be able to organize an Opposition so formidable that the Luther Government will never be able to pass any measure that is clearly reactionary?
>
> "Much has been talked and written, especially during the last few days, of monarchist restoration in Germany. It is as well to state, once and for all, that the monarchy in the old sense can never come back. Counter-revolutionary as even the Nationalists are, they have not remained untouched by the revolution. Serious-minded royalists—there are many such in Germany—contemplate a monarchy on the English model. But even in its most innocuous form it is doubtful whether the monarchy will ever come back to Germany. In any case, its return is not a thing of the near future. It will not be ushered in by the Luther Government, altho the Luther Government may in time begin to prepare the ground for it."



A FRENCH JAB

"Whether the Left or Right is in power—they are still Germans."

—*Le Charivari* (Paris).

Sensational as a Royalist restoration would be, it is pointed out that the monarchy is after all largely a symbol. In Germany, it is associated with militarism and extreme reaction, but we are told that this association is not necessarily permanent. According to this writer, the important fact about the Luther Government is not so much that it is monarchist at heart as that it is reactionary. The German Socialists have been in power from time to time, it is recalled, both in the Reich, as a whole, and in the Federal States. In Prussia they have been in power for three years, but—

> "Nevertheless they have not succeeded in establishing the Republican system on a very solid foundation. This may not have been their fault. The difficulty of the task was enormous and would have taken years to complete.
>
> "Radical Socialist measures have long been abandoned altogether. The Republican form has been preserved, but the content is still very doubtful. The Luther Government, especially now that the Socialists have been driven, at least temporarily, from the Prussian Government, can do much to promote reaction and undermine the Republic without consulting the Reichstag at all. For example, it can gradually replace higher officials as well as police officers who are Republicans by others who are Monarchists (it would not be the first time that this had been done in Germany since the revolution). In appointing and promoting magistrates and judges it can show a bias that will tend to make the administration of justice in Germany more illiberal (in a political sense) than it is even now, when the Staatsgerichtshof, established for the protection of the Republic, is used mainly to persecute Communists. In dealing with the trade unions, with strikers, and in enforcing the decisions of arbitration courts it can exercise a steady pressure against labor. It is true that it has begun wisely and humanely by restoring the eight-hour day to workers in cokeries and blast furnaces, but its policy must almost inevitably oppose any attempt to make the eight-hour day permanent and universal.
>
> "As for measures that need a majority in the Reichstag, the Government will be in a position to make concessions . . . that will secure the necessary number of votes. If the Socialists were in power they could do likewise to promote liberal or even Socialist legislation, but they are not in power, and in Germany to be in power is almost all the battle. Thus it will be relatively easy for the Luther Government to enforce a general scheme of protective tariffs, not only against Socialist opposition but against the better knowledge of every wise economist. The same is true of taxes, which are to be reformed in a distinctly conservative sense.
>
> "It does not follow that a well-led and energetic Opposition can not avert a great deal. In any case, the Luther Government will have to be extraordinarily cautious. Much depends on its length of life. To begin with, it can hardly be more than mildly Conservative. But if it lives long enough it may be able to consolidate the cause which its leading members have at heart, especially if a Conservative coalition comes into power in Prussia."

THE BANE OF LONDON FOG—The infinite variety of English weather has no worse plague than fog, it is said, and apart from the discomfort caused the actual loss suffered by the community through the fog is said to be immense. The London *Nation and Athenæum* quotes the "Smoke Abatement Society" as putting the figure at £1,000,000 for one day, and this weekly observes:

> "This may be an excessive estimate, but there can be no doubt that it would pay the nation to spend a great deal of money to remedy the evil, especially when we remember that even on fogless days we allow sunlight of infinite value to be intercepted by the pall of smoke which overhangs our great towns.
>
> "The climax of absurdity is reached when we have to organize special sunlight treatment, in some cases with rays artificially generated, in order to cure diseases caused by this unnatural darkness. The classic instance of Pittsburgh proves that the evil can be remedied once a community is really alive to its seriousness.
>
> "There are considerable difficulties to be faced, of which the most difficult to deal with would almost certainly be that incorrigible offender, proud in evil-doing, the domestic fire; but there are few social reforms which would more quickly produce a rich harvest in increased health and happiness for the ordinary citizen."

## IRELAND'S HEAVY TIDE OF EMIGRATION

THE INCREASING TIDE of emigration from Ireland causes deep concern, and it is said that as one investigates the causes and the effects for it they are found not to be so simple or so easy of solution. Veiled suggestions are being made, according to the Cork *Weekly Examiner*, that some artificial restraints should be put on the movement of emigrants out of the country, "as if the evil could be remedied by the stroke of the pen." Suggestions of this kind come from those who know little or nothing, it is said, about the social or economic life of the countryside. The vast majority of the young people of both sexes who are leaving the country, we are told, belong to the rural population, and a big percentage of them are the children of small farmers and agricultural laborers. So, this newspaper observes:

"If, then, we seek the causes of the present growth of emigration we must go to the countryside and endeavor to find out what is wrong there, which impels so many of its population to seek their livelihood across the Atlantic or elsewhere out of Ireland. Let us dispose of one contributing factor in the first place. Emigration has been restricted since August, 1914, and the school boys and girls of that period have grown up and are seeking an outlet for their energies, as well as those who were then old enough to emigrate, but were restrained by the difficulty of getting passports or permits, by the enhanced food-production and other work which employed them at remunerative wages.

"In short, the population of the country as a whole must have increased considerably since 1914. We have always held that the soil of Ireland is capable (if efficiently managed) of supporting in comfort a population at least twice as large as that which occupies it at present, or at any time within the last fifty years. This, however, does not eliminate the awkward fact that for the moment, there is a 'surplus' population on the countryside who are not satisfied with the limited inducements their own country offers them to remain at home

"It is hard to blame such persons for seeking to better themselves abroad. And yet, one feels that if they were prepared to work half as hard in Ireland, on the land, as they will be obliged to work in the factories and stores or quays of America, they need not emigrate for a living."

This Cork newspaper goes on to note that every emigrant means so much man-power lost to the country and 20,000 emigrants mean a greater economic loss than one year's adverse trade balance, about which so much is being said at present. The problem resolves itself, we are told, into how the people can be induced to remain on the countryside to work the land and increase production. To the *Examiner's* view the obvious remedy for the conditions which influence or compel the people of the countryside to emigrate is to use every effort to encourage increased production on the land. We are reminded then that—

"In the early part of 1914 the economic outlook was most promising all over Ireland. Emigration was declining; farmers, cottiers and agricultural laborers were working steadily to improve their position; modern methods of cultivation were being introduced. Had there been no Great War, Ireland would, economically, be better off to-day. Had there been no internal disorders, trouble and strife; no destruction of property, and a greater spirit of work and cooperation, Ireland would be infinitely more prosperous than she is at present. But the past can not be recalled. The best we may hope to do is to make up for the losses which it entailed. Above all, every nerve should be strained to recover the ground lost in our export trade of agricultural produce.

"The same markets are prepared to absorb not only equal but greater quantities of butter, eggs, poultry, bacon, etc., than were sent out in 1913 and 1914, the years which saw the high tide of the agricultural produce export trade. After 1914, tho nominal values went up, quantities went down. What is required at present is to increase quantities to pre-war level. This would be one practical step toward diminishing the volume of emigration. Of course, it will be said that the very people who are going away are just those who could increase agricultural production. With this we readily agree.

"The solution of the problem lies in the direction of inducing these young people to remain at home, and showing them that if they just grow more potatoes, more turnips, more wheat and oats, or even flowers and apples; raise more cattle, breed more hens, ducks or turkeys, they will have an opportunity of earning a decent livelihood at home."

## MILITARY TRAINING IN JAPAN

MERE FIGHTERS on the battle-field are not what Japan chiefly needs, according to some Japanese editors who declare, however, that while the people should hold fast to the idea of peace, yet they must be ready to defend themselves if the occasion arise. The question of military training is brought to the fore by the adoption of a resolution by the Japan Cultural Association to the effect that preparatory military training for young men, other than schoolboys and students, is desirable. This is a greater question than the introduction of training into middle-grade schools and technical colleges, says the Osaka *Mainichi*, which informs us further:

"The number of schoolboys and students in this country is only 10 per cent. of all young men. If this resolution be put into operation, military training will be practised upon the remaining 90 per cent. The subjects for lessons in middle-grade schools and technical colleges being varied, military training will not be a heavy burden.

"But the circumstances are entirely different in the case of young men in general. Their daily life is more varied than that of schoolboys and students. If too great importance be attached to military training, it will work an evil influence upon young men. They would have to spend too much energy for military training at the sacrifice of the full development of their mental activities. This is why we call military training for young men in general a great question.

"The authorities concerned may plead that the purpose of military training for young men in general is to promote their moral sense, and to achieve the full development of their physique, but the truth is that military training gives instructions to young men mainly in the art of fighting. Moral and physical culture are only subsidiary."

This Osaka daily believes that some sort of training is necessary for the people, especially for the younger generation who form the center of national strength, but it insists that the training must be training in the widest sense. It should comprise lessons necessary for all lines of activities in their daily life. In other words, we are told, the intellect, morality and physique must be fully trained in an education for citizenship. Judging from the present state of affairs in Japan, it is averred, the people do not want training in the mere art of fighting, but wish knowledge in regard to economy, politics, and the professions, which is necessary for their daily activities. We read then:

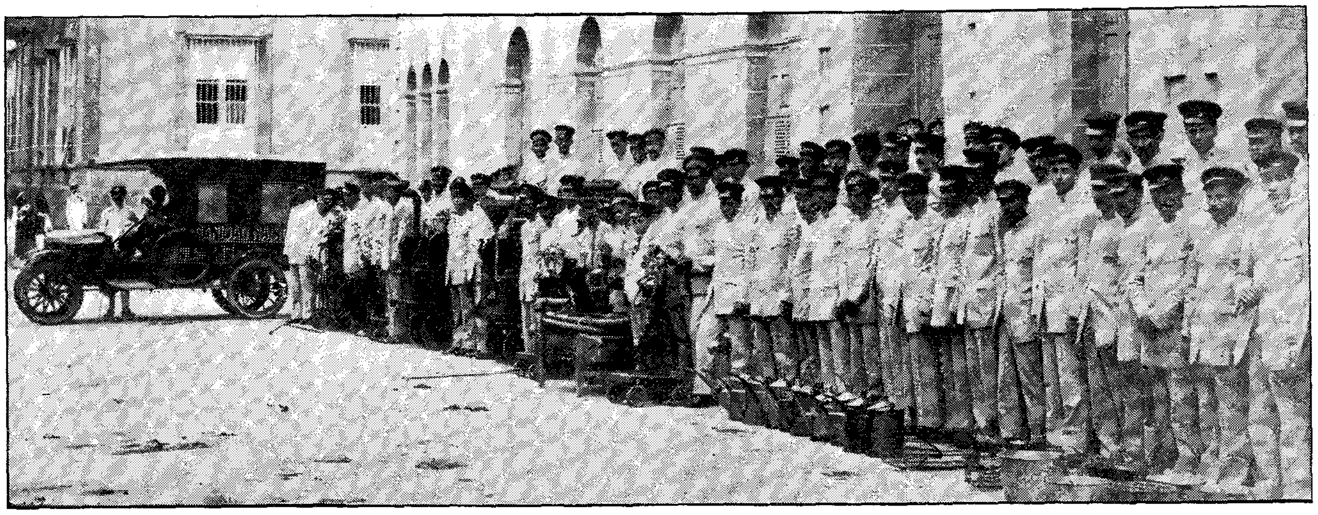
"They wish to make themselves a people of peaceful principle, yet at the same time they are ready to take up arms in the event of a national emergency. Their purpose is to make themselves a strong nation, quite capable of maintaining political independence and economic prosperity. They will not be content with being mere fighters on the battle-field.

"The means for such training are certainly manifold. Mere military training is too partial, tho it is necessary. But the system of military training of the past is futile Whenever the British people recollect the last Great Struggle, they take pride in the efficient system of their national training. They say that British soldiers were obedient and truly faithful to their duties, but that they were given a wider scope for initiative in fighting. They were superior in this point to German soldiers, who behave like puppets in action on the battle-field.

"This contention shows that mechanical training can not make an efficient army, and also that the training for a nation must naturally be varied in its scope.

"Excursions, en masse or by individuals, field sports en masse or by individuals, and a variety of equipment for mental and physical culture must be provided for public training. The masses must be given instruction in their daily work and profession. What is most urgently required for young men and boys are lessons in morality. Excursions, field sports and athletic games are all pastimes, but their final objective is mental and physical culture."

# SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



Courtesy of *The Nation's Health* (Chicago)

WAR ON RATS AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA

# HOW TO FIGHT THE THREATENED PLAGUE EPIDEMIC

THE RENEWED ACTIVITY OF PLAGUE throughout the world, as shown by recent epidemics at Los Angeles, Java, Rosario, Argentina, and other places, and the discovery of plague-bearing rats in boats which put into port at New Orleans, coming from Barcelona and from Calcutta by way of Port Said, give every indication that the disease at present is in a state of recrudescence, says *The Nation's Health* (Chicago). And the destruction of animal pests again becomes an important part of a public-health program. In this connection this magazine calls attention to a report by J. S. Purdy before the Australian Association for the Advancement of Science on the rat and flea as carriers of plague. We read:

"In the vast majority of cases plague in the rat precedes the occurrences of cases among human beings. It is, in fact, secondary to and derived from cases of the same disease in rats.

"Systematic daily examination of the carcasses of rats killed by rat-catching staffs regularly maintained in infested districts was made in the control measures adopted during the ninth outbreak of this epizootic disease in Sydney. Twelve certified inspectors were charged with authority which enabled them to cleanse and thoroughly disinfect about one-fifth of the built-upon area of the city. The object of the cleaning was primarily the discovery, destruction and disinfection of the haunts of rats within buildings, ground floors and basements. The floors of cellars and yards when not paved imperviously to rats were dug up and saturated with acid corrosive sublimate (1 in 500). Rat-runs were opened up and flooded with the same solution, and all rats found in them destroyed. Internal walls of buildings were sprayed with corrosive sublimate or 2 per cent. solution of formic aldehyd; floors were flooded with corrosive sublimate solution, and outer, dirty or delapidated inner walls were lime-washed. Whenever floors showed any evidence of rat infestation, they were lifted and the space beneath cleaned and disinfected.

"Hunting, trapping, poisoning and infection by disease have been the methods employed to exterminate the rats. In poison-baiting rats, it is to be understood that in twenty-four hours rats will eat on the average one-tenth of their body weight in food. One bait, therefore, should be of such size that a hungry rat will eat it all, and one complete bait should kill. On the basis of one-half pound, rat baits of 30–60 grams, that is from one-tenth to one-fifth of a day's intake of food, should be readily eaten by a rat. This weight, then, to contain a good liberal dose, should carry the following percentages: arsenic, 5 per cent. each bait, 20 grams containing 1 gram toxic agent; barium carbonate, 25 per cent., 30 grams containing 70 grams toxic agent; squill bulb, 20 per cent., 50 grams containing 10 grams toxic agent; squill powder, 20 per cent., 25 grams containing 5 grams toxic agent.

"A good vehicle for the toxic agents is a mixture of oatmeal and fat so as to form a hard paste, variety obtained by the introduction of fish or cheese. The baits should be fresh, should be attractive to the rodents.

"Sulfur dioxid, chlorin, carbon bisulfid and carbon monoxid have all been effectively used to exterminate rats in ships.

"The definite discovery took place in 1907 that the flea is the agent that spreads plague between rat and rat, and between rat and man, but it required some years to secure the adoption of efficient insecticide or pulicide such as kerosene emulsion with the object of killing fleas, rather than disinfectant such as corrosive sublimate which is practically useless as an insecticide. A combination of an insecticide such as petrol with 25 per cent. of cylin, Jeyes Fluid, or rather good phenol disinfectant, if mixed immediately before use, is also useful where fleas are prevalent.

"Purdy is inclined not to rely exclusively for the extermination of plague upon a belief that the rat and the flea are the sole factors in the transmission of plague. A pulicide, such as kerosene-oil emulsion, would on this assumption be all that is required.

"Do the plague bacilli succumb so readily? They show wonderful evidences of vitality considering the disinclination of the rat flea to attack man.

"The bacillus has to pass through three animals, from the rat to the flea to man. Any hitch in this channel of transmission would either mean the disappearance of plague or indicate the existence of plague bacillus in media other than living animals.

"The excreta of plague-infected animals do contain plague bacilli. Purdy does not rely upon 'natural' disinfection and does not discount the advantage of disinfectants. He advocates the use in houses of a 10 per cent. solution of any of the well-known disinfectants of the higher phenol series. Schools can be kept free from fleas by using sawdust saturated with such disinfectants on the floors, and a weekly scrubbing, using water in which a disinfectant has been dissolved. Cats and dogs should be freed of fleas. Sprinkling animals with pyrethrum powder will also keep fleas from them.

"Considerable success in ridding premises of fleas is reported by the Navy in an emulsion of kerosene, eighty-two parts; liquid soap, fifteen parts; and water, three parts. One ounce of nitrobenzol to a gallon of this emulsion is effective in covering the objectionable odor of kerosene. This emulsion is not a disinfectant or germicide, but is absolutely effective as a pulicide or insecticide. It can be used in combination with a good phenol disinfectant, provided the mixture is freshly made."

## THE EYE AS A RADIO RECEIVER

THAT THE EYE WAS THE FIRST WIRELESS receiving set employed by man was asserted by Sir Oliver Lodge when he propounded a new theory of vision in a recent presidential address before the Radio Society of Great Britain. Says the London correspondent of the New York *Times* in a dispatch to that paper:

> "Radiation, said Sir Oliver, is purely a phenomenon of ether. There is no mechanical connection between the latter and matter. The only link between them lies in electricity and magnetism, but neither electric charge nor magnetic field generates radiation. There must be, he said, both electric charge and magnetic field superposed at right angles to each other. They then had radiation, traveling with the velocity of light at right angles to both. Atoms emit not only radiation but also electrons.
>
> "There is something in the retina of the human eye which responds in this way, Sir Oliver held, flinging away the electrons at characteristic speed when it feels luminous tremors, and it is to that strange and at present hardly accountable emission that vision is due. He said he doubted if electric tremors affected the nerves directly. They stimulated something especially adapted to respond to vibrations. What stimulates nerves is the shock of electrons shocked by atoms which strike them with the speed of some thousand miles a second.
>
> "'This is a theory of vision,' said Sir Oliver, 'which is in process of being born, and which I feel sure contains a clue that has to be worked out by physicists and physiologists in combination.
>
> "'The eye is like a receiving instrument for detecting radio waves of an extremely short and definite length. It was the first wireless receiving set employed by man. Vision is a photoelectric phenomenon. I make the rash statement and say that the burden of proof, and especially the burden of disproof, rests upon future experiments.'"

In its editorial columns, *The Times* comments as follows:

> "When Sir Oliver Lodge talks on a subject purely scientific, whatever he says must be heard with the respect due to his high attainments. So, when he says, as a dispatch quotes him as saying, that the eye is a 'sort of radio receiver' and that vision is the result of an electronic emission something like the one taking place in the vacuum tubes which are the soul of most receiving sets, denial that he is right would be rash.
>
> "The statement, however, somehow doesn't sound plausible, but that may be because Sir Oliver did not make himself thoroughly understood by the reporter. That sometimes happens; most often, perhaps, when the talker himself has failed to get very clear in his own mind just what he means and wants to say.
>
> "As presented, the radio-eye theory is about as convincing as are the assertions occasionally heard about somebody's 'fiery eyes' and the 'sparks' that come out of them."

**FEAR REALLY CURDLES THE BLOOD**—"Blood-curdling" events are such in very truth, according to recent experiments; for excitement and fear both thicken the life-fluid by condensing it. Cold has the same effect, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). We read:

> "When you go into a warm room, salt and water suddenly pour into your blood-stream from the reserve in your tissues, so that when you start to perspire, the perspiration will not rob the blood fluid unduly of these necessary constituents. This is one of the many interesting observations which have been made by the use of a rapid technic for estimating the density of the blood which was described before the American Physiological Society to-day by H. G. Barbour, W. F. Hamilton, M. H. Dawson and I. Neuwirth of the University of Louisville. Utilizing the principle underlying the common observation that a stone falls through the air faster than does a feather, these workers estimated the concentration of the blood by allowing a drop to fall through a solution slightly less dense than itself, and timing the rate of fall with a stop-watch. The speed can be correlated directly with the specific gravity, or density of the blood, providing the drops are all of uniform size. The examination requires only a few seconds, and permits rapid changes in the blood to be followed. 'Using this method, we find that blood in our bodies becomes concentrated in a cold bath and dilute in a warm room, and that a ten per cent. change may occur in the water content of the blood within five minutes,' the investigators reported. 'The blood also becomes concentrated in excitement and fear.'"

## THE APE MERELY OUR FIRST COUSIN

MAN HAS BEEN MAN and ape has been ape for a much longer period than hitherto believed, says Prof. Wilson D. Wallis, of the University of Minnesota, writing in *The American Naturalist* (New York). Nevertheless, some creature is man's nearest relative, and circumstances point to the ape as the most likely claimant to cousinship. This is not saying that we know, or ever shall know, the characteristics of the common ancestor. If Professor Wallis is correct in his interpretation, in so far as prehistoric human remains are concerned, it is not so much evolution which has given us modern man, as man who has given us his type by evolving it through physiological or functional changes growing out of changes in his culture, an evolution which he is still continuing. If the cause lies within the species it does not imply common ancestry with a similar species, altho it is not an argument against such common ancestry. What, then, is Professor Wallis's conclusion with regard to the relationship between man and apes? Briefly this:

> "A review of the similarities in structure, in blood and in use of the limbs, points to the apes as man's nearest relatives in the animal kingdom, his first cousins, if he has any. That some creature is his nearest relative is a conclusion to which we are driven by a consideration of the facts of zoological life. As regards prehistoric human remains we do not find that the increasing resemblance to apes as we go back in time implies simian ancestry, seeing that these changes may be due to changes in food and posture, representing the acquisition of form growing out of function or closely correlated with function. In that case, man's increasing resemblance to apes has other explanation than descent from a common ancestor, being, if our interpretation is correct, a case of convergence, the response of similar form to similar function. As a matter of fact, the increase from long-headedness to short-headedness, which we find as we go from earliest man to more recent man of the prehistoric past, is a proceeding to greater resemblances with the apes. Round-headedness is a characteristic of apes no less than, in fact much more than, it is a characteristic of modern man. Here the resemblance is due to different factors working; in the case of round-headed man to the decrease in muscles and to upright stature; in the case of the apes the occiput is flattened to provide attachment for strong muscles reaching up from the neck region to support the head. Man's upright posture obviates the need for such marked occipital support, and the posterior projection of the occipital accounts largely for his greater length of head as compared with that of the apes. But this is only to say again that mere resemblances do not count for much; they must be interpreted in the light of the causes which give rise to them."

Professor Wallis adds a word on the bearing of these findings upon theories of evolution. If they look Lamarckian, he says, that is only because the reader has not penetrated beneath the surface of the argument. He does not venture to discuss the relative merits of Darwinism, Weismannism or Lamarckianism, but he believes there is nothing in his view which would not fit into any one of those schemes. He writes:

> "The modification of form through function can proceed from generation to generation by the principles of Darwinian selection, if that is the evolution doctrine to which one is committed. It can proceed, of course, with the mechanism represented by Weismann. Likewise, it is susceptible of Lamarckian interpretation if one be a Lamarckian.
>
> "But in any case we can not afford to blind ourselves to facts because we may shy from their implications. A good case is not strengthened by adducing poor reasons in support of it, and no fear of giving comfort to the enemy should lead us to suppose that a partial concealment of truth, which arises from concealment of part of the truth, can compensate for the value of unprejudiced consideration of the facts of life, whether they seem to fit into our larger scheme of evolution or fail to fit. No one can

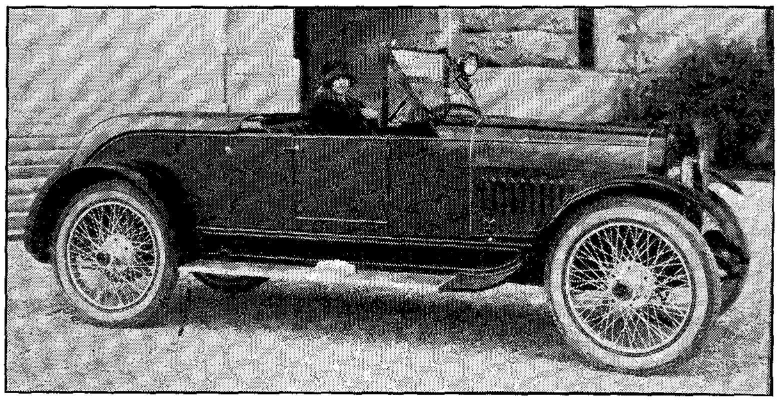
read the history of physical anthropology since the day of Darwin without seeing that the evolutionary idea has largely dominated its ambitions and determined its findings, sometimes, we are convinced, to the detriment of the truth.

"Our findings mean, possibly, nothing more than that the human and the simian type, respectively, have been relatively fixt for a much longer period than it has been our custom to regard them. We are constantly lengthening out the vistas of the past, and it may be that we must extend them beyond our present wont in order to find the point where human and simian forms have diverged into their present persistent types. Certainly one can no longer accept Java man as common ancestor, nor do any of the Tertiary remains of simia suggest common ancestry. If it be clear that present evidence is insufficient, that fact provides sufficient answer to the question of how we ought to interpret such evidence as we have. We must not convict the prisoner at the bar simply because we do not know who else committed the crime. And so with regard to a common ancestor."

## RIGID, ADJUSTABLE AUTO-TOP

MUCH EXCELLENT WORK in the design of foldable cloth tops for open cars has been done in the past few years, says a writer in *The Automobile Trade Journal* (Philadelphia), but with the increasing popularity of the closed car comes a demand for a permanent top that can be opened readily. For all-year-round driving the closed car is indispensable, but he regards as necessary some means of changing the cab into an open model if the popularity of touring continues. We read:

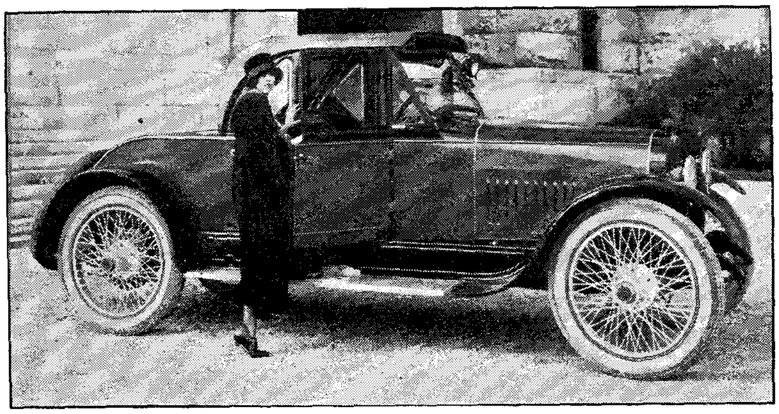
"To design a top that will stand the wear of opening and closing, a top that can be raised and lowered in a few seconds' time, and when closed will carry out the graceful lines of the sport model, are a few of the problems that have been bothering the top designers. From Utah comes word of experimentation on a top of rigid material that is said to overcome a number of the present difficulties of design. The accompanying design is a top of light metal construction, shaped to conform to the rear deck, over which it is snugly nested when lowered. The top is edged with a rubber strip all around so that in either raised or lowered position it is insulated from the body. This prevents rattling or rumbling and makes a water and dust-proof junction between top and body. The top is carried on a double set of supporting arms which swing it from one position to the other. The lower ends of the opposite arms are connected by rotatable tie-rods held in bearings. A gear fastened to one of the tie-rods meshes with a worm turned by a hand-crank. Several turns of the crank serve to raise or lower the top. Little effort is required because of the mechanical advantage of the worm and gear. The top remains horizontal during movement and is securely clamped in either 'up' or 'down' position. Side windows may be carried in the doors and body sides, or be removable. They may be fitted closely and will provide a very snug closed car for inclement weather."



THE NEW ADJUSTABLE TOP DOWN—AND OUT OF SIGHT

## THE MEANING OF ANIMAL SOUNDS

A DISCUSSION ON THIS SUBJECT was held recently at the Natural History Museum, under the auspices of the New York Academy of Sciences, four experts taking part. Our quotations are from a report in the New York *Times*. Dr. F. E. Lutz, associated with the museum, spoke on the sounds made by insects. Many of the striking characteristics of animals and plants are of no use to their possessors, or to any other creature, in his belief. We read:



UP—NO ASSISTANCE NECESSARY

The accompanying article tells how it works.

"Whatever may be true of vertebrates, the significance of insect sounds is still an open subject and, while it is altogether probable that some of these sounds do have a biological significance, many of them have none, being merely incidental to structures that have arisen for some totally different purpose, or for no purpose at all.

"A large portion of the sounds made by vertebrate animals are vocal. Insects have no lungs, strictly speaking, and most of the sounds they make may be called mechanical. He explained that they produced such mechanical sounds in two ways—by striking two parts of the body together and by friction.

"Honey bees and certain flies when captured seem to utter an exceedingly shrill warning note. For a long time it was supposed to be vocal, but it is now known that the shrill note is caused by the rapid beating of the wings against the body.

"This shrill sound, said Dr. Lutz, is merely an incident to the extra-vigorous working of the wing-muscles under the excitement of being captured. It has recently been proved that insects pay little attention to the sounds audible to human ears."

Not even the silent depths of the sea are without sound, according to Dr. C. M. Breder, Jr., who is associated with the New York City Aquarium. In spite of the difficulty of studying fishes, it has been established that they hear. Said Dr. Breder:

"We also know that many fishes are capable of producing sounds by various means, and it seems more than mere coincidence that fishes with definite voices generally have well-developed ears. In so far as water is an excellent transmitter of sound, it is difficult to imagine that such noises as the fishes make are not of some direct influence, as, for instance, in the gathering together in schools of scattered individuals for the purpose of procreation. We have no experimental evidence of this.

"He advanced the supposition that the volume of sounds produced by the feeding of a great number of fishes might be sufficient to attract others, serving as well as a warning to those fed upon. And even the motion of swimming might, in the case of a large school, be compared in a way to the sound of a cataract, caused by the cumulative bursting of myriad bubbles. In the lower New York Bay Dr. Breder has seen two shoals of menhaden connect directly through the sewage-fouled water in a manner which suggested some such recognition.

"Among the reptilia the crocodiles bellow loudly during the mating season. Lizards frequently seem voiceless, but respond to sounds. Turtles seem not to hear in either water or air, and some snakes appear to be nearly deaf—even the rattler may not hear another's rattle, tho he may be conscious of his own."

The sounds made by birds, Dr. Ludlow Griscom of the Natural History Museum divided into two categories—the call notes and the song. The call note is a language registering different emotions or conditions. It gives the cry of alarm, danger, anger, sociability, recognition, and announces the discovery of food. It can be interpreted by humans and can be understood by birds of another species, and even by mammals. He went on:

"With most birds song is definitely associated with the breeding season, but some sing after the post-nuptial moult, others during the fall migration, and others throughout the year.

"'It is generally established,' Dr. Griscom said, 'that every pair of birds has a territory during the breeding period, and that the males occupy it first. Song is an advertisement for the later arriving females, a notice to other males that this territory is occupied.'

"Another theory, the direct opposite to the last, has recently been well formulated by Professor Böker. He concludes that song has no breeding significance, but it is a product of the high psychical development of the birds, and that they do not sing when they do not feel well physically, or when special demands on their vitality use up their emotion in other directions, as for instance the cold of winter. The relation between song and the breeding season is a coincidence, due to the fact that this season is the period when physical vitality and psychic excitement reach their greatest intensity. While Böker's studies and experiments are entirely accurate, they are based chiefly on the chaffinch.

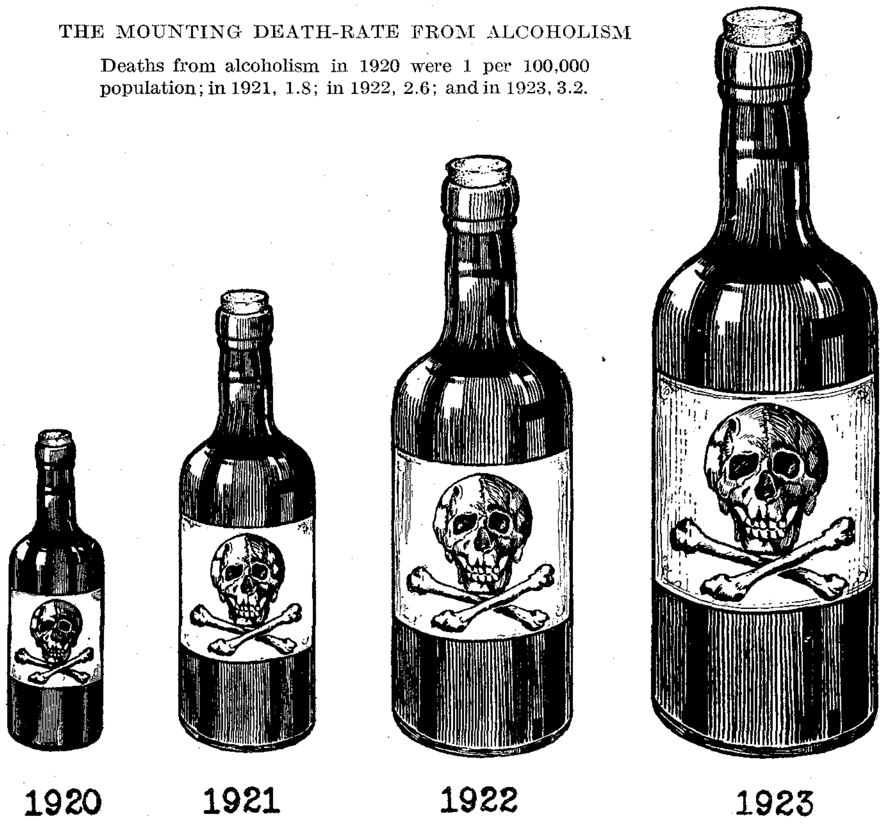
"'No species of mammal is known to be voiceless,' said Dr. H. C. Raven of the Natural History Museum.

"Mammals have another method of making themselves heard. They are able to communicate by so-called mechanical sounds, by stamping their feet, by slapping their tails to the ground, by snapping, grinding or grating their teeth, and are even able to make themselves heard by shaking and vibrating their skins.

"The voices of the smaller mammals are little known to men because of their faintness, but certain studies have revealed that meadow mice understand each other's squeaks and respond."

THE MOUNTING DEATH-RATE FROM ALCOHOLISM

Deaths from alcoholism in 1920 were 1 per 100,000 population; in 1921, 1.8; in 1922, 2.6; and in 1923, 3.2.



## ALCOHOLISM AND PROHIBITION

DEATHS FROM ALCOHOLISM in the United States are mounting rapidly, asserts Robert I. Small in a bulletin sent out by the Consolidated Press Association (Washington). Figures just available at the Census Bureau show, according to Mr. Small, that the rate of deaths from this cause in 1923 was larger than for any year since 1917. The rate is lower than in pre-Prohibition days, but at the present rate of gain it will reach pre-Prohibition figures in another year or two. We read in the bulletin:

"Deaths from alcoholism took a terrific tumble in 1920, the first year of constitutional Prohibition. The bootlegging trade had not then been organized and there was a falling off in the consumption of all kinds of liquors. Then the bootlegger began to make his presence felt. Schemes of distribution were devised. To-day the system is better organized than at any time in its existence, and the distribution is wider.

"The death-rate from alcoholism within the registration area of thirty-eight States in 1923 was 3.2 persons per 100,000 of population. In 1922 it was 2.6; in 1921 it was 1.8; in 1920 it was 1.0—the low-water mark for all time since the causes of death have been made a matter of national record.

"In pre-Volstead days the rate ran from 4.4 to 5.8. Between 1917 and 1918 there was a drop from 5.2 to 2.7, the drop in this instance being due not to Prohibition but to the presence of so many of the young men of the country in the military service where their means of obtaining and drinking liquor were limited. In 1919, with the advent of war-time Prohibition, there was a further drop in the death-rate to 1.6.

"The gain has been steady since the low-water mark of 1920. The figures for 1924 for the nation will not be available for another twelve months, but local records from hospitals in the larger cities of the country indicate that the 1924 mark will top that of 1923 in a very serious manner.

"In 1923 the States showing the biggest increase in the death-rate from alcoholism included the notoriously wet spots of the nation. Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Wisconsin all showed substantial, or, perhaps, one might say, reprehensible gains.

"The champion wet State of all, however, was Wyoming. The alcoholic death-rate jumped in that State from 3.9 in 1922 to 8.0 in 1923.

"New York's increase was from 2.9 to 4.3; Connecticut mounted from 1.9 to 3.9; Illinois from 3.1 to 4.2. Maryland, standing out for home rule and home brew, leapt up from 3.0 deaths per 100,000 in 1922 to 5.7 in 1923.

"Massachusetts moved up from 5.9 to 6.6; Minnesota, from 2.6 to 3.2; Pennsylvania from 2.8 to 4.3 and Washington from 2.6 to 3.1.

"Other States which showed an increase in alcoholism as a cause of death were Idaho, Kentucky, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Tennessee and Utah.

"The States which showed a decline in alcoholism and a drier atmosphere were Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, North Carolina, Ohio and Oregon.

"States which stood still were California, Louisiana, South Carolina, Vermont, and Virginia.

"Cirrhosis of the liver, which is supposed to be a sort of handmaiden of alcohol, showed a slight decline from 7.5 in 1922 to 7.2 in 1923.

"At a recent meeting of American chemists at Boston several speakers argued that deaths from alcoholism to-day are not caused so much by poisonous substances in alcohol as from the effects of too much alcohol."

## A LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE SOVIETS

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT has employed its technical railway adviser, Prof. George Lomonosoff, to design a Diesel-electric locomotive, which has recently been completed in Germany and tested out at Esslingen in the presence of a formidable array of European experts. The engine as described by Privy-Counsellor Dr. J. Stumpf of Berlin, in *The Railway Age* (New York), is a six-cylinder, four-cycle Diesel type, and it is located on the center line of the car with the air-compressors for oil injection on one end and a continuous current dynamo on the other. Dr. Stumpf writes:

"The current from the dynamo operates five motors connected to each of the driving axles. The hot jacket water of the Diesel engine is cooled in a cooler which is located at one end of the locomotive. The water flows through a piping system cooled by a draft of air forced around the pipes by a fan.

"The cooling device was the most difficult problem in the design of the locomotive. In actual service the Diesel engine proved to be the most critical part, and as a result only the most reliable features were selected in the design. Tests proved the electric transmission device to be most reliable.

"The Diesel engine is generally supposed to be in continuous operation. Power is adapted to the requirements of the service by adjusting the voltage of the exciting current of the exciter dynamo. This control has proved to be close and reliable.

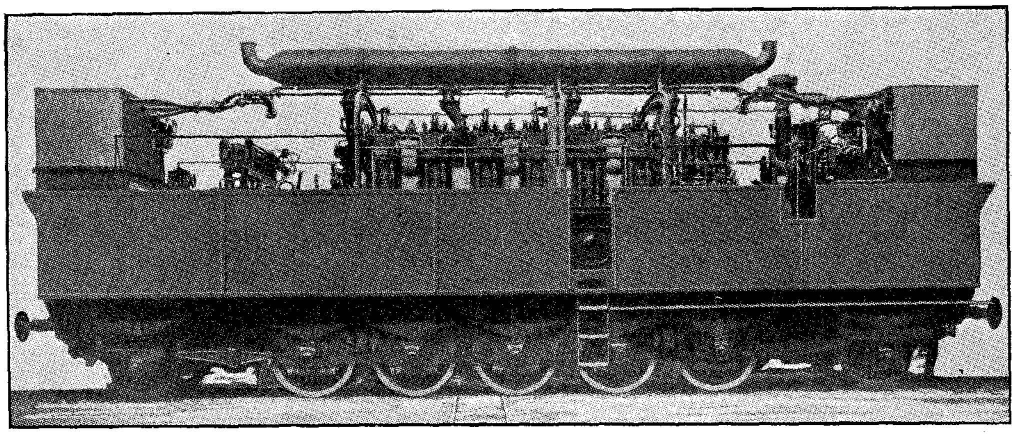
"The testing plant on which this locomotive was tested is similar in design to that of the Pennsylvania at Altoona, Pennsylvania. The resistance and speed were adjusted by the brakes to suit the conditions on the railway from Petrograd to the Caucasus, where the locomotive will later be in service. At the end of the test an exaggerated load was put on the locomotive which brought the pull at the drawbar up to 44,100 pounds and the output of the Diesel engine up to 1,100 horse-power.

"The average total efficiency was found to be 27.4 per cent., a result which had never been reached before.

"Observers, consisting of approximately fifty prominent engineers of Russia, Germany, and other European countries, who were attending these tests convened in the conference-room of the Maschinenfabrik Esslingen. It was agreed that the Diesel-electric locomotive conformed to all of the stipulations in the contract, that the locomotive was found to be completely reliable during the operation of 4.5 hours, and that the low fuel oil consumption exceeded all expectations. The over-all efficiency was found to be between 21 per cent. and 27.4 per cent. at a load of between 440 horse-power and 1,060 horse-power, during a part of which time the auxiliary Diesel engine on the cooling tender was in operation.

"A comparative test with a steam locomotive, having five driving axles, was started on November 6, 1924. The fuel consumption of the Diesel-electric locomotive was about one-third of the steam locomotive, and it showed an unusual ease and flexibility of adjustment and also steady operation, which should have a favorable effect on the rails.

"The author believes that the Diesel-electric locomotive has been realized by the construction of this locomotive and the results of its tests at Esslingen. The engine may be considered as especially adapted for freight traffic. It also exhibits a favorable efficiency in the electric transmission. Professor Lomonosoff, however, does not consider this locomotive to be final, as he is planning to build another with spur gearing, for which the Krupp Company has guaranteed a machine efficiency of 96 per cent. As this efficiency is considerably higher than that of an electric transmission, and also more simple and cheaper to construct, a Diesel locomotive equipped with spur gearing may be an improvement. However, the flexibility in adjustment is considerably less, and a change in gear ratio is not safe while running."


Courtesy of *The Railway Age* (New York)

A SIGN OF RECOVERY IN RUSSIA AND GERMANY

A Diesel-electric locomotive, made in Germany for the Russian railways.

## NEAR-SIGHT: DISORDER OF THE CIVILIZED

CIVILIZATION IS THREATENING our eyesight, we are told by Sir Arthur Keith, in a lecture to the British Optical Association. A near-sighted ancient hunter could not have survived, concludes Sir Arthur; and he believes that in prehistoric times cases of pronounced myopia must have been unknown or very rare. Modern civilization has placed men's bodies under conditions altogether new to them. He continued, as quoted in *The British Medical Journal* (London):

"Thoughtful men are seeking to understand how our bodies react under the increasing artificiality of city life. To the question, 'What is happening to our eyes which are now overtaxed by near work?' the answer returned by ophthalmic surgeons is that civilization is threatening our eyesight. They agree that all children are born with eyes fashioned for 'distant' sight—just like the young of wild animals.

"When, however, a thousand British children were traced from infancy to adult years, it was found by the end of the fourth year that some ten or more of them had lost the power of seeing distant objects clearly; every succeeding year others suffered the same loss; so that by the age of 20 about 150 of the 1,000 had become myopic.

"In inquiries into the nature of the disorders which overtake the bodies of men living under the conditions of modern civilization—disorders such as contractions of the palate and deformities of the jaws—he found that study of the normal processes of growth threw most light on the manner of their production. He found no data to suggest that an eye which had remained normal until the twentieth year could thereafter undergo the changes which produced myopia.

"It might be concluded, therefore, that the causes which produced myopia were operative only in the growing eye, and that myopia should be ranked among the disorders of growth. Some said it was the strain which accompanied the convergence and accommodation due to using the eye for close work. This alone could not be the cause of myopia, for thousands of people strained their sight to the utmost with no ill-effect on their power of vision. Some said it was muscular exercise, but this alone, whether mild or severe, could not be the cause of elongation of the eyeball, for then all athletes and gymnasts would assuredly become myopic.

"The conclusion Sir Arthur Keith drew was that if the eye were healthy it would withstand unchanged all strains—great or small, continuous or interrupted—to which it might be subjected. His argument led him to suspect that the essential cause of myopia must be sought for in the behavior of the fibroblasts, which were not only the bricklayers but also the architects of the edifice enclosing the structures of the eye. If they laid sound material and laid it rightly, then all was well, whatever might be the use to which the eyes were put.

"But if the material was unsound and laid wrongly, then it was possible that forces which left the normal eye unaffected might damage the abnormal eye. It was on such grounds that ophthalmic surgeons instructed patients with high degrees of myopia to avoid eye-strain."

# LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

## A MOVIE WITHOUT HEADLINES

BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS

At home with his daughter there is felicity in his gold-braided coat for the hotel porter, impersonated by Emil Jannings in "The Last Laugh."

"CLOTHES MAKES THE MAN" is the theme of a newly imported movie made in Germany. It carries the nondescript title of "The Last Laugh," tho a commentator tells us it ought to read "The Least of Men." Coming out of Germany it displays a lot of human nature, especially German human nature, sometimes verging so far as to be really a betrayal. Movie fans will recognize a tolerably familiar figure in Emil Jannings, the central actor, who impersonated Henry VIII in an earlier film called "Passion." His work has created so much enthusiasm that critics have urged our own movie actors to see this film and learn a new trick or two about their own art. Visitors to the Rivoli, when the film was recently on view there, could detect the furtive visits of some even of our most applauded who apparently were intrigued by the admonition. One notable feature of the mechanics of this representation was an absence of the connecting legends, the burden of the portrayal being put upon the actor; the resulting benefit was that time was allowed to look at the picture. The program note was, "Take a man's uniform away—what is left?" The Kaiser in his Doorn retreat might give an answer. *The Morning Telegraph* (New York) observes, "In his uniform he may be King—General—Judge—Policeman with all the power of his position. But take away his uniform! What remains?" The film answers:

"There isn't a subtitle in the picture, yet the story comes smoothly and with great force. Emil Jannings, as the carriage-man of the Atlantic Hotel, is revealed as a strong, sturdy figure in his huge, gold-braided coat, with the manner of an emperor. He proudly escorts guests to their motors, holding the house umbrella to shelter them from a fierce rain.

"But Jannings is no young man, and the house manager, noting evidences of fatigue on his part, makes a sinister note of it. At the end of his day's work, prinking and preening his well-kept beard and mustache, Jannings goes home to his tenement. Here the neighbors greet him with great respect, and bow to his uniform. Jannings rides the world. He is the first man of his district. Then he loses his job at the door, because of old age, and is made lavatory attendant in the Atlantic. He becomes the last man—or rather the least of men, as the translation of the title should read.

"The first tragic moment comes when he is divested of his greatcoat. Jannings shrinks to a tired little old man, with baggy trousers and a drawn look. He tries to show the manager that he is still strong, but the trunk he lifts crashes to the floor.

"That night, afraid to face his daughter, who is to be married, Jannings steals the coat from the manager's closet, and returns home as if nothing had happened. The wedding feast is a great success—but in the cold morning Jannings realizes he must go back to the washroom. In a splendid close-up a corner of his mind seems to open, and he dreams of himself as young and powerful again.

"He lifts a trunk six porters couldn't budge and juggles it with one hand. But the dream fades, and Jannings goes to work—checking the coat at a railway station. His aunt, bringing his lunch, discovers that he has lost his job and tells the daughter. The neighbors overhear, and soon the news travels from tenant to tenant, across hallways and courts. When Jannings returns home that evening, every one laughs and sneers at him, and his son-in-law puts him out of the house.

"Returned to the hotel the old man has the night watchman replace the overcoat, and goes to the lavatory to sleep. The kind watchman puts his own coat over the tired shoulders of Jannings.

"Here the author interpolates a few words to the effect that in real life undoubtedly the old fellow would spend the rest of his days on that job, but that he feels so sorry for him that he has provided a brighter future for the codger.

"So we have, in a most unusual way, a deliciously happy ending, farcical, rich in humor and humanity, a splendid piece of work, that exalted the audience at the private view of the picture.

"Jannings is perfect in the character. The minor characters are superb. It is one of the best balanced casts I have ever seen. For direction it is simply unbeatable by anything the American regiseur has yet shown us. Every shot is legitimate. There is nothing futuristic about the photography or sets. It is real realism. A splendid feature."

The "brighter future" spoken of by *The Telegraph* gives a humorous twist to the story, and affords another view of human nature, perhaps not altogether German human nature, in the sycophancy bred by great wealth. We turn to the New York *Sun* for this part of the film's story:

"Inasmuch as 'The Last Laugh' is a German photoplay, we were certain that it would end with the death of the protagonist. But a sense of humor popped up unexpectedly among its makers and the finish sweeps in with a delicious irony. A multi-millionaire falls dead on the floor of the washroom over which our old hero presides. And by the terms of his will, 'whoever held him in his arms at his expiration, shall inherit his fortune.' This makes the old fellow rich—richer than the owners of the hotel in which he lost the gold braid of a carriage-starter for the white jacket of the tiled spaces. And so he garbs himself in the habiliments of a grand old banker, and, with a blossom in his buttonhole, he treats himself and a fellow porter to all the good things of the dining-room. Huge roasts are brought to him by all the uppity waiters who had witnessed his downfall. And when the new carriage-starter, wearing the gold braid that had formerly decked his shoulders, waives aside a grimy beggar asking for alms, what does he do but invite the poor old bum to ride away with him in his victoria!"

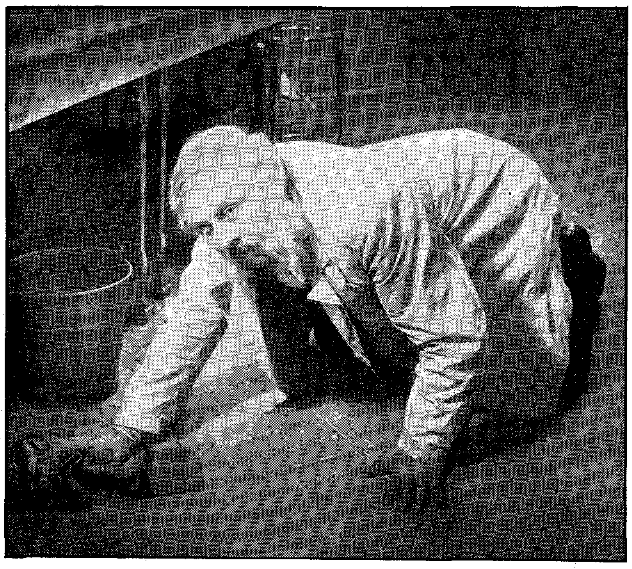
The committee of the National Board of Review says of this photoplay: "'The Last Laugh' is one of the most important pictures yet to be observed on the screen. Its influence on future picture-making should be as provocative as was that of 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.' Unlike 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,' its expressionism is that of the rational world, conveyed in terms of every-day objects. It raises no barrier of doubtful meaning."

# UNITED STATES LITERATURE IN CANADA

AMERICAN MAGAZINES, American phonograph records, American movies, American radio programs, have invaded and flooded Canada, it seems, according to a Canadian author who wrote a long letter about it to the *Manitoba Free Press*, of Winnipeg. "Is it any wonder," said Mr. Robert T. Stead, former president of the Canadian Authors' Association, that so many young Canadians go to the United States? "How long can the Canadian spirit, no matter how virile," he asked, "prevail against such disintegrating influences?" His letter prompted *The Free Press* to print a very interesting editorial on Mr. Stead's "attack on the books, magazines, newspapers, films and pictures which come into Canada from the United States," and we passed it along to our readers in our issue of January 31. But it wasn't an "attack," it seems, and Mr. Stead writes to correct the imputation, not to the Canadian paper which made it, which wires us it has received no protest, but to one of those same invading United States publications, THE LITERARY DIGEST. Which is right, the Canadian author or the Canadian editor? Was Mr. Stead's reference to our literature a bouquet or a brickbat? To clear up all doubt, let us quote the part of his letter containing the allusion to the American inundation. Here it is:

"The Canadian public turns for its literary diet, in books, to Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, and James Oliver Curwood, and in periodicals to *The Saturday Evening Post, Good Housekeeping*, and *The True Detective Magazine*. I use these names merely to identify the classes of American literature of which they are the types. Is it, therefore, surprizing that a million American periodicals are sold in Canada every issue, and that the cheaper class of fiction is imported into this country by the car-load? It may be that you will contend that this is not literature at all, but it is what the Canadian public is consuming in place of literature; for many thousands of them it is all the literary diet they have, and it is gradually introducing into this country a foreign sentiment which may have consequences so far-reaching that they are not pleasant to contemplate. Meanwhile our critics point to Keats and Carlyle, and bid us hold our peace in anticipation of a literary immaculate conception!

"A few days ago I was in the home of a Canadian artizan of ordinary circumstances. His thrifty wife had decorated the walls of the living-room with pictures cut from magazines. The first to catch my eye was a highly idealized conception of Abraham Lincoln splitting rails. Underneath was the caption, 'The True American.' The next picture illustrated the spirit of 1776. A third depicted a domestic event in a New England home of the 1870's. There wasn't a Canadian or British picture on the walls. A heap of magazines on a center table proved to be exclusively American, except for one Canadian daily paper which had edged its way in, and which, upon examination, was found to consist largely of cheap American syndicate material for which the Canadian public has, quite naturally, developed a taste. The gramophone records proved to be representative of the latest American popular songs and dances. When the young people of the household tired of these pastimes, or of listening to American speeches on the family radio, their one alternative was to go down-town and observe life as the American motion-picture producer conceives it to exist. And this home is typical of thousands throughout all Canada. Is it any wonder that so many of our young Canadians seek their fortunes in the United States, and leave their own great country—of which they know little or nothing—undeveloped and unoccupied? How long can the Canadian spirit, no matter how virile, prevail against such disintegrating influences? And how long would the United States tolerate such a penetration by another nation, no matter how friendly or well disposed?


DEGRADED TO THE WASHROOM

Without the gold-braided coat he is nothing, family and neighbors scorn him, and he spends his days and nights in mean surroundings.

WHEN THE PORTER DISCOVERS HIS SUCCESSOR

Returning to the hotel one morning he sees his place as porter taken by a younger man, and he goes to the manager to learn why.

"All this I say with the kindest sentiments toward the people of the United States. It isn't their fault if we undervalue our heritage; they, at least, have never undervalued theirs. It isn't their fault if we depreciate all things Canadian; they have never depreciated things American. It isn't their fault if, continually chided and belittled by our critics, we Canadians as a whole have developed an inferiority complex; they have no such malady. And, indeed, they are more sympathetic to us than we are to ourselves. They recognize and remunerate our writers while our critics are harping on Keats and Carlyle, and demanding that the sparrow become an eagle—to borrow one of your own figures.

"We are dealing with a practical problem—a problem so insidious and so complex that if not solved it will eventually threaten our national existence—and surely this is an occasion for action 'from a practical standpoint.' This is a time to destroy the Canadian inferiority complex even if it must be accomplished by heroic means. Our Canadian writers may not be immortals, but they come nearer to expressing the life of the Canadian people than do most of their critics. Surely it is not too much to ask that they be made welcome in their own land."

# REVILING THE CORPSE OF FRANCE

THE LITERARY CAPERS of our younger generation are mild beside those that can be cut by their contemporaries in France. A recent occasion to show off was afforded them by the death of Anatole France, and the intellectual freedom which they, as well as all other Frenchmen, demand and receive from their countrymen is shown in a broadsheet with the title "Un Cadavre" (a corpse) put out and circulated the day after the great master of French letters dies. This document is reproduced in considerable part in the pages of the fall and winter numbers of *The Little Review* (Paris and New York), but Mr. Burton Rascoe gives an account of the macaber celebration with some citations from the document itself in *Arts and Decoration* (February). Mr. Rascoe is palpably shocked, as any American doubtless would be, at the bad taste of the demonstration, tho he goes on to applaud the intellectual freedom enjoyed overseas in contradistinction to the timidity with which we pursue ideas here. We read:

BUT THE TIDE TURNS

When an eccentric millionaire dies in his arms, he becomes heir to the fortune. This is Jannings in "The Last Laugh," rehabilitated from a porter and a lowly wash-room menial.

"Louis Aragon, a young Dada poet, asked, across the top of his three-column contribution, 'Have you ever slapped a corpse?' and proceeded to slap the corpse of Anatole France. On the first page, as a motto, chosen with diabolical cleverness from France's 'Thaïs' was the legend: 'He had become so hideous that on passing his hand over his face, he felt his ugliness.' Another contribution is entitled, 'Just an old man like any other.'

"The collaborators on this broadsheet were Aragon, Pierre Drieu La Rochelle, Philippe Soupault, Paul Eluard, André Bréton, and Joseph Delteil—all of them under thirty, all of them representing the youthful revolt against the classical tradition of French letters, of which the work of Anatole France is perhaps the apotheosis. One has only to try to imagine a group of young writers in America getting out a broadsheet of this sort on the occasion of the death of Mark Twain or William Dean Howells—to name two writers of a past generation who might be comparable to France as figures in the literary life of the nation—in order to see how unthinkable such a thing would be in America. For myself I can not imagine any of the more sanguine of the young writers, whose work appears in *The Little Review*, *The Dial*, *S 4 N*, *Secession*, *Broom* or *The Pagan*, even getting out such an ill-bred pamphlet on the occasion of the death of, say, Brander Matthews, Paul Elmer More, or the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, much less the occasion of the death of a man who is generally admitted to be the greatest literary man of his generation.

"But if it is impossible to imagine a group of young Americans publishing such a broadsheet as '*Un Cadavre*,' it is also difficult to imagine that any of them could write as well as any of the young men who contributed to this broadsheet. Every one of the young Frenchmen, it is apparent, is soaked in the French classics. Every one of them knows his country's literature and his country's history from Montaigne and Rabelais to Maurice Barrès and Tristan Tzara. Every one of them uses the French language as a good pianist uses the keys on a piano. There is some good writing in this broadsheet, excellent writing; the sentences have verve and animation; the images are vivid.

"It is because of this that the French forgive these young men. The French recognize, too, that there is something to be said for the youngsters' side of the case against Anatole France. Paris is a city where arguments are listened to. The Parisians allow that there are two—at least two—points of view to be expresst concerning every issue, and they are willing to hear them both out and judge for themselves concerning the merits of the respective arguments."

The youngest generation of French writers, Mr. Rascoe asserts, "demand a dynamic faith, even if it should turn out to be a false one; Anatole France represents to them the negation of faith." Thus:

"'We hunger and thirst,' writes Joseph Delteil in the broadsheet, 'and in Anatole France we are given a dinner made up entirely of *hors d'oeuvres*. He does not interest me; he does not interest any of us. He played no rôle in our life, in our search for truth, in our battles. He lived within himself, hermetically sealed against the intrusion of the outside world. He did not concern himself in the least with the problems of the younger generation, he offered us no help, he offered us no encouragement. We have as little use for him as he had for us. Is that not our right? He was our Voltaire, they tell us. Yes, Voltaire, but nothing more than Voltaire. But we do not need little Voltaires (they swarm everywhere); we need Rousseaus, Bonapartes, and Robespierres. How often were we told that he was a Communist!

"'But words without action are sterile. Banqui spent forty years in prison. I admit that a man is a Communist only when I find him in jail for his views. . . . As a matter of fact, Anatole France owed much to the salons. He was the salon-frequenting type. . . . He is empty. His books slip through one's fingers like grains of sand. His literary edifice was built upon sand. I do not deny him taste. I do not deny him grace, mental agility, a happy manner, limpidity of language, harmony and sweetness; but I say that because he was lacking in marrow and substance, isolated and sterile, all those virtues count for nothing with me. That skeptic, that amiable skeptic leaves me cold. It is passion only that can arouse my passion. The things I care about are optimism, faith, ardor, and good, red blood. I love life and my pulse beats only for living things. Anatole France is dead!'

"Dieu La Rochelle writes that France was 'a droll old grandpa, like too many French grandpas, without a God, without any deep love for anything, incapable of abject despair or magnificent rage, knowing no complete defeat, knowing no complete victories.' France's political and social sentiments, he says, are equivocal, and they tend to destroy all faith in anything. Another of the young writers attacks France's style, which he says is 'rose-water prose.'

"You will see, from this, that there is a younger generation in France which is revolting against the ideas of Anatole France's generation; but that the nature of the revolt is almost the precise opposite of the revolt of the younger generation in America. The young Frenchmen, represented by Aragon, Soupault, La Rochelle, *et al.*, are nationalistic, patriotic, and they seek a faith to cling to and fight for. They disapprove of the pagan sensuality, the *laissez-faire* attitude of Anatole France; they object to France's irony and skepticism, which, one of them says, are the hallmarks of cowardice. They are in revolt, also, against the literary tradition of clarity and simplicity, which ordains that there is one way to say a thing in French, and no other. Because Anatole France brought clarity and simplicity to the point of perfection in his style, they are engaged in an elaborate denigration of his manner of writing. It is possible to be interested in their arguments without necessarily sharing them."

Mr. Rascoe has a further word about the young Americans who went abroad after the Armistice—some of them because they felt the United States was no fit place for an "artist" to live—and became infected with the ideas of the young Frenchmen like Tzara, Aragon and Soupault to the end of becoming "deracinated from America." Then:

"On their return to America they forgot that Aragon, Soupault, Cocteau and Radiguet are—disruptive as they may seem—actually links in a chain of tradition, a tradition which permits one of the bravest of them to begin his book with a parody of the first sentence of 'Telemaque.' And, in a measure, ignorant of Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Whitman, Thoreau and of that background of American literature (which is indubitably the literature of England), they have tried to realize an esthetic and a literary program which is essentially French. What they have forgotten, or what they do not know, is that the French are the most self-complaisant and the most self-sufficient people in the world. The French know almost nothing of German, Italian or English literature, and their idea of the great writers of America are Jack London, Walt Whitman, Edgar Poe (which they usually spell with an umlaut e), James Oliver Curwood and Nick Carter—a most amazing alinement of names. For the rest the French are totally uninterested in the literature that is produced outside of their country. Their factional fights, therefore, have a special local significance, and can not be translated into international literary issues."

## THE COVER

GERARD TERBORCH, the painter of the picture which is reproduced on the cover, was one of the most distinguished of the genre and portrait painters of the Dutch school. He came from an artist family, his father having some pretensions to painting, and was born in 1617 at Zwolle in Holland. At the age of fifteen he began to study art in Amsterdam, and two years later went to Haarlem and became the chief pupil of Pieter Molyn. Naturally here he could not escape the influence of Franz Hals, the great master of Haarlem, whose powerful personality began to dominate even Terborch's first dated picture, named "Consultation," which now hangs in a Berlin Museum. In 1635 Terborch began his travels, visiting England to paint the portrait of William III, going from there to Rome and again to Amsterdam. In 1646 he went to Münster, Westphalia, where he painted his most celebrated work, "The Peace Congress of Münster," which now hangs in the National Gallery at London. This contains sixty likenesses and is regarded by the writer in "The New International Encyclopedia" as "a perfect specimen of miniature portrait-painting, and one of the most imposing historical works in Dutch art." His next move was a journey to Spain. On his return from Madrid he settled in Deventer, where he remained until his death. The writer above quoted declares, "Terborch's work falls into two stylistic periods—an early, resembling that of the earlier Amsterdam genre painters, Codde, Duck, and Duyster; and a later, beginning in 1651, strongly reminiscent of Metzu. A comparison of his paintings before and after the Spanish visit does not confirm the supposed influence of Velazquez." He was a prolific painter, and many of the prominent galleries in Europe, including the Louvre, the galleries at The Hague, Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, and Munich, as well as Vienna and the National Gallery of London, all contain specimens of his work. There are two canvases called "The Concert," one at the Louvre, in Paris, and another, which we reproduce, at the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin. It is said that about 180 of his single portraits, "masterly alike in characterization and execution," survive him. At the Metropolitan Museum in New York is a portrait of himself and also a canvas called "A Lady Playing the Theorbo," a part of the Altman collection. The Museum has also shown "The Toilet," an arrangement in rose, lent by Mr. J. P. Morgan. The writer already quoted concludes: "Terborch is one of the most perfect technicians in Dutch or any art. He excels in all pictorial qualities, line, composition, color, treatment of light, and atmosphere. His exquisitely finished detail never distracts from the general effect, and his textures are especially fine."

## LINCOLN'S UNHEEDED ELOQUENCE

NO LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY passes but reference is made to the "Gettysburg Address" which has come to figure as one of the greatest classics in American prose. But, strangely enough, it fell on rather dulled ears when it was first spoken. "Enthusiastic comment," says Prof. Daniel K. Dodge of the University of Illinois, was to be found in only five newspapers:

LAST STAGE OF THIS STRANGE, EVENTFUL MOVIE HISTORY

The watchman who covered the poor washroom menial with his coat, now plied with food and wine, while the hotel employees who scorned him wait obsequious to his nod.

"These were the Springfield *Weekly Republican*, the Boston *Evening Transcript*, the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, the Providence *Journal* and *Harper's Weekly*. The press of New York City, as of hundreds of other cities, went entirely without praise for the speech, unless this comment by a special correspondent of the New York *Times* can be called praise:

"'President Lincoln's brief address was delivered in a clear, loud tone of voice, which could be distinctly heard at the extreme limits of the large assemblage. It was delivered (or rather read from a sheet of paper which the speaker held in his hand) in a very deliberate manner, with strong emphasis, and with a most businesslike air.'

"For the most part the press of the Nation either failed altogether to recognize the greatness of the speech, or else went a step farther and criticized the political philosophy of the address. *The Daily Register* of Springfield, Illinois, printed an editorial article which opened as follows:

"'Lincoln began his dedicatory address by the enunciation of the following political falsehood: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."'"

The Boston *Transcript* culls these words from Professor Dodge's new book on "Abraham Lincoln, Master of Words," adding:

"Closer to the superlative note of to-day is this notice of the Providence *Journal*," Professor Dodge observes:

"'We know not where to look for a more admirable speech than the brief one which the President made at the close of Mr. Everett's oration. It is often said that the hardest thing in the world is to make a five minutes' speech. But could the most elaborate and splendid oration be more beautiful, more touching, more inspiring, than those thrilling words of the President?'"

# RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

## THE FALSE "PROPHETS OF DOOM"

FORTUNATELY FOR AN ILL-PREPARED WORLD, perhaps, Robert Reidt of Long Island and Mrs. Margaret Rowen of California are complete failures as "prophets of doom." They had said that the world would come to an end at midnight of February 6, and, when that prophecy failed, that it would end on February 13. But their private tips on the cosmic program proved to be like most private tips concerning mundane matters. The world still rolls contentedly on its appointed circuit, notes a sardonic press, and there is no general apprehension apparent in editorial columns and stock-market reports that we are on the brink of universal cataclysm. The "prophets" will soon be forgotten, but the fact that such ignorance should exist at the very gates of universities, that a superstition that excited all Europe a thousand years ago should persist into the twentieth century, remains, we are told, as a taunt to civilization and religion. Tragic effects of the teachings of Mrs. Rowen were reported in several cities. At Monroe, Michigan, a deluded victim shot and killed himself after seriously wounding his wife. She said he had become terror-stricken over predictions that the end of the world was at hand. A woman in Shickshibby, Pennsylvania, hanged herself in a garage after warning her husband and three sons to prepare for the millennium. At Oakland, California, a woman broke under the strain of fear, jumped from a ferry-boat and drowned. Dozens of followers of Mrs. Rowen prepared for the end by selling all their belongings. Reidt, a carpenter, with a wife and four children dependent on him, sold his tools and all his other earthly effects, and was fed by neighbors. The illogic of selling things and receiving money which could not be used after the crack of doom had sounded was evidently not apparent to the prophets and their followers.

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DOOMSDAY EVE IN THE PROPHET'S HOUSEHOLD

Robert Reidt, a Long Island carpenter, spends what he expects to be his last day on earth in explaining his prophecies and preparing for transportation to the California mountain whence 144,000 of the faithful are to be taken up to heaven in a cloud of glory. His audience consists of his wife and children and W. C. Downs, a disciple.

According to Reidt's prophecy, as we learn it from the press, Christ was to come to earth on a cloud, and "the brides of the lamb" at Patchogue and points west were to be transported to a hill near San Diego, California, to join the rest of the 144,000 elect. A few minutes before "zero" hour came Reidt was listening in at a radio receiver to some Pittsburgh jazz. Reporters reminded him of the time, and, with William C. Downs, a Yaphank farmer, his chief disciple, he went out to peer again at the sky for the cloud which was to be the vehicle of the advent. There was no sign among the stars. They faded into the morning, and doomsday dawned fair and warmer. It was the end of the prophets. But they had been the talk of the day in drawing-room, barber-shop and sewing-circle. Their story was treated as a national event. Out of it comes some helpful comment, some words of counsel to us all. Perhaps the best thing that has been said about the end-of-the-world business, comments the Jersey *Journal*, "is the pithy remark of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, that instead of worrying about the second coming of the Lord, we might better devote more time and attention toward making the world a decenter place for Him to come." "To lay observers," says the Philadelphia *North American*, "it would appear better for Robert, instead of calling Gabriel with a megaphone, to go into the house, get out the seed catalogs and figure what he would put in the south field this year." To the Boston *Daily Globe* "the whole thing is merely an instance of astounding ignorance and superstition." Yet *The Globe* gains a lesson:

> "Instead of dismissing the watchers for the end of the world as harmless fanatics, why not interpret their prophecies in a large way? The end of the world is continually coming. There is always a new world, bigger and higher, to which those who are prepared may ascend. To-morrow can never be exactly the same as to-day. Conditions change, duties are enlarged, new opportunities are open. And the new world always belongs to those who are ready for it."

We should not concern ourselves about the end of the world, observes the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, but rather employ our thought and time in making the world a better place to live in. "If we do that, we may rest assured that we shall be prepared when the end comes to us, as it inevitably will, and leave to Him who created the world the fixing of the date for its destruction." Yet these children of faith, says the New Haven *Journal-Courier* compassionately, are infinitely precious for the fragment of truth that they hold in their poor, awkward hands. No reader of history, no one who knows the place of the humble heart, we are told, counts such things lightly. It is much to be obedient to the vision, tho it be a delusion, says the New Haven paper, for "the obedient heart shall hear other voices. The wise ones of earth will save men the waste of night watches that led to nothing, but who will kindle Yaphank faithfuls determined to live with but one thought—to have on the wedding garment when the Bridegroom comes?" However, the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* thinks that the general effect of this "ridiculous incident" is harmful to religion, and it reflects:

"These people base their absurd conclusions upon Scriptural authority. Surface thinkers view these proceedings and assert that all things in the way of religious rites and observances are equally absurd. In the consideration of these foolish but sincere manifestations of faith they lose sight of the solid and substantial character and purpose in religion as a principle and rule of life. They fail to properly appreciate the value of the work of our great church groups.

"Religion seems to many to be a complicated system of beliefs more or less mythical in character. Stript to its fundamental elements, religion is merely love of our fellowmen. The teachers, preachers, rituals, creeds and forms of worship of our great religious bodies are the instruments forged out of experience to aid people to cultivate love of their fellowmen.

"A child is raw human material. Its mind is like fertile soil awaiting the seed of the sower. The great church bodies in our land and in others have shaped their policies and creeds in a way which experience tells them will be most helpful in training their members to love and revere God and to live their lives in harmony with His plans and purposes.

"The Founder of the Christian faith declared that He did not come here to destroy the law but to fulfil its requirements. The law of His life was love of fellowmen. This is the great need of the people of this world. When all nations, all tongues and all creeds learn to love one another there will be no more wars among nations nor among people.

"These simple-minded folks, who place foolish interpretations upon certain Scriptural writings, are to be pitied rather than censured. They only prove in their absurd conclusions that humanity is frail and decidedly limited in capacity to see and understand."

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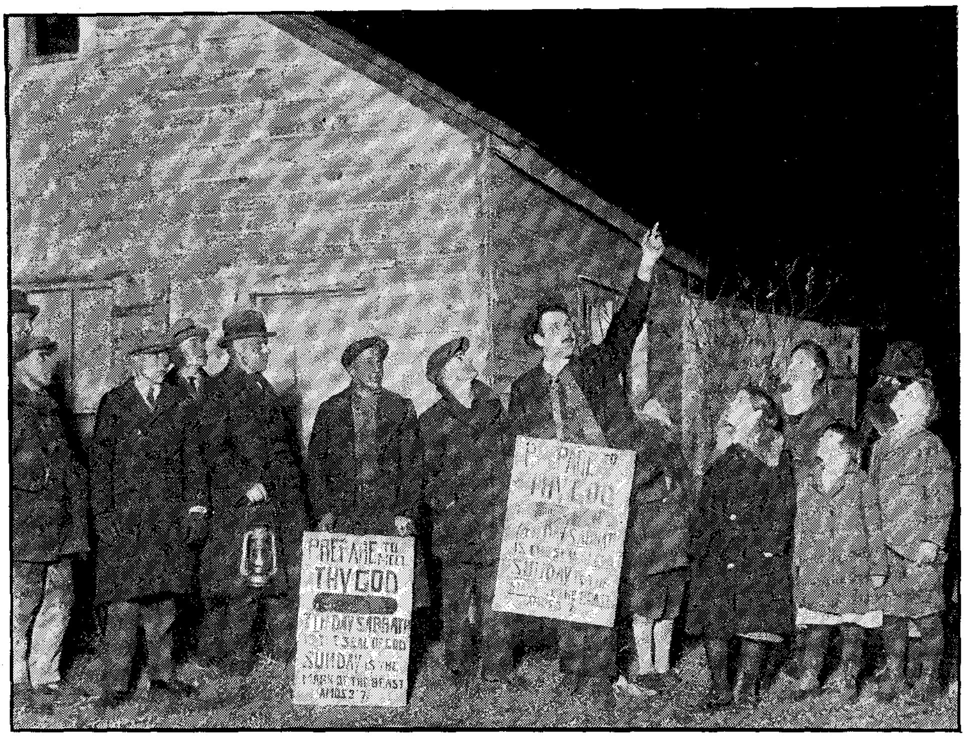
**OHIO'S GOOD EXAMPLE**—Brotherly love instead of denominational rivalry, we read, rules the relations among the Protestant clergy of Ohio. The recent Ohio Pastors' Convention, representing practically every Protestant denomination in the State, advocated the adherence of the United States to the World Court and the outlawing of war as a means to international peace, and then turned its attention to conditions at home. According to *The Christian Work* (Undenominational),

"It approved a plan for all the churches to unite in a visitation of all the homes in the State, to bring the message of the Church to every household. But nothing that it did may prove more significant than its adoption of a code of ethics covering the relations between different congregations in the same community. The code condemns any attempt on the part of one church to win members from another, either through individual efforts or by undue emphasis on large Sunday evening services. It urges the churches to do things together and to hold union services frequently. These Ohio pastors' conferences are getting the Protestant ministers of the State acquainted with each other. The people we know are the people we love. The other States should follow Ohio's example. *Verbum sap.*"

## GAS CHARIOTS AND DEAD CHURCHES

THE ABANDONMENT OF 30,000 rural churches, to which the country's attention has often been drawn, is generally "viewed with alarm," but, in fact, there may be something prophetic of a better day in this wholesale collapse of old material and old methods. Prof. Walter Burr, of the chair of Sociology in the Kansas State Agricultural College, opens our eyes to the possibilities in a talk with an "old-timer" who sought his advice on reviving a church that had been closed for two years and is standing a lonely, disfigured memorial to things as they were. Professor Burr, "of the common clay," began to shock the man who was going to prove "that what had been done could be done again." The professor argued that what had been done should not be done again. His argument is set down in the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist):



P. & A. photograph

SEARCHING THE SKIES FOR THE FIRST SIGN OF THE ADVENT

But there was no sign given to Robert Reidt and his followers, or to Margaret Rowen, prophetess, after whose predictions of the world's approaching end several people committed suicide.

"The country school, standing (or rather 'leaning' or 'lurching') not far away from the church building, is seated for the accommodation of thirty pupils. This year only five of those seats are occupied. Shall we get some missionary-minded teacher to declare that 'what has been done can be done again,' and undertake to put on a school program that will bring thirty pupils back to the schoolhouse? No. We will heartlessly propose that a slight shove be given to the old schoolhouse that long since saw its day, and that 'the place that once knew it shall know it no more forever.'

"The Grange used to meet in that schoolhouse. Even old Diogenes with his lamp couldn't find it there now. That group of 'honest farmers' has disappeared. What do you say we round them up again, and revive the old meetings in the country schoolhouse? If we should suggest it to one of them, we can imagine him saying, 'Quit yer joking.'

"Let us dig around a little in this stubble-field across the road from the schoolhouse. Bless me, here are the remains of an old foundation. Yes, an old-timer will tell you that this was once an Alliance store; that teams used to be tied all up and down from the road here, especially on Saturday; that all the farmers round about came here to do their trading and to get their mail at the country post-office. Shall we suggest to some live business man that he undertake to revive

> the country store and post-office out there away from the railroad center? You do it!
>
> "'But,' said my man of the prophetic eye, 'think about the young people! They tell me they used to have a church choir there of twenty voices—all of them young men and young women from the farms. That they were in the Epworth League, and it was the strongest League in this part of the country. That they used to have a "Literary" every Friday night, to which farm folks came from all about the neighborhood.' Then with that positive tone of conviction he added once more, 'What has been done can be done again.'
>
> "So I had to show this man, who looked as tho he could actually see the prophet going to heaven in a chariot of fire—the modern chariot. I had to interpret to him the whir of the exhaust pipe into the words, 'Some things that have been done *never can and never should be done again.*'"

More than nine thousand schools in his State are giving way to the appeal of the automobile for the consolidated school at the town center, with public transportation of pupils, writes Professor Burr. That means a large school, both in equipment and attendance, with all that such an institution signifies in departmental work and better leadership. The Grange has been moved to a commodious hall at the town center, convenient of access to the farmers for miles around. So with the Farmers' Cooperative, which now is "not only a store, but a shipping association; a mill; an elevator, a cream station—'n everything," and doing business as other modern commercial institutions do business. The post-office has taken to wheels. Automobiles carry the farmers' mail to their gates, just as city carriers leave it at people's doors. The young people?

> "Yes, they used to go to the country school a few months in the year, up to the time they got married. It was a sort of indoor pastime in the dead of winter. That's one reason for those thirty seats in the little old schoolhouse. But now they are in the rural high school at the town center. They are on the football teams, the boys' and girls' basketball teams, the baseball teams—in a real school that's big enough to have all these things. The fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters drive in Friday nights in their automobiles from everywhere around, and sit on the side lines in the big gymnasium and yell for the home team. And these same young people are in the choirs of the larger churches—and are in training in larger numbers than ever before for the work of the Kingdom.
>
> "For the most part it's the automobile that's done it! There is at least one backward denomination that calls it the 'implement of the devil,' and prohibits its adherents owning cars.
>
> "But the preacher and the church that believe God is in his world, term it 'the chariot of Jehovah'! It is making practicable the 'social center parish' idea. Like many other new inventions, it has been regarded first as a foe, then seen to be a friend.
>
> "The circuit-rider, the country schoolmaster, the keeper of the country store and the country post-office—these were splendid pioneers. They made the trails and wended their way through the timber or across the prairie, driving the oxen before them. But those trails have been straightened, the tractor-grader has thrown them up in great highways. Verily, the Scripture has been fulfilled: 'A way shall be there, and a high way.' We have even gone the old prophet one better, for the 'redeemed of the Lord' don't '*walk* therein'; they *ride* therein at forty-five miles an hour."

Church parish lines can be co-extensive with these larger community lines, if there is denominational cooperation to that end, says Professor Burr, and he thinks that this would be a piece of statesmanlike work that should challenge the best of our modern young men. As he pictures it,

> "The rural church becomes a going proposition. There is place not only for a resident preacher, putting in his entire time on the field, but for a deaconess or friendly visitor, and perhaps for other assistants. It is a seven-days-a-week program. Religious education comes to its own. The rural church, transferred and transformed, lines up with the rural school—each a bigger and better institution in a bigger and better time. And the kingdom of God on earth is brought that much nearer to all the farm folks. Instead of coming from a little family neighborhood to an inefficient old building to listen to a peddled sermon, they come now in their automobiles from many miles away to listen to their resident pastor."

## CHURCH UNION IN CANADA

THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA is about to become a fact. The Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational denominations have voted to merge themselves into one body, tho each Presbyterian congregation has the right to decide whether it will enter the union or remain outside as an independent church. The Methodist Church voted unanimously for union; the Congregational churches, voting separately, are practically unanimous, and the Presbyterian congregations are voting now. It may be June, we are told, before the last church has voted. It is said that about 3,700 Presbyterian congregations have the right to vote. Many may simply enter the union without taking any vote. One estimate has it that about 250 congregations will express non-concurrence, while the rest will enter the United Church. In many communities, particularly in western Canada, however, church union has been established without waiting for the general decision to form the United Church of Canada, and, says *The Christian Science Monitor:*

> "In such instances, where the advance guard has gone ahead, there is much gratifying evidence to show that church union is beneficial. In places where the field could be adequately served by a single church and minister, one advantage of union has been to release ministers for service in other fields where they are needed. Experience is showing that former Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregational members can work together with the same sense of cooperation in the United Church as they do in organizations outside of the church. The children are as harmonious in the one Sunday school as they are at the public school together during the week. The young people attend the same social functions. They intermarry as Protestants, without allowing barriers of dogma to rule them. Much of the apprehension about the majority from one church trying to rule the adherents from another has been shown to be without foundation in churches where union has been consummated.
>
> "Church union in Canada is an expression of the desire of many people to see the more practical application of religion in daily life. It is to be seen in the strong temperance sentiment and moral tone of communities where the movement for the United Church is most advanced. It is expected that the dissident congregations of the Presbyterian Church, after voting non-concurrence in the union measure, will proceed to organize to perpetuate the name 'Presbyterian' in another church in Canada. But after more than twenty years of earnest work on the part of religious leaders in the Dominion the goal of the United Church is assured."

Methodism and Congregationalism are not to be united with "a bleating remnant," but with a great and nation-wide Church, the Presbyterian Church in Canada, notes the Toronto *Christian Guardian* (Methodist), in fervent gladness. It observes:

> "Union, to the full extent that many of us were expecting, and as a great and splendid achievement, is now assured. For this, even in the midst of some things that are unpleasant and regrettable, we are supremely grateful. And we are looking forward to a future to which we are confident we are being divinely led, and which is as bright as the promises of God."

The formal union of the three great communions at Toronto is to be held, we are told, on June 10. The three bodies will meet separately, form in procession and then converge into one body, falling into a parade and all singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." As the Columbia *Record* notes,

> "This is the first instance of a merging of three of the most powerful denominations; heretofore the merging where it has taken place at all has been among units of the same denomination.
>
> "Many leading church organizations throughout the earth are strongly urging a common faith and a single united drive on the part of the Christian church, and the Canadian move, as well as the Federated Churches of America in this country, demonstrate that the unification spirit is growing and that the one faith idea is not simply jawbone exercise. We believe the day is not far off when a united church will face the battle front as was plainly urged by no less a leader than Jesus Christ Himself."

# CURRENT POETRY

*Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.*

LATER than Lincoln's birthday but not too late for lines like these in *The Commonweal* (New York):

## TO A POET WHO WROTE OF LINCOLN

(*Edward William Thomson—Requiescat in pace.*)

By Michael Williams

Your book lies by me on the sand—
Here where I lonely sit and mark
The billows crashing in from stark
Untrammeled vasts of sea to land.

The dunes are as heaped misty gold
Drenched in the sun's transmuting wine,
Whereon the golden poppies twine
And wind-warped oaks keep twisted hold.

As molten sapphire is the sea,
Save for exasperated roam
That chafes the shore it cannot roam
With white rebellion splendidly.

The blue serene high dome of sky
Temples the world—as though its God
Had come to walk upon its sod,
Drawn by this day's meet majesty.

The purple hills behind me rise
And close this valley of the West
Where Beauty lives dominion-blessed—
As Love might live if man were wise.

Here by the great Pacific's verge
Your book's voice and the sea's o'erwhelm
All other voices of life's realm,
Together chanting Lincoln's dirge.

I do not know or sea or song
The more my soul with wonder thrills,
The sea was 'ere yon purple hills,
But song may be when these belong

With other seas and hills that passed
From their appointed time and place,
To lend some undiscovered trace
To this our world—that will not last.

In other flesh did Lincolns die—
In bygone days the poet's dirge,
Moaned by the elder ocean's verge,
Brought from dead hearts a mourning cry.

And still must other Lincolns bleed,
And still must poets dirge their dooms—
For still the ancient menace glooms
Upon all sons of Adam's seed.

The menace of men's hate for Man—
O bitter drink and Judas kiss,
That ev'ry Christ must know, nor miss
Gethsemane's woe and Mary's ban!

Ah, strange it is to us who know
The worth of love—as Lincoln knew—
To see the sword of Hate strike through
The peace of Love and bring it low!

FONTAINEBLEAU is full of ghosts and shadows, as most tourists know. Here is an evocation of the past to be found in *The Dial* (New York):

## FONTAINEBLEAU

(*Autumn*)

By Sara Teasdale

Interminable palaces front on the green parterres
And ghosts of ladies lovely and immoral
Glide down the gilded stairs;
The high cold corridors are clicking with the heel-taps
That long ago were theirs.

But in the sunshine, in the vague autumn sunshine
The geometric gardens are desolately gay;
The crimson and scarlet and rose-red dahlias
Are painted like the ladies who used to pass this way
With a ringletted monarch, a Henry or a Louis,
On a lost October day.

The aisles of the garden lead into the forest,
The aisles lead into autumn, a damp wind grieves:
Ghostly kings are hunting, the boar breaks cover,
But the sounds of horse and horn are hushed in falling leaves,
Four centuries of autumns, four centuries of leaves.

As airy as Ariel seem these verses in *The English Review* (February), and our anti-free versifiers will delight in them, perhaps:

## ARIEL

By The Hon. Mrs. Strachey

"Go make thyself a nymph of the sea
invisible to every eyeball.
. . . Thou shalt be free
As mountain winds."—*Tempest I., 2.*

Come! call with the cuckoo;
Come! sing with the lark:
I hear Ariel whisp'ring
Among the trees, hark!

In a white lily-cup
He floats over the lake:
I hear him a-laughing
Where daffodils shake.

On magic of rainbow
He ascends to the skies:
And rides o'er the cornfields
On gay dragon-flies.

On thistle-down fluff,
On rose-petal, he lies,
And hides in dark caverns
Where midsummer dies

Ho! "delicate Ariel."
Your voice I know well,
It echoes in woodland,
And calls through the dell:
Awake! Awake!
In bracken and brake,
O listen, O hear,
For Ariel is near!

THE pity of wild things is here, and perhaps some trapper will see it and reflect. *The Atlantic Monthly* publishes it

## FOUR LITTLE FOXES

By Lew Sarett

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound:
For in my windy valley yesterday I found
Newborn foxes squirming on the ground—
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow,
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
As I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
Step softly.

ANOTHER newcomer is *The Bohemian* (Toledo) which boldly announces itself "a messenger from Apollo," who seems thus to have deserted Picardy for some Greenwich Village. Not all of his freight is as good as this:

## THE SONG OF TAVAKKUL THE TRUSTWORTHY

*An Afghan Qasida*

By May Folwell Hoisington

Beloved, I'm drunk with thy beauty's wine;
Beloved, I'm crazed by this passion of mine;
Without thee my life is but lost—a burnt cinder
My heart is a collop of blackened, charred tinder.

A marvelous song the bulbul is singing,
And a bee to the honey-sweet roses is winging;
But to-morrow will show of neither a sign—
Beloved, I'm drunk with thy beauty's wine.

Turn hither thine eyes! Twin star-rays of gladness,
Cleansing my heart of its burden of sadness,
Make me a king by a glance of thine—
Beloved, I'm crazed by this passion of mine.

I cannot go far from thee, here I'm remaining,
Though thy guardians on me stone showers are raining.
Oh, love, I'm a beggar for bounty of thine—
Beloved, I'm drunk with thy beauty's wine.

I, Tavakkul, still of thy worth will be chanting
As long as the breath in my bosom is panting;
I'm slave to the Queen of all Queens! I am thine!
Beloved, I'm drunk with thy beauty's wine,
Beloved, I'm crazed by this passion of mine.

AN echo of old Omar may be here, but there is good in it for all that, else would we find it in the pages of *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin)?

## FROM DISCIPLE TO MASTER

By Monk Gibbon

My life is like a dream,
I do not know
How it began, nor yet
How it will go.

Out of the night a bird
Has quickly flown
Across the lighted room,
And now is gone

Into the dark again
From whence it came—
So the old druids said,
And I the same.

But we are not content,
I, like them, too,
Questioning all I meet
Seek something new.

Saying to each who comes,
"So much is clear,
But, if you know of more,
I wait to hear.

"The dark, the lighted room,
The bird which flies
Are not enough for man
Who one day dies.

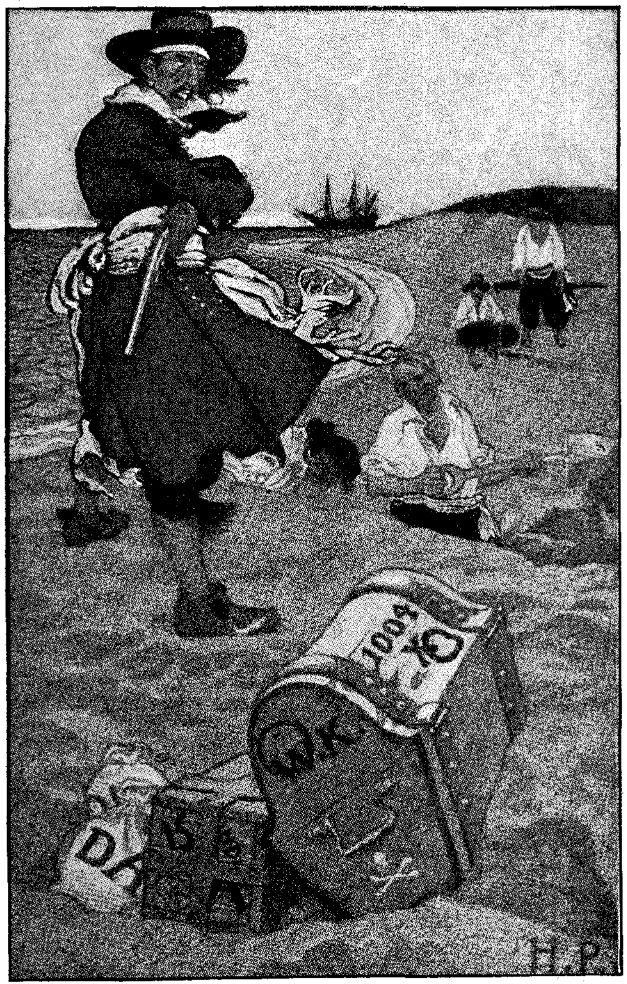
"Are not enough for man,
That bird which came
Out of the dark and must
Return again.

"If you know more besides,
Tell what you know,
O wise and travelled souls,
Before I go."

# PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

## CAPTAIN KIDD, PIRATE OR GALLANT GENTLEMAN?

"BLOOD-THIRSTY COLONIAL PIRATE, in a word of four letters." Put that one up to any cross-word puzzle fan, and see if the immediate answer isn't "Kidd." For more than two hundred years, as several recent revivors of the Kidd history and legends are reminding us, Capt. William Kidd has been execrated by all good Christians as the worst pirate ever heard of. But doubts have lately been cast from several sources on the captain's villainy; and now comes Homer H. Cooper, with a mass of documentary and other evidence, and boldly announces that: "The essential fact is simple; Captain Kidd was innocent." In modern parlance, we are told, Kidd was "framed" by a group of Britishers of the same general sort who distinguished themselves in bringing on the Revolution. From having been "a prince of villainy," announces Mr. Cooper, "he must now be stript of his infamy, and put among the martyrs." For William Kidd was an honest man and a gentleman. As to the evidences, continues the latest biographer of our most famous pirate, in *The American Mercury:*



From 'Howard Pyle s Book of Pirates.' Copyrighted 1921 by Harper & Brothers

"A VILLAIN FIT TO MAKE ANY CHRISTIAN SHUDDER"

The conventional idea of Capt. William Kidd is presented in this imaginative drawing by Mr. Pyle. The Captain, contrary to much solid evidence, has for years been considered one of the bloodiest pirates that ever scuttled a ship or slit a throat.

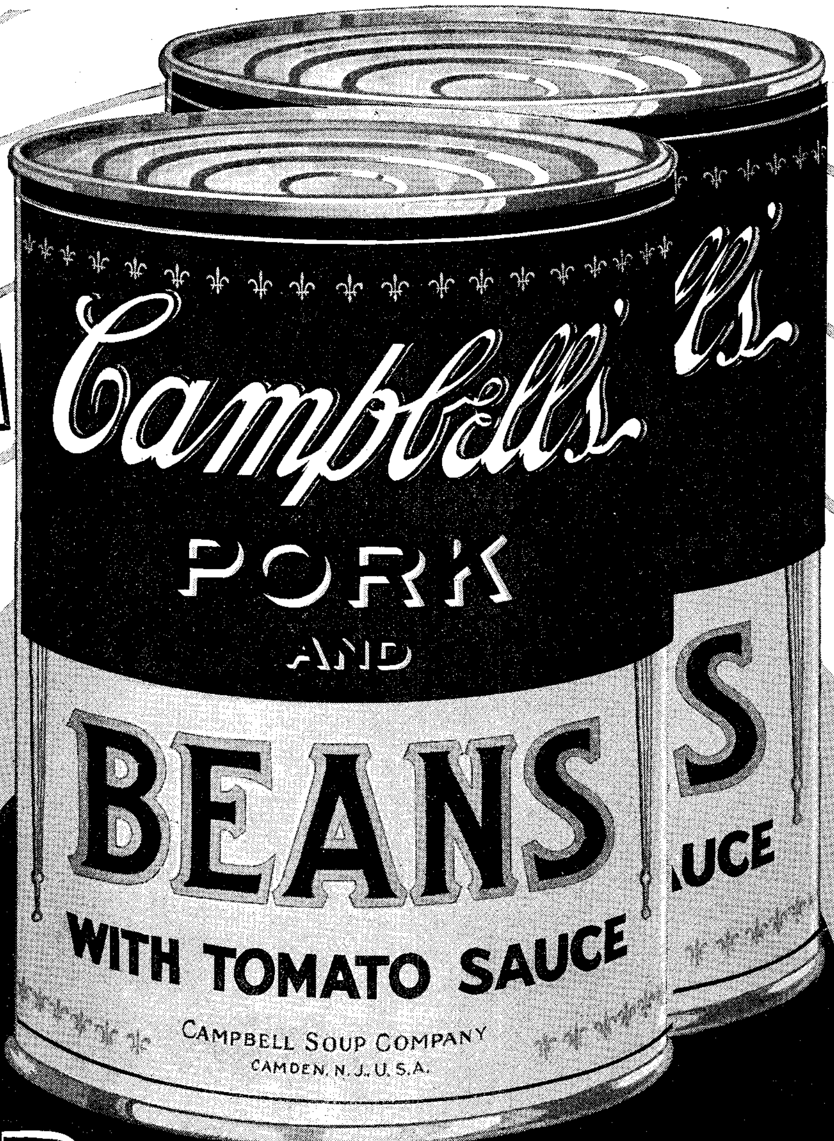
> William Kidd, the son of a respectable Scotch clergyman, was born in the year 1654 at Dundee. The nature and extent of his schooling are not related, but since in manhood he displayed a great liking for literary composition, we may assume that his reverend father afforded him the usual benefit of clergy. We know that he went to sea very young. We find him in command of a frigate for the king, acquitting himself with distinction under his admiral's eye several times in the war with France.
>
> When he was thirty-five years old, he appeared in the Colony of New York—a merchant shipmaster of high repute, owning a home of his own in Liberty Street, possest of a comfortable fortune and enjoying the good opinion of his fellow townsmen. An official certificate of his worthiness is to be found in the Proceedings of the Provincial Assembly of 1691, which voted him a gratuity of £150 for his services in suppressing the disturbances attending the arrival of Gov. Henry Sloughter. And, when he married a widow of good family, the clerk wrote it down in the license: "William Kidd, gentleman." Occasionally he tied his ship to her dock in East River, and gave aid to the colony by taking out a man-of-war to chase pirates and French privateers away from the coast.
>
> In the year 1695, Kidd celebrated the forty-first anniversary of his birth with his wife and daughter, and then sailed away to London. While his brigantine was loading a cargo in the Thames, destined for New York, he went ashore one night and in a tavern met Robert Livingston, a fellow colonist and friend of long standing, then taking a fling in London society. It was a fateful meeting. Livingston's wealth and rank had brought him into contact with Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, a young and ambitious Irishman, who had just been appointed to be royal governor of the New England colonies. "I send you, my Lord, to New York," said King William III to Bellomont, "because an honest and brave man is wanted there to put down the swarm of pirates who infest our North American coast and who wax rich on English commerce. I believe you to be that man." Bellomont promptly asked the King to assign for the purpose a British armed frigate. The King referred him to the Lords of the Admiralty, but they denied his request; all British naval vessels were urgently needed at home to protect the tight little island against the French. When Bellomont related his rejection by the Admiralty, the King himself suggested the idea of a private enterprise, financed and operated by a select company, to put down the pirates, and, as a side line, to privateer upon French shipping. The plan promised large profits. "I, myself, will invest £3,000," declared William III. "I shall propose to my ministers that they raise as much more."
>
> The word was passed around quietly. Lord Bellomont had but to hint at royal participation, and John Somers, Lord Chancellor and leader of the Whig Government, affixt his signature to the agreement. There followed the Earl of Shrewsbury, a Secretary of State; Sir Edward Russell, Earl of Orford, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Earl of Romney, Master-General of the Ordnance; and Sir Richard Harrison, a wealthy merchant whose experiences with pirates had been persuasive. So eager were these able Englishmen to come in that the King decided to renege on his own subscription, but announced that he would nevertheless take a substantial share of the profits for originating the idea! The others raised £6,000 sterling and elected Lord Bellomont to manage the syndicate.

The first quest was for a commander. In anticipation of his office in the colonies, Bellomont, it appears, had consulted Robert Livingston frequently. He now told Livingston of the syndicate's plans and asked if he could suggest a valiant and honest seafaring Colonial to command the expedition. Livingston recommended Kidd. So the American Colonial Captain got the job. Mr. Cooper's narrative continues:

> The letter of marque was quickly forthcoming. The Earl of Orford, sitting in the High Court of Admiralty, affixed his signature with the same quill he had used to sign the syndicate agreement. Six weeks later, under the Great Seal of the kingdom, solemnly attached thereto by Lord Chancellor Somers, and in the name of William III, by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, there was issued, directed to "our trusty and well-beloved Capt. William Kidd," a special

*Economy of Beans*

That's the big thing about Beans! They are the most economical *main dish* of quality food that you can buy! Get some today. Serve them often.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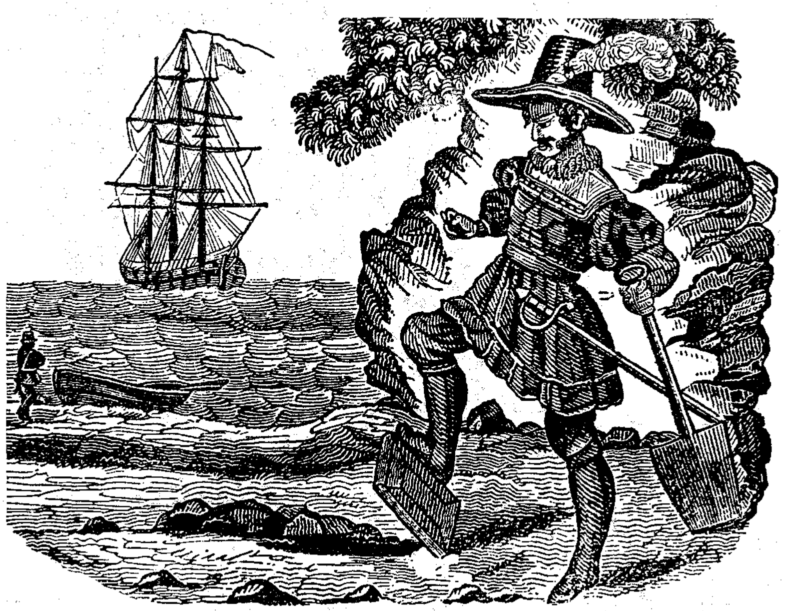
commission authorizing him to apprehend, seize and take into custody pirates, freebooters and sea-rovers of all nationalities, with their ships and vessels, merchandise and money, cargo and crews, and to bring the same into port for trial and disposition according to the law of nations.

No word of the profit-sharing appeared in either document, but it was understood the King should have ten per cent., and the rest should be divided as had been agreed. Shortly afterward, the understanding was ratified publicly, and so the world was informed that Captain Kidd, financed by a patriotic aristocracy and without expense to the state, would make the seas safe for democracy. The Great Seal and the approval of the Lord Chancellor assured legality; the renown of Kidd, the wealth of Robert Livingston, and the aggressiveness of Lord Bellomont promised success. A parallel project to-day would embrace the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Governor-General of the Philippines and J. Pierpont Morgan, and its aim would be the organization of a Massachusetts common law trust to engage Col. Izzy Einstein to capture pelagic bootleggers on a commission basis!



An old print, reproduced in "The Book of Buried Treasure" (Macmillan)

WICKED CAPTAIN KIDD BURIES THE BIBLE

The old English ballad which credits the much-maligned Captain with this sacrilege, also has him remarking, at the beginning of his famous voyage: "I made a solemn vow to God I would not bow, Nor myself a prayer allow, as I sail'd."

The *Adventure* galley was bought and outfitted at Plymouth. She was of 287 tons burthen and carried thirty-four guns. Only seventy seamen could be found willing to enlist in Plymouth, so Kidd sailed for New York, where he was better known and where he believed he could recruit a full crew. En route the *Adventure* picked up a small French merchantman, which was properly escorted, with a prize crew aboard, to New York and turned over to His Majesty's authorities on July 4, 1695. Along the wharves at New York, Kidd posted his "Join the Navy and See the World" banners. Eighty men responded—eighty deep-sea shellbacks who were willing to risk their casual lives and a year or two of inconsequential service for a conjectural share of prize money—not sober, self-respecting sailormen, alas, but the riff-raff, rag-tag and bob-tail of the water-front, deserters, brawlers and, doubtless, in some cases, broken and unrepentant ex-pirates.

On September 6, 1696, the *Adventure* sailed from New York. First it cruised the West Indies, but not a pirate was found. Then it crossed the Atlantic and rounded the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean, just as the King had commanded. Madagascar in those times was the lair of freebooters who preyed upon rich East Indiamen. Nine months out of New York the crew of the *Adventure* sighted its fertile shores—nine utterly fruitless months. Provisions were low. Captain Kidd had no money to buy anything. The crew already was mutinous. After inquiry among the natives, Kidd quieted his men with promises of early captures, and sallied forth to seize some pirates reported to be near by. But the pirates had received tidings of his coming and of his mission, and they disappeared.

One day soon afterward the lookout sighted a small merchantman. Suspecting her to be French, Kidd hoisted French colors on the *Adventure*, and the other promptly did the same. The *Adventure* ran alongside, only to discover that the captain of its quarry was an Englishman named Parker, who had run up the French flag in self-protection. Kidd boarded the ship, looked at her papers, and removed a bale of pepper, a bag of coffee and a few gold pieces from some traders, and let her go. Later he swore that the captive really sailed under a French pass. At most, this was petty larceny on a captive of doubtful nationality, committed only to pacify Kidd's turbulent crew. But Captain Parker, as soon as he was freed, hurried to England and started a report that Captain Kidd of the *Adventure*, pretending to capture and punish pirates for the King, in reality had turned pirate himself! The political enemies of the Lord Chancellor quickly seized upon the charge, and let no opportunity escape to spread the news that the Whig who presided over the House of Lords, the Keeper of the Great Seal himself, was directly responsible for the destruction of British shipping!

Meanwhile, Kidd was leading a monotonously eventful life in the Southern seas. A Portuguese warship, too strong for the *Adventure*, unwarrantedly chased him and wounded many of his crew. Sundry small and inconsequential craft were taken, but turned loose with the captive crews unharmed. Aside from a few yards of silks and some bales of spices and coffee and opium, the harvest was no greater than twenty pieces of Arabian gold. Thus for a month. Then the dread diseases of the tropics invaded the forecastle, and Kidd's gang of roughs became unruly to the point of mutiny. For some days the captain was prisoner in his cabin while the crew perversely sailed to and fro, admittedly in search of what they might devour. William Moore, a gunner, was the head of the mutineers. One day late in October, when they sighted the *Loyal Captain*, a Dutchman, they called Kidd to lead them to its capture or be himself shot. Hostile witnesses later admitted that he obstinately refused, declaring he was not come to take any lawful trader save Frenchmen and that if the crew attempted any such thing they should never come back on board the *Adventure* nor have her small boat or small arms, for he had no commission to take any but the King's enemies and pirates, and if they persisted and took the Dutchman he would attack them with the *Adventure* and drive them into Bombay. Kidd prevailed, but Gunner Moore was full of remonstrances.

"I could have shown Captain Kidd a way to take the *Loyal Captain* and that without risk," he proclaimed afterwards as he ground a chisel on the deck, not knowing that Kidd was within hearing.

"Which way could you have put me in a way to take this ship and been clear?" demanded Kidd.

Poor Gunner Moore, caught before his shipmates, retreated behind a lie.

"Sir," he answered, "I never spoke such a word nor ever thought such a thing."

Captain Kidd's scornful disgust was exprest in a voice everyone heard.

"You lousy dog!"

A roar of laughter taunted the Gunner into open defiance. "If I am a lousy dog," he cried, "you have made me so; you have brought me to ruin, and many more."

The ship careened. A cord smacked against the mainsail. The Captain looked about him. Now, if ever, was the time to squelch this insubordination and maintain his authority. Kidd knew only the practice of the sailor. He grabbed a heavy wooden bucket bound with iron hoops and swung it over his head.

"Have I ruined ye, then, ye dog?" he shouted. "Take that!" and whirled the bucket full to the Gunner's head. Moore fell, and the boatswain carried him below. The ship's surgeon found a fractured skull. Moore died the next day, but the mutiny continued to smolder.

A few days later they sighted a distant freighter. Kidd, as usual, hoisted a French flag to see what the freighter would fly. Surely enough she, too, hoisted French colors. A few shots from the *Adventure* lowered her sails. Kidd came alongside and bellowed for her captain to come aboard. While a boat was being lowered, Kidd directed one of his crew who spoke French to pretend to be the captain of the *Adventure* and to greet the visitor. The ruse worked, for the captive's commander was delighted to meet a fellow citizen who spoke his language and who glibly read aloud the pass he produced.

"Ah, ha, I have catched ye, have I?" roared Captain Kidd, as he reached for the French pass. "Ye are a free prize to England!"

By now nearly a twelve-month had passed since Kidd sailed from New York, and he was still conforming to the letter and the

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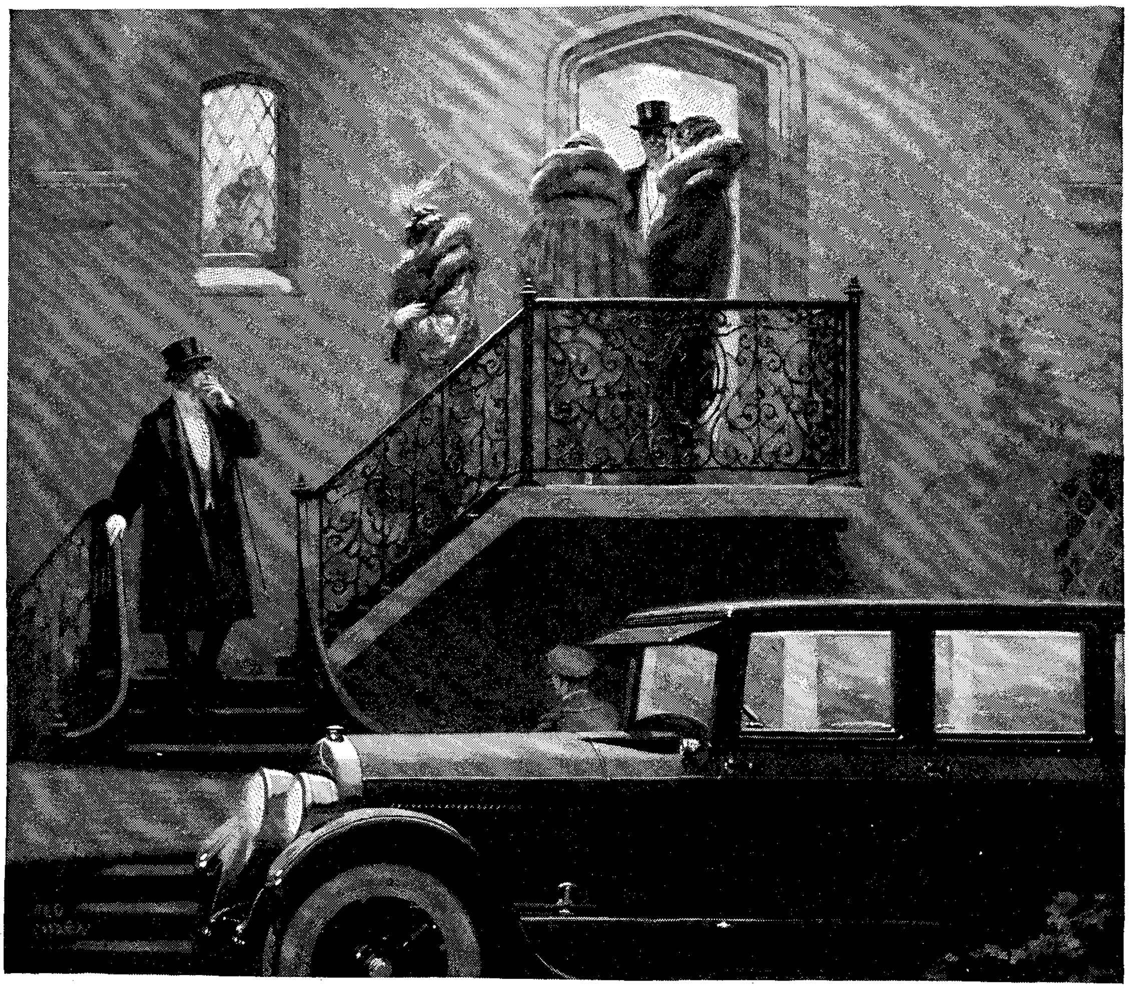
CADILLAC MOTOR CARS — STANDARD OF THE WORLD

V63



V63

## *The human desire to own the best suggests the Cadillac*

◆ ◆ ◆

It is human to want that which is recognized to be the best of its kind.

Nothing less can possibly afford the same deep and lasting satisfaction.

Nothing less *pays so well* in joy of possession or as an investment.

Nothing less is worthy of him who has the means to maintain his personal standards—and who finds the thought of the second or third choice unsatisfying.

The human desire for that which is best is back of every purchase of a Cadillac car.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

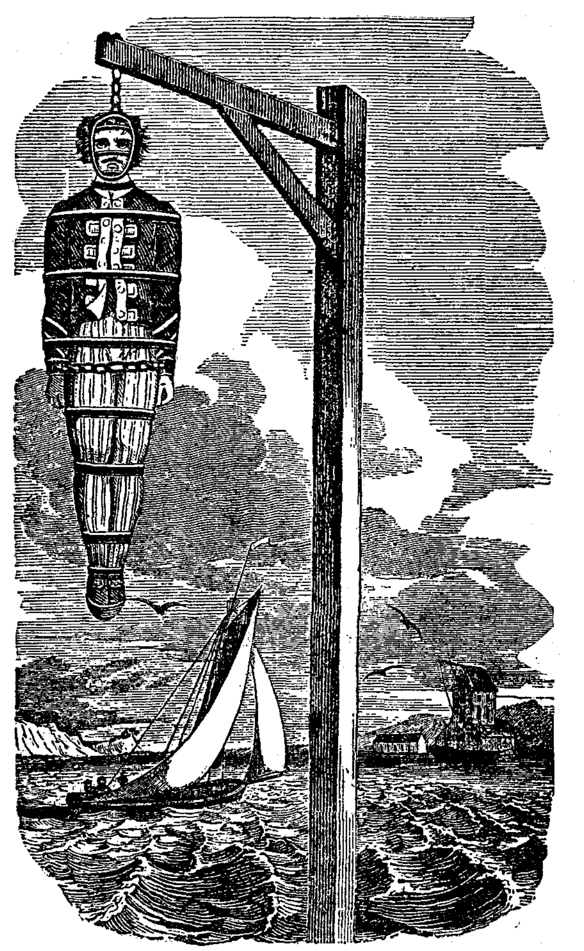
# CADILLAC

V63

spirit of his royal commission. Yet, years later, it turned out that the captive was really Moorish and carried clearance papers and flags from many lands to be used as discretion dictated, and so Kidd was convicted of piracy upon her because, for reasons presently to be revealed, he could not then produce her French pass. The Moor yielded two horses, some quilts and a few trinkets. The crew was carried to Madagascar and released.

December brought little luck—thirty tubs of butter from a small ketch—and January about the same, until the last day of the month. Then:

The *Quedagh Merchant* was captured. The *Merchant* hove to when hailed and sent a Frenchman in a small boat to the *Adventure.* Kidd learned that his visitor was not the master, and sent for the latter. This time the small boat came back bearing one Wright, a swearing Englishman, who, however, had been a tavern-keeper in France. Wright pointed to the French flag at Kidd's masthead as an excuse for his own use of it, and produced clearance papers. Kidd later swore they had been issued by the French Government, but unfortunately for himself, he failed to allow any one else there to examine them, but stuck them in his jerkin, and sent a prize crew to take possession. After putting Wright in irons, Kidd crossed to the *Quedagh Merchant.* He found his captive manned by Dutchmen and Moors and chartered by a party of Armenians, who were on board. The latter offered Kidd 20,000 rupees for their release, but he refused, saying he had some doubt of his right to take the ship at all, notwithstanding its French pass. The crew, hearing this conversation, adjourned to the forecastle and conferred. They voted to retain the *Quedagh Merchant* regardless of Captain Kidd's scruples or commands. It was so ordered. The ship was a noble prize. She was large and new and carried a cargo worth perhaps £100,000. The *Adventure,* no longer seaworthy, was fired and the *Quedagh Merchant* became Kidd's ship. At the nearest point they landed the Armenians and crew and sailed back to Madagascar, where Captain Kidd sold great quantities of spices and silks and divided the proceeds with his crew exactly as he had agreed.



An old print reproduced in "The Book of Buried Treasure" (Macmillan)

THE END OF THE UNFORTUNATE CAPTAIN

He was no pirate, but a gallant gentleman and a martyr, modern investigators declare. A prejudiced British court decreed that he be hung in chains and covered with tar, as an "example."

Privateering, at last, had proved profitable. Soon came a chance to catch a real pirate. The notorious Captain Culliford, commanding the *Resolution,* was reported in the neighborhood. Members of Kidd's crew, on shore one day, met members of Culliford's crew and struck up an acquaintance. Overnight a hundred of Kidd's men deserted and joined Culliford, taking along all but about £20,000 of Kidd's booty from the *Quedagh Merchant.* If Kidd had been the successful pirate he is portrayed, it is hard to believe his rascals would now have quit his fine ship to enter Culliford's doubtful service. Deprived of most of his seamen, including nearly all his gunners, Kidd deemed it rash to attempt to capture Culliford, and so sailed away.

About this time an English man-of-war rounded the Cape and distributed copies of a new and startling proclamation by the King. One of them soon fell into Kidd's hands. He was astounded to read that a price had been put upon his head and that the British Navy had been commanded to capture him at all costs. He learned that he was charged with piracy on the high seas and was classed with the notorious Henry Every! So eager was the Admiralty to apprehend him that it offered a pardon to all pirates who would surrender within a fixt period, save himself and Captain Every!

Altho disturbed by the proclamation, Kidd little realized the seriousness of his situation. He could not know that his syndicate had broken up, that Bellomont was far removed from the political scene and in bad favor, that Lord Orford had resigned, and that Lord Somers no longer controlled a majority in Parliament. He never dreamed of the wild and exaggerated reports of unlawful seizures, murders and other crimes charged against the *Adventure,* painting him as the arch fiend of the deep, or that Lord Somers's enemies affected to believe the syndicate had been aware from the beginning of his alleged character and designs. Nor did he know that Lord Howe had raved in Parliament: "What is to become of the country, plundered by land, plundered by sea? Our rulers have laid hold of our lands, our woods, our mines, our money. And all this is not enough. We can not send a cargo to the farthest ends of the earth but they must send a gang of thieves after it."

Lord Somers and his clique were forced to answer the charges. True it was, they admitted—for they could not deny it—that the King's Government had commissioned this Captain Kidd, but it had done so for laudable ends and upon great assurance of his virtue. Now it develops that he is a scoundrel and a scourge. The Government meant well, but it was deceived. If the Opposition, and Lord Howe especially, will be patient, this knave shall be caught and dealt with like any subject who disobeys the King and is false to his trust. The explanation was received with cheers by the Whigs. The Cabinet approved a form of proclamation by the King, and the Admiralty surprizingly found that it could spare a whole squadron of warships to hunt down and capture Captain Kidd.

Kidd read the proclamation off Madagascar again and again. It puzzled him, for, as his biographer explains, he had not been following the course of British politics. However—

With such of his crew as had not abandoned the ship, he turned the *Quedagh Merchant* westward to find Lord Bellomont. His career had now lasted from August to January—barely six months—and yet he had already, in all innocence, achieved the reputation of being the world's worst pirate! When the *Merchant* touched in the West Indies for water and provisions, Kidd found an old friend just from New York who warned him to stay away from the American coast. Kidd scorned the advice, declaring he had done nothing wrong. On the contrary, he anchored the *Merchant* in an obscure harbor and bought the fastest sloop he could find. To it he transferred the residue of his booty, and hurried home for vindication.

A stop for water was made in Delaware Bay. Here Kidd received such alarming tidings that he approached New York port more warily. He slipt the sloop around the eastern end of Long Island and put in at Oyster Bay. He sent to New York to retain a lawyer, one James Emmott. Emmott joined Kidd at Oyster Bay, explaining that Lord Bellomont was in Massachusetts. Kidd weighed anchor and sailed to Narragansett Bay. Here Emmott landed and went overland to find Bellomont at the Governor's house in Boston.

The transactions between Kidd and Bellomont are found in Bellomont's reports to the Lords of Plantations and Colonies, in letters from Bellomont to Kidd and from Kidd to Bellomont, and in voluminous affidavits taken from numerous people at the time. The negotiations are not altogether creditable to either, but smack of the times. Kidd, knowing Bellomont's cupidity, sent presents of jewels to Lady Bellomont and held out tempting news of large treasures to be divided by the syndicate. Bellomont accepted the presents, and by Emmott, with the postmaster of Boston as witness, returned a communication pledging his word of honor to respect Kidd's liberty and suggesting the immediate delivery up of the spoils. However, before landing, Kidd decided to leave the most valuable part of his booty in safekeeping.

At the eastern end of Long Island Sound is a small wooded

# Again—Do Not Expect Long Trading Allowances on Any Used Car When You Come to Buy a Chrysler

This statement of eight months ago is repeated in justice to Chrysler distributors and dealers, who cannot in fairness be expected to penalize themselves by making long allowances, merely because the Chrysler may have depreciated the value of other cars.

A car may be a very good car indeed and still it will lack the riding, driving, braking, accelerating, power and speed qualities which thrill the owner of a Chrysler Six.

As we said in June of last year, those qualities are so valuable and mean so much in efficiency and economy that you could well afford to discard the used car without compensation for the sake of the amazing activity of performance and the saving the Chrysler will bring you.

Even if another car originally cost you twice as much, the burden you escape when you acquire a Chrysler — the substitution of more agile and satisfying performance and the stoppage of waste—will more than compensate you.

Months ago we said that because of these unusual Chrysler qualities, the Chrysler was invading all markets and especially those of much higher price.

We also said that the enthusiasm of the public over the Chrysler was certain to affect all motor cars and ultimately all motor car design.

The change in (internal) design has not yet come. Until it does, there is no possibility for anyone who wants Chrysler results to make a comparison between the Chrysler and other cars, whether they be used or new.

It is all a question of whether you want the qualities which the Chrysler alone provides. If you do, then it is perfectly clear that you cannot compare the value of another used car or any other new car with the value of the Chrysler.

Neither higher prices nor lower prices nor long allowances have anything to do with the fact that there is still only one Chrysler and that it delivers results which no other car delivers.

This is no reflection on any good car. It is simply a statement of facts which every Chrysler owner knows.

*The Touring Car, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1825; The Royal Coupe, $1895; The Brougham, $1965; The Imperial, $2065; The Crown-Imperial, $2195. All prices f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.*

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CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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**CHRYSLER SIX**

island now known as Gardiner's Island. In June, 1699, an honest colonist named John Gardiner, its owner and occupant, for a small consideration permitted Captain Kidd to bury there a large chest. Poe's "Gold Bug," Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Washington Irving's "Wolfert Webber," and a thousand other yarns to the contrary notwithstanding, this was and is the one and only genuine Captain Kidd's treasure. I may here anticipate the chronology a bit to add that the chest was dug up within a fortnight upon Lord Bellomont's orders. Its contents were inventoried and appraised by a committee of colonial officers. The swag included about 200 bars of silver, an enamel silver box containing six diamonds, a gold ring, six bags of gold, a handkerchief of gold, a coral necklace, two silver candlesticks, sixty-seven rubies and other precious stones, and a few coins. Other booty subsequently found on board the sloop included fifty-seven bags of sugar and thirty-eight bags of calico, muslin and silk. The gold weighed 1,111 ounces and the silver weighed 2,353 ounces. The appraisement of the colonial committee fixt the value at approximately £5,000. That was all there ever was of Captain Kidd's fabulous treasure, for which gullible men have been digging ever since. Just who kept it does not appear in the records, but there is good reason to believe that Bellomont never parted with it.

Having deposited his treasure, continues Mr. Cooper, Kidd went boldly to Boston and talked to Bellomont privately. For a week he frequented the streets, and the men of his crew told their tales in the market-place unmolested. Apparently his negotiations with the Governor were eminently successful. But suddenly the wind changed:

Bellomont became unfriendly. Maybe he suspected Kidd was holding out on him. Reports were abroad that Kidd had concealed millions on the *Quedagh Merchant*, left at San Salvador. Disgruntled and rum-drinking members of the crew were responsible for stories that he had stopt in the Carolinas to bury huge chests along the shore. These stories subsequently were disproved, but at that time Bellomont believed them. *In vino veritas!* he reflected, and called Kidd to account. Kidd denied the reports vigorously. Still Bellomont was dissatisfied. In a letter to England he mentions that Kidd, now rejoined by Robert Livingston, was acting "impertinently" about the money and valuables, but he fails to mention that the impertinence was a request by Kidd and Livingston for their contractual share of the booty Bellomont had lifted from Gardiner's Island. Finally, the Colonial Council learned of the stories in circulation, and suggested that Kidd be arrested. This was promptly done, and Bellomont wrote to his superiors for directions, saying that he had no power to try any man for a capital offense. While his letter was traveling to London, Bellomont dispatched the fastest ship he could get to the Carolina coast and to the West Indies to look for the reputed concealed treasures. It came back empty.

In January, 1700, instructions were received by Bellomont to send Kidd and his crew to England in irons. Almost five years to a day after receiving his commission as the "trusty and well-beloved servant" of the King, he was locked up in Newgate Prison. For more than fifteen months he lay in his cell, *sans* money, *sans* friends, *sans* influence, and *sans habeas corpus.*

On May 8, 1701, the King's mandate for the holding of a special grand jury was read in Old Bailey. . . . By the law of England at that time prisoners tried for crime were not allowed to have counsel unless a point of law was involved. In less than an hour from the convening of court, the grand jury had signed and returned six indictments. Five charged William Kidd and nine seamen with acts of piracy on the high seas. The sixth, an apparent afterthought, accused Kidd of having murdered Gunner Moore. As soon as the grand jury had reported, the prisoners were called to plead to the first indictment, for piracy. Kidd was asked to hold up his hand.

"May it please your lordship," objected Kidd, "I desire you to permit me to have counsel."

"What would you have counsel for?" asked the Recorder of London.

"My Lord, I have some matter of law relating to the indictment, and I desire I may have counsel to speak to it."

"What matter of law could you have!" exclaimed the judges, denying the request.

So it went on, with Kidd pluckily refusing to plead to the indictments unless he could have counsel. He had been held prisoner with no chance to muster witnesses or to assemble documents or to prepare any defense. The ink on the indictments was scarcely dry. Finally he was forced to say that he was seeking delay so that he could procure the French passes. He was intelligent enough to know that the keystone of his defense was the production of these papers. But his prosecutors were equally well informed, and they were determined that he should have no chance to produce them, assuming they existed. They told him that if he did not plead at once the court would pass judgment of death upon him. Kidd said, "I can not plead until I have these papers; if I plead I shall be accessory to my own death. If you will give me a little time to find my papers, I will plead."

Kidd remained so obstinate that the Solicitor-General decided to change the order of the proceedings and try him first for the murder of Gunner William Moore. The principal witness for the prosecution was Joseph Palmer, a member of the crew who was promised immunity from all prosecution to testify against his former commander. Corroborating Palmer's highly colored story was Dr. Bradingham, the ship's surgeon, enjoying similar immunity. The witnesses were led through their stories by the Solicitor-General, after which Kidd was asked if he cared to cross-examine them. He put a few questions, seeking to prove a mutiny and that Gunner Moore was rebellious, but Palmer swore there had been none. But Richard Barlicorn, one of the nine prisoners, was brought to the witness stand at Kidd's request and testified that there was a mutiny and that Moore was the leader. Hugh Parrot, another member of the crew, likewise said that the reason Kidd struck Gunner Moore was that Moore was insubordinate. Finally Kidd himself exclaimed, "I had all the provocation in the world given me; I had no design to kill the gunner; I had no malice or spleen against him."

Any one who reads the summing up of the evidence by the court, says Mr. Cooper, will have no difficulty in ascertaining what verdict the judges favored. But even so the jurors remained in some doubt, and their verdict was not returned so quickly as was expected. Evening was descending when the twelve filed in, with a verdict of guilty. The prisoner, in the meanwhile, had never left the dock. For:

Scarcely had the jurors retired to consider the evidence in the murder case before he was forced to trial again. Notwithstanding his inability to produce his defense, he was told that he must plead to the indictments for piracy or suffer judgment of death by default. So, perforce, he and his nine men pleaded not guilty.

Kidd again faced Palmer and Bradingham as hostile witnesses. The seizure of the *Quedagh Merchant* was the particular offense charged.

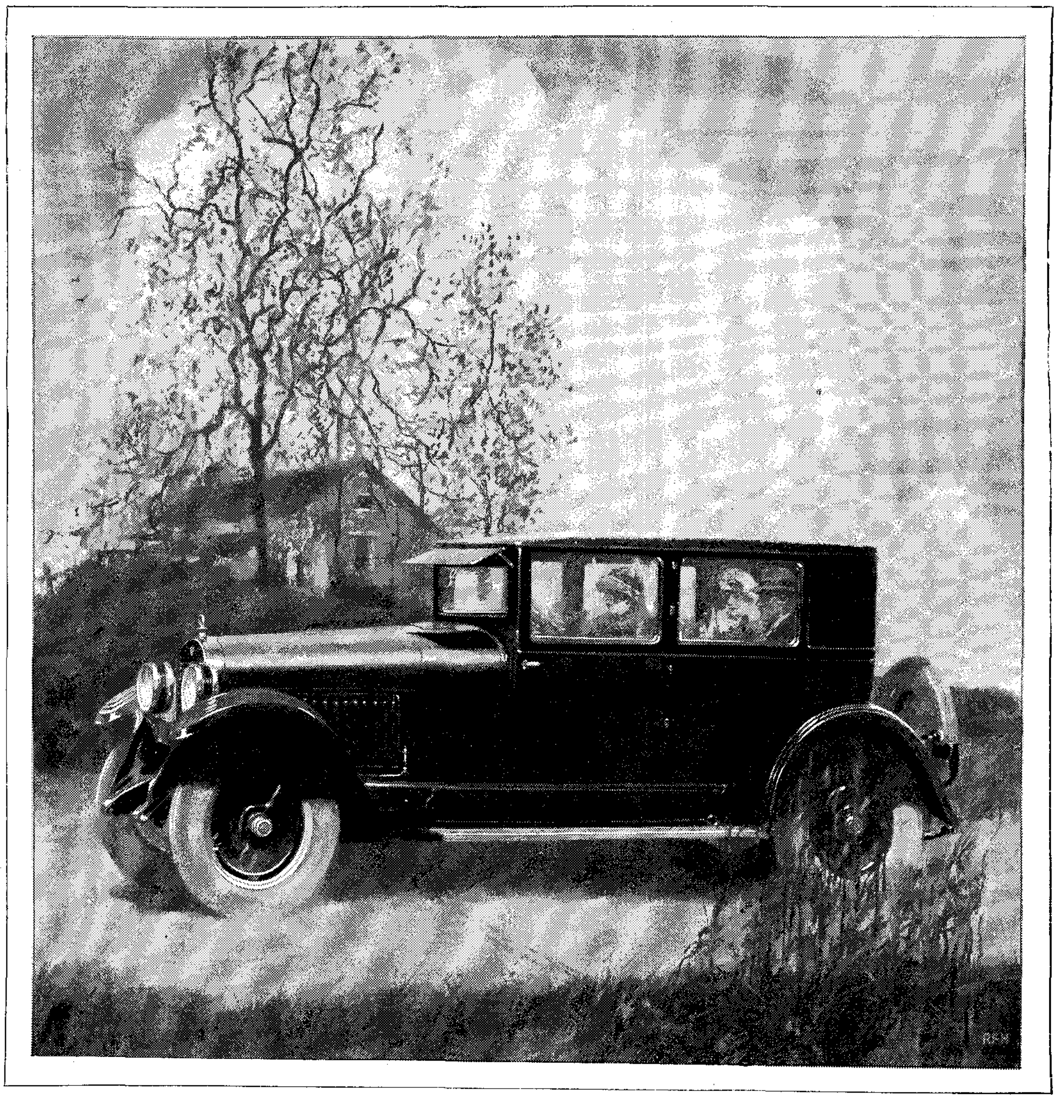
Already doomed to die for murder, he was once more found guilty of a capital offense. Trial upon the remaining indictments was had on the next day. Kidd no longer interposed any defense. It was hopeless and he knew it. He was sentenced to be hanged six times. Thus came vindication for the King's ministers, and for the King himself!

Few contemporaries contended that Kidd was lily-white, but many wondered that his trial had been made such a farce. If he was so guilty, why all that greasing of the skids? The French passes taken from the two merchantmen obviously would have afforded a defense to the indictments for piracy. He had demanded them, but they were not produced, and he was given no chance to get them. Did they exist?

For two centuries no one outside the inner circle knew. Eventually a curiosity-seeker located the letter that Lord Bellomont had sent to Kidd from Boston when Emmott, his New York lawyer, opened negotiations upon Kidd's return from Madagascar. Beside promising safety and freedom and suggesting an immediate delivery of the spoils, Bellomont said: "Mr. Emmott delivered me two French passes taken on board the two ships which your men rifled, which passes I have in my custody and I am apt to believe they will be a good article to justify you . . ." Not long ago this letter led Ralph D. Paine, the writer of books about ships and sailors, to search through the musty files of the English Public Record Office. His labor was rewarded when he found the original French pass issued to the *Quedagh Merchant* for the voyage on which she fell a prize to Captain Kidd. She had sailed in the name of the minister of commerce for the Royal East India Company of France in the Kingdom of Bengal. Kidd had spoken truly. As for the conviction of killing Gunner Moore, one need read little history of life before the mast two hundred years ago to believe that the death of a mutinous seaman during the administration of ship's discipline was not ordinarily punishable, in those days, as murder.

Kidd weakened after his conviction and before his execution. During the week that intervened, he wrote letters claiming that he alone knew where was buried a vast treasure, and promised to deliver it up if his life were spared. This eleventh-hour effort failed. He was hanged at Execution Dock on the margin of the Thames. His body was covered with tar and left to dangle on the gibbet as a warning to all sailormen.

In modern parlance, Kidd was framed. For two centuries he has been a prince of villains. Now he begins a new career as a martyr.



# "World's Greatest Buy"

## *Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It*

**HUDSON**
**COACH**
**$1345**

5 PASSENGER
**SEDAN**
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7 PASSENGER
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Hudson is not called "the World's Greatest Buy" for today alone. That is acknowledgment of ten years' constant refinement of a great car around the famous patented Super-Six principle.

The reasons for that position affect all motor car buying. They cannot be ignored.

**A supreme and exclusive motor principle, adding power, smoothness, performance, without added weight, cylinders or cost.**

**The largest production of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world—and the value advantages of that position.**

**Actual proof of greatest value—which is SALES.**

**And now the greatest price advantage with the finest quality Hudson ever offered.**

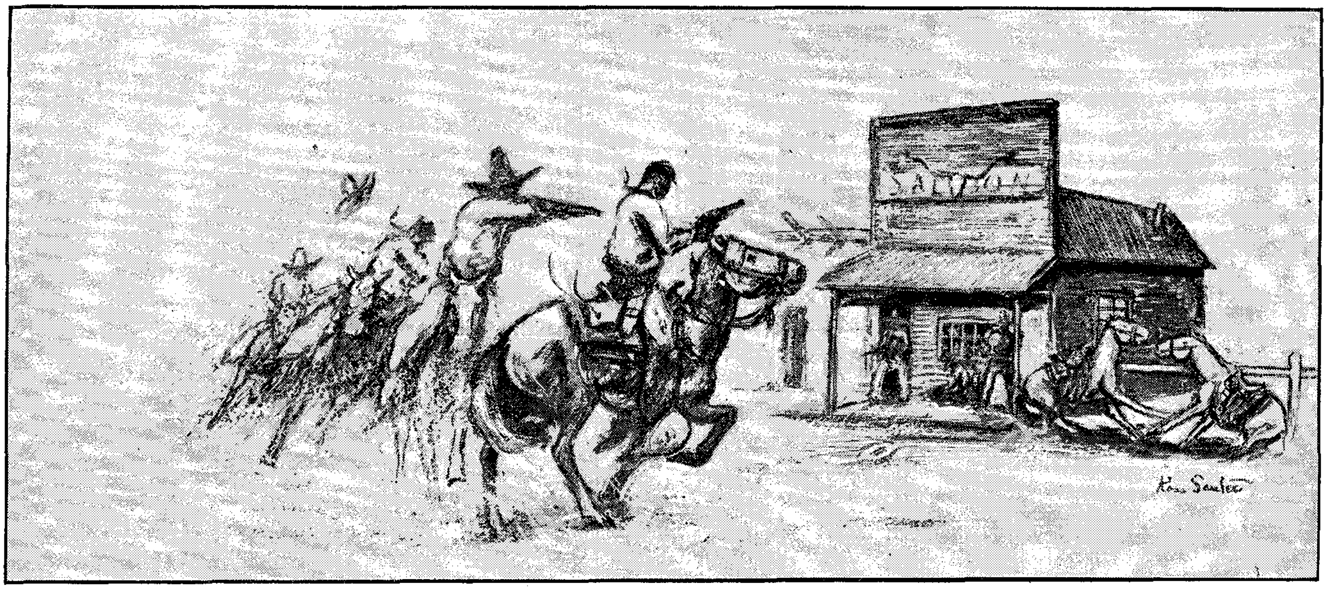
It is only as you find the real comparisons for Hudson qualities among the costliest cars that the enormous difference in price is so astonishing.

All now know that higher price can buy no smoother performance than Hudson's. It cannot buy more brilliant results in pick-up, power or speed. It cannot buy greater reliability or endurance.

And with all this capacity and flexibility Hudson keeps the economy, simplicity and easy maintenance of the "Six."

At today's prices need you own a lesser car? Can a costlier car satisfy you more?

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY - DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Courtesy of the New York *Times*

"GET YOUR MAN!"

This order to the Rangers who charged Sam Bass and his gang in a ten-minute running gun-fight wiped out one more nest of outlaws without the loss of a Ranger. Two-fifths of a second more speed in the draw and unerring accuracy with six-gun or rifle saved the day in many such a no-quarter fight.

# "SO LONG, RANGER!"

So they buried him out on the lone prairie,
In a shallow grave, six feet by three;
Where the coyote howls, and the wind blows free,
They buried him out on the lone prairie.

NOT IN THE BLAZE OF HIS own barking six-gun, nor to the accompaniment of cracking rifles and the crash of broken glass, does he go. Yet go he does, out across the mesquite, with a faint creak of saddle leather, and the thud, thud, thud of his pony's hoofs, out into the purple foothills of history to join the ghosts of Texas immortals—Davy Crockett, Deaf Smith, Sam Houston, and the rest. The Texas Ranger will range no more. Public opinion, irritated by his recent use as a dry law enforcement officer, has turned against him, and the court has backed up public opinion by declaring him unconstitutional and useless. In a little while the last silent Ranger will have vanished as completely as his uncomplaining buddies before him, whose graves lie scattered from El Paso to the Red River, "out on the lone prairee."

Tenderfoot travelers through the Panhandle or the Rio Grande border country, even as late as the nineteen hundreds, will have no difficulty in remembering a typical scene in a typical cow town. A low wooden shack on the outskirts has a false two-story front, from which extends a sign. On the side toward a rider entering town it is inscribed "First Chance Saloon." On the other side is painted "Last Chance Saloon." Inside the smoke-filled bar-room, the parched riders collected by these two poignant appeals are availing themselves of their respective "chances."

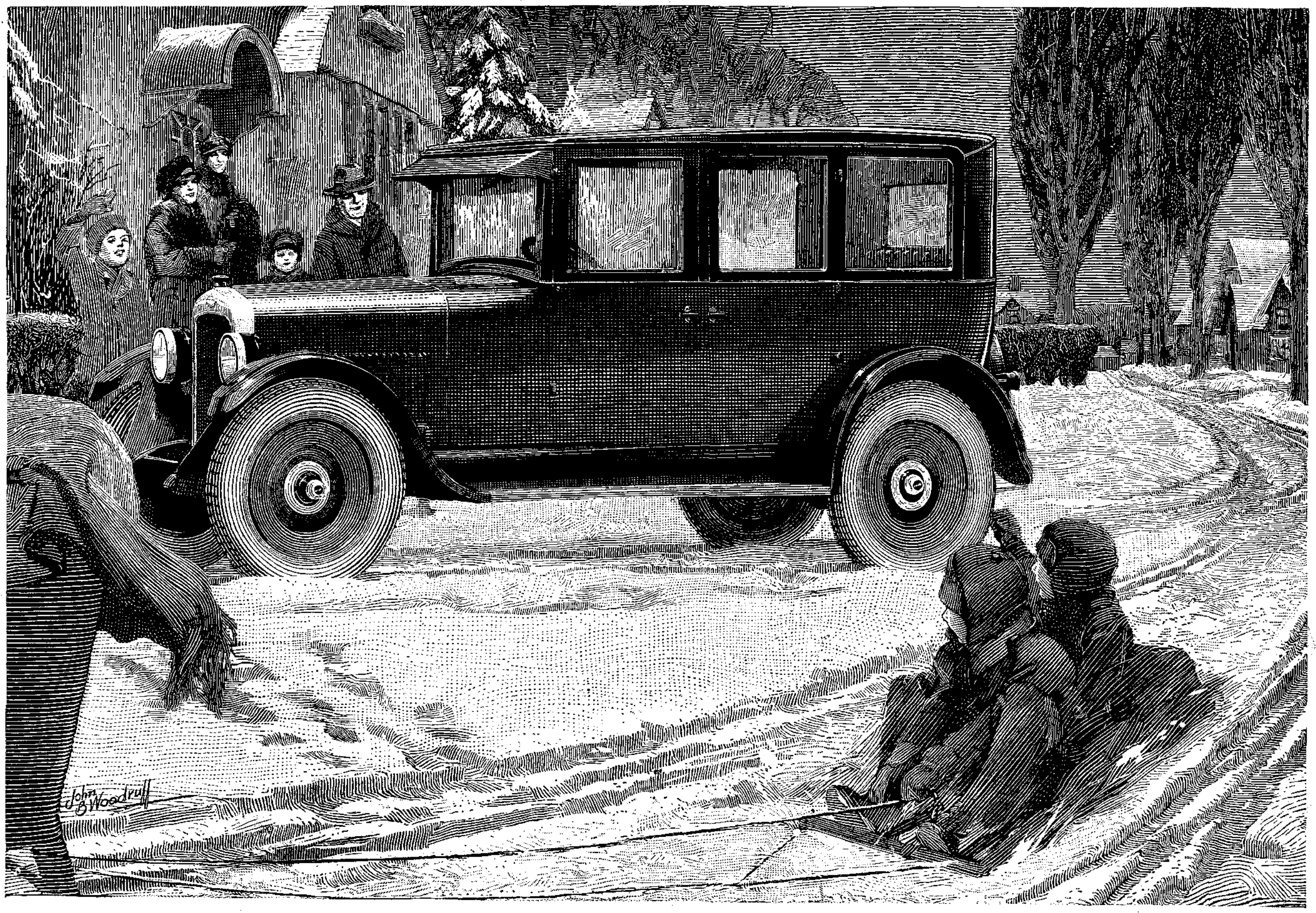
Most raucous noises come from one corner where a large loud party in a two-gallon hat lifts his muzzle to the sky and tells the world how mean he is. The world within range listens more or less respectfully. He probably is a four-flusher, but then again he may not be. On the dark butt of the gun he totes are obviously many notches. These may be just tall talk, or maybe they really do represent "white men, not counting Injuns and Greasers." The loud party begins to demand things. He wants this and that, including attention while he relates anecdotes. He is becoming a bore. Something unpleasant is likely to happen.

Enter at this juncture a lean, unassuming young man in overalls. He wears no two-gallon hat, no jingling spurs, no chaps. His mild blue eyes take in the room quickly and non-committally, he advances to the bar and leans against it. That is all, but the large party in the corner ceases his broadcasting instantly, and normal conversation in the room resumes. "Who's that man in the blue shirt?" "That feller who just come in, stranger? That's a Ranger." The strong moral influence exerted by a man who keeps quiet, who is likely to be two-fifths of a second quicker with a gun than any one else, and who is always ready to participate in any kind of trouble started by the other fellow, is once more evidenced.

Of recent years, that is the way the Rangers have policed Texas, just by happening on the spot a second or two before things were due to happen. Then things didn't happen. Various other States have built up forces modeled after the Rangers, for this very reason. The Pennsylvania State Constabulary, the New York State troopers, and various others are examples. If they had had a body like this near Herrin, point out several newspapers, perhaps Illinois would not have had any of the last few years' troubles. And now Texas is letting her Rangers go.

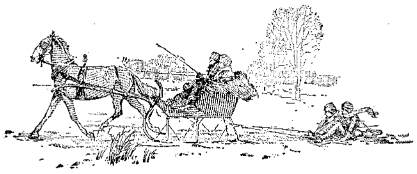
It is a fortunate thing for Texas, says Owen P. White in the New York *Times*, that the courts have taken a long, long time to find out that the Rangers are illegal. What a difference it would have made, says he, not only upon the romantic traditions of Texas, but upon the life and happiness of the people, if such a decision had been handed down, say in 1875. Here is Mr. White's saga of the Texas Ranger:

> The Ranger organization came into being, as do most organizations like it, because of the necessities of the people. In 1836 a colony which had been founded by Stephen F. Austin in Limestone County was raided by the Indians. Nearly all of the settlers were brutally massacred, and a young baby girl, Cynthia Ann Parker, was carried away a captive. This massacre was soon followed by others of a similar nature, and the settlers, for their own protection, formed themselves into the organization which was given the name that has since become famous the world over.
>
> At first the Texas Rangers was only a semi-official body, locally officered and recruited, whose regulations were vague and indistinct, but whose purpose in life was very clearly defined.
>
> "Exterminate the Indians" was the watchword of that early day, and the war against the red men which was then started, and which did not end until Victorio, the Apache chief, was killed in Mexico in 1882, was waged with an intensity that can be compared to nothing in American history except a good old-fashioned Kentucky feud.
>
> In the first year of their existence, the Texas Rangers received official recognition from the President of the struggling Republic, and were recruited up to a strength of 1,600 men. Around this body Texas built up the army which finally overcame the forces of Mexico and won independence for the new nation.
>
> But these days, during the Mexican War, were very different for the Rangers from the days that were to come after. During the war men stood shoulder to shoulder beneath a flag, and knowing



**The Sedan $1545**

*Four-wheel brakes, Fisher Body with one-piece V. V. windshield, Duco finish, balloon tires, disc wheels, snubbers on front springs, full automatic spark control, unit instrument panel, driving controls on steering wheel, automatic windshield cleaner, permanent visor, rear-view mirror, transmission lock, dome light, invisible door checks, heater and plush mohair upholstery.*



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*Roadster $1095; Touring $1095; Special Roadster $1195; Special Touring $1195; Coach $1215; Landau Coupe $1295; Coupe for Four $1495; Sedan $1545; Landau Sedan $1645. At Factory.*

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

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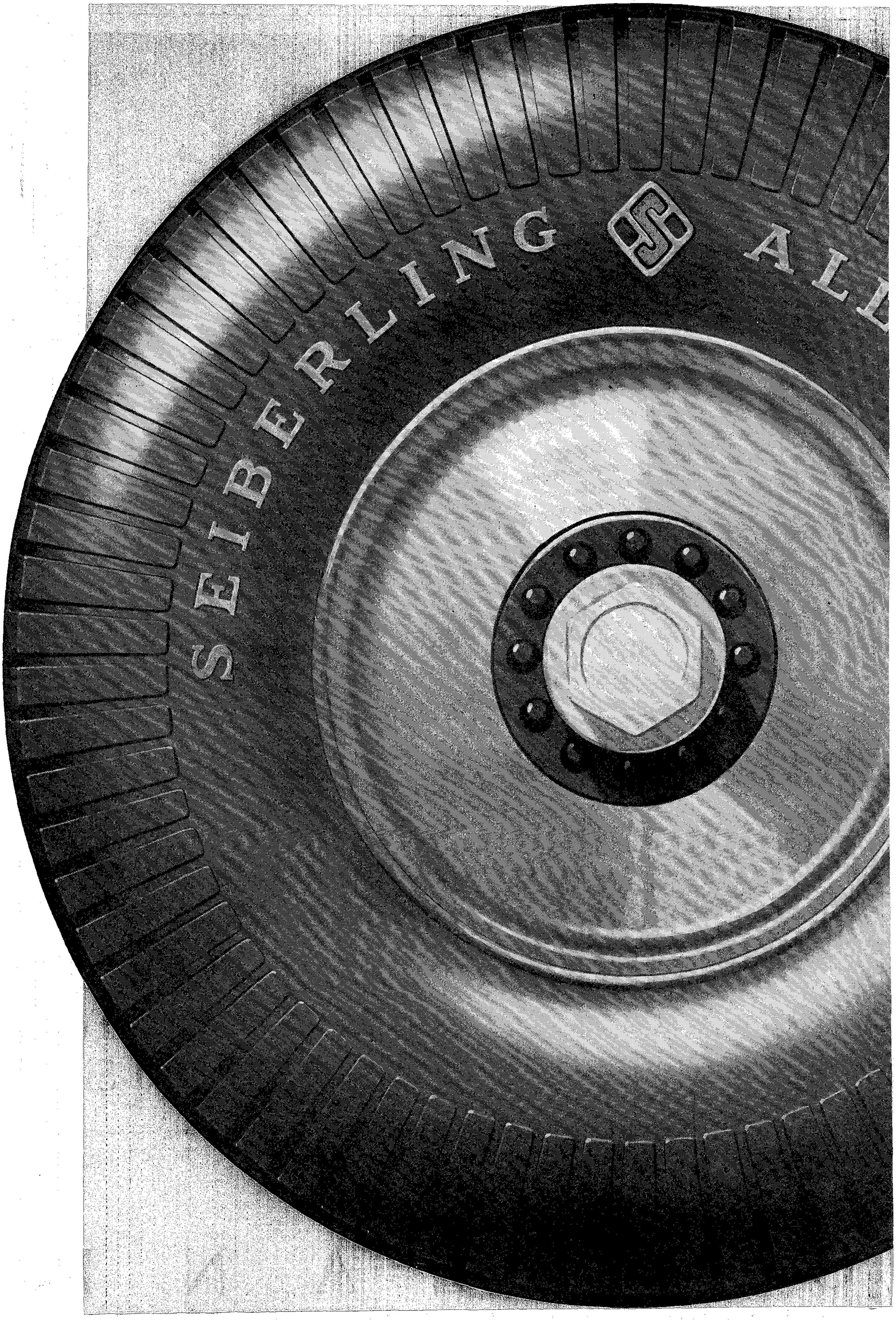
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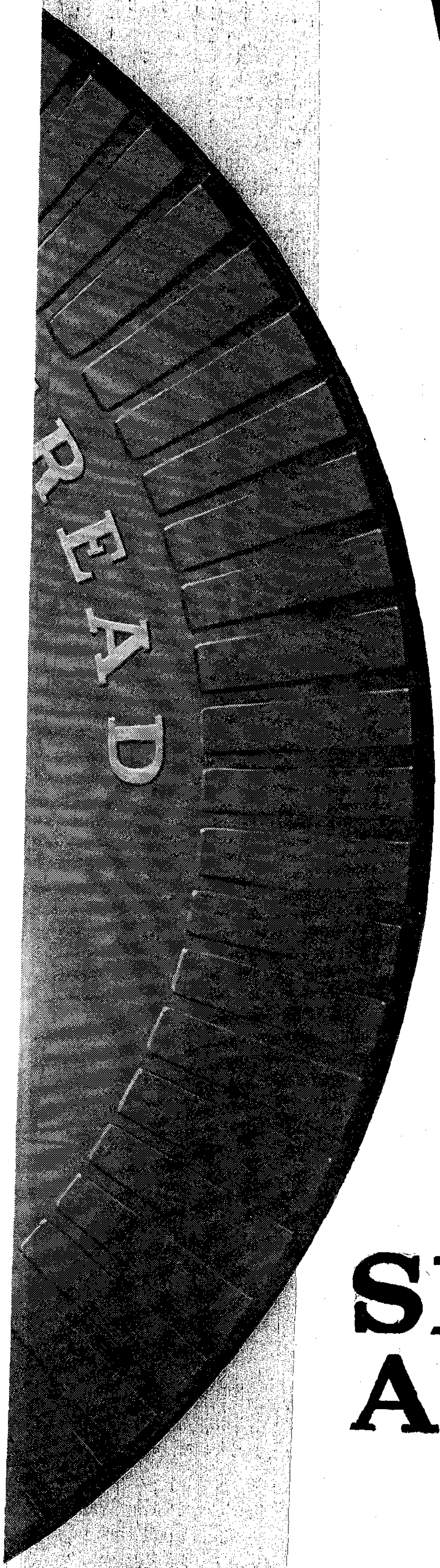

# What is *Your* Answer?

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that their names would go down to posterity inscribed on the pages of school history, they fought valiantly for their homes, their honor and their country. Ever since men have been civilized they have done this. They have fought their wars, and when the wars have been over they have gone back to their homes, hung their uniforms up in conspicuous places and, as soon as their egos subsided, returned to peaceful and pleasant occupations.

But for the Texas Rangers, at least those who remained in the service after the close of the Mexican War, it was not like that at all. In the first place, they didn't have—they never have had—any uniforms; in the second place, they were never allowed to remain in any one locality long enough to hang anything up—except, maybe, a horse thief. And in the third place, life for them was destined to be, for forty years to come, even more difficult and less peaceful than it had been during the period of actual hostilities.

The reasons for this early lack of serenity in a State, which is to-day as peaceful as Pennsylvania Avenue, are easy to understand. The territory which had to be patrolled and controlled by the new Texas authorities was enormous. Take Texas up in your imagination, if you can, transport it to our Atlantic seaboard and lay it down. It will stretch all the way from New York City to Chicago and will cover everything from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico. Now, over this vast area scatter a few villages; establish here and there a settler who is trying to raise a few cattle and a family; then thickly besprinkle the rest of the landscape with hostile Indians, bellicose Mexicans and renegade white men, and you will have a fairly accurate picture before you of what Texas used to be like.

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TRY AND GET THIS RANGER'S GOAT

These husky specimens of the typical Ranger are occupying a few minutes' halt with first-aid to a hurt and thirsty billy-goat in a country where water is precious

This was the pleasant situation that was turned over to a small group, often described as "hell-fer-leather, straight-shootin', tight-mouthed sonofaguns." The Ranger force, it is asserted, has hardly ever been greater than three hundred men, and often went down to two hundred and lower. All they had to do to clean up Texas was to "git them Injuns," "put the fear o' God into them Greasers," "pump lead into the bad men," and "hang all cattle rustlers." They cleaned up Texas. What kind of men were they?

Albert Bigelow Paine, in describing one Ranger, Capt. "Bill" McDonald, has described them all. Mr. Paine said of his friend:

> "He is mild in his manner; his speech is a gentle vernacular. His eyes are as clear and calm as a summer sky, and his nerves are of that quiet and steady sort which belong to a tombstone."

That might serve as a portrait of the genus Ranger in repose, so to speak. Mr. White of *The Times* favors us with a nice lively sketch of the same breed of man in action. This is what he saw down in the Big Bend country where the Rio Grande like a wounded rattler tries to bite itself in the back, and the milk of human kindness takes the form of red-hot "pizen mean" tequila:

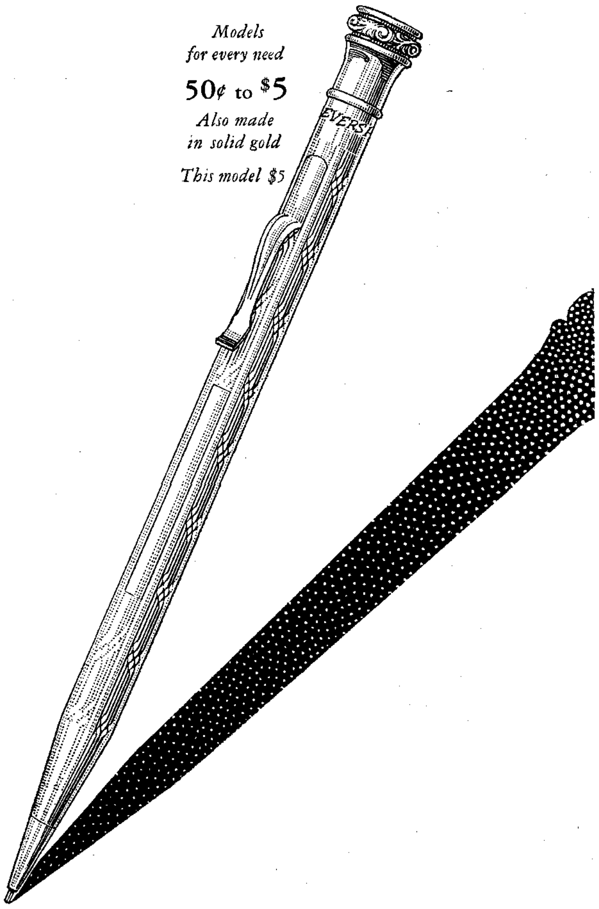
> Two men of the "bad" type, of the kind that are always ostentatiously wicked when the eyes of the multitude are upon them, started in to raise a disturbance in a Mexican cantina. They were boisterous, mean, and were evidently in search of trouble. They found it. Not long after they had begun their celebration, a little blue-eyed Ranger, whom I had known for years, came into the saloon, and, going up to the pair at the bar, remonstrated with them about their behavior. When he spoke to them his voice was low and calm, and carried with it no anger and no threat.
>
> The reply that he received, however, was very different. "Oh, hell!" said one of the pair. "We know about you and that's why we come down here. They say you're some quick with that gun of yours, but we're some quick ourselves, and we're just a—"
>
> But that was as far as that speech ever got. The eyes that had been as clear and calm as a summer sky changed into sharp metal points; the nerves that had been those of a tombstone transformed themselves into piano wires, and before anybody could see how any of it happened, the Ranger had jerked his gun off his hip, had slapped the speaker into a state of perfect insensibility with the barrel of the weapon, and, with the muzzle of it uncomfortably impinging against the vitals of the other "bad" man, was saying, calmly, "Pick up that pardner of yours and bring him along while I lock you both up."

Just a small job for an otherwise dull afternoon, but, oh, how helpful! All Rangers, we are reminded, had roving commissions with authority to act anywhere, any time. And wherever they were, like an army officer, they were always "on duty." The long, lanky drawling chap who lounged in the square, could go into action as quick and as joyous as a bobcat, "in the naame o' the staate o' Teehxas." So when a Ranger dropt casually into town, that particular town was likely to enjoy a short season of much-needed rest. Mr. White continues:

> I can recall in the early history of El Paso the story of a wild night in which a gang of gamblers, gunmen and imported Eastern toughs shot up the place from one end to the other, defied the local authorities, robbed a number of people and literally "took the town." For the good people in the place the outlook was decidedly bad; the tough element was in supreme control, and then suddenly, just as if they had been rained down by Providence, three or four Rangers appeared upon the scene. The result was instantaneous, miraculous. The good citizens of El Paso breathed easy; the bad ones put their guns out of sight and kept quiet, and all that the Rangers did was to sit around their camp, roll cigarets and, once in a while, go over to the saloon and get a drink.
>
> It was just that quality in the Ranger, his ability to keep quiet and never start any trouble himself, coupled with his readiness to participate instantly in any trouble that anybody else started, that made him feared and admired in one quarter and feared and cordially hated in another.

Only such men as were known to be fearless, instinctively "quick on the trigger" and able to take precious good care of themselves in a "rough and tumble," ever "got on the Rangers." This stands to reason when beating up a Ranger would naturally be the highest possible honorary degree for an A-1 "bad man." On the shooting-finger of each Ranger perpetually depended the honor of the corps. Take such a body of men, says Mr. White, men who are brave, who can shoot straight, who believe that they are right, and they are well-nigh invincible.

From 1836 until 1874 we are told, the Rangers were principally



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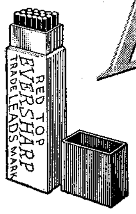

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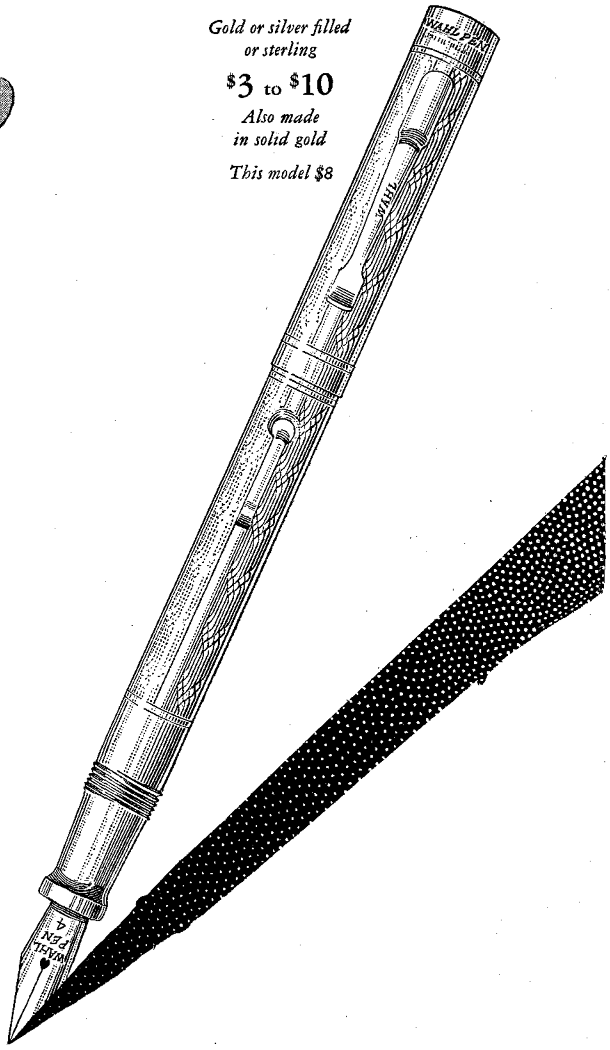

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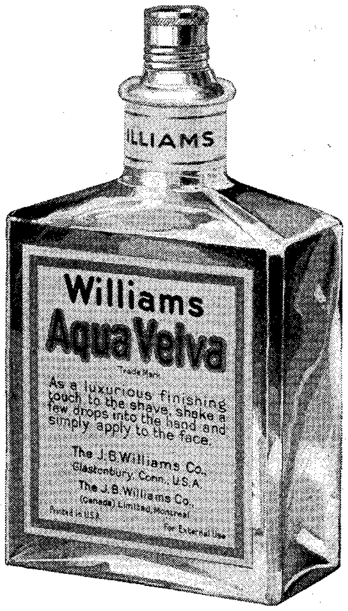
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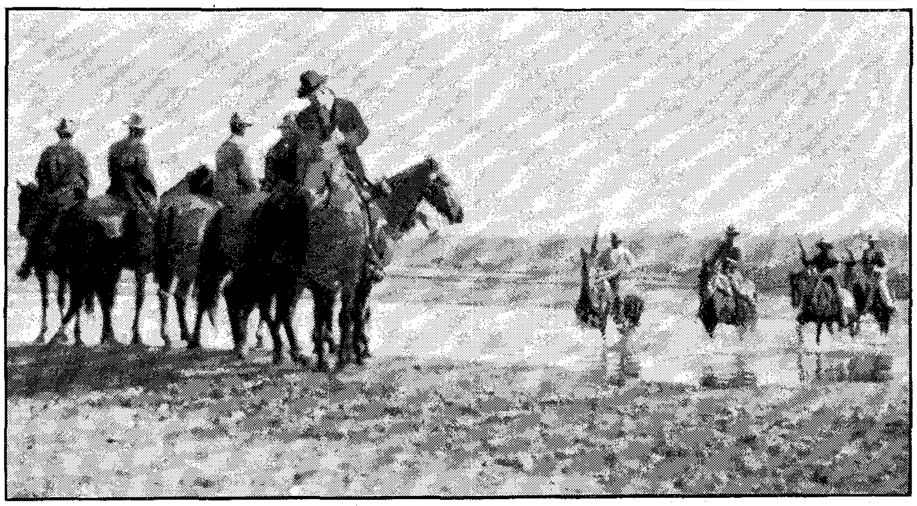
Digest 2-28-25

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

occupied in clearing the State of its Indian tormentors. By 1874 practically all the "bad Injuns" had either turned up their toes, or been driven up into "the Territory," or else far west of the Pecos River; so that particular peril to the settlers had ceased.

But then, the writer reminds us, began the really more serious trouble with the "bad man." With the dawn of prosperity for the State, wealth had increased and opened up a beautiful field for renegade white gamblers, gun-toters and cattle rustlers. Men of this kind flocked into Texas by droves, and business for the Rangers picked up amazingly.



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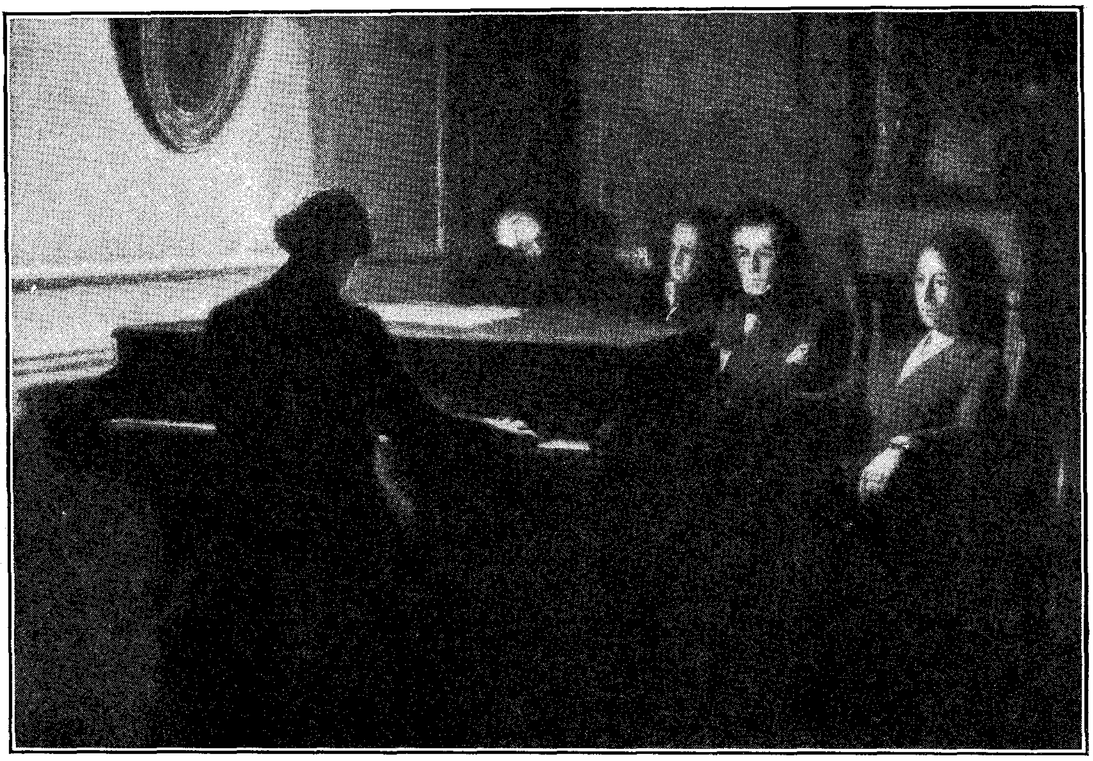
RANGER FACES MEXICAN AT THE BORDER

Dashing through the muddy shallows of the Rio Grande at full gallop, a band of Mexican rural police are coming to work with the Rangers, for the first time in the history of the border. This was the recent work in suppression of bootlegging either liquor or immigrants, at which they became altogether too efficient.

Their history is crowded with every form of deadly encounter, from five-minute two-gun brushes to bloody war on a county-wide scale. Wild night rides, deadly ambuscades, barroom scraps of the most venomous character, and single-handed captures of all sorts and conditions of outlaws fill the picture. Take, for instance, says Mr. White, the case of the celebrated Sam Bass:

> Sam Bass came into Texas from Indiana. In 1877 he drifted into San Antonio, annexed himself to a herd that was going out the long trail to Deadwood, Dakota, and worked his way north. After being paid off in Deadwood, and after having immediately lost all of his wages at the gambling table, Bass joined forces with five other men who were similarly broke and went down to Nebraska. At a place called Big Springs these six men held up a Union Pacific train and got away with $20,000 in gold.
>
> All the men implicated in this robbery, except Bass and one other man, who took his booty and went to South America, were eventually killed. Bass took his gold with him and went back to Texas, entirely ignoring the fact that his connection with the hold-up was well known and that there was a big price on him. When the outlaw arrived at Denton he secreted himself in a place known as the Elm Bottom, and was soon able, using his money as bait, to gather a gang around him. When he had recruited his force up to the number of ten he went into action, and he wasn't slow about it, either. Within the short space of two weeks he and his men held up four trains in the neighborhood of Fort Worth and Dallas, and, of course, the country at once flew to arms.
>
> Twenty or thirty different sheriff's posses took the trail, and for weeks Bass played hide and seek with them and never left the county. Finally at a battle on Salt Creek all of Bass's men, except two, were either captured or killed. After that Bass went into seclusion for a time, down in the Elm Bottom. A quiet life, however, proved uninteresting, and Bass and his two companions planned another robbery. It was gotten up for the entertainment of the citizens of Round Rock; it involved the daylight hold-up of a bank, and the day before it was scheduled to take place Bass and his men rode into the town to look the field over.
>
> Unfortunately for Bass, three or four Rangers who were looking for him happened to be in Round Rock on that morning, and as soon as the two parties recognized each other a gun battle started. When it was over Bass was mortally wounded, one of his men was killed and the other was gone. He had jumped on a horse and ridden away. During this fight, and due probably to that tombstone quality of the nerves which has already made them about two-fifths of a second quicker with a gun than anybody else, not a Ranger was hurt, altho a Deputy Sheriff, who shouldn't have been around when trouble was going on, was killed at the first fire.

This gang is only one of probably a score that made life a burden to Texans until the Rangers shot, rode, cut and hanged them out of existence. In most cases the attractive specimens of humanity that composed the outlaw bands were men who preferred death to arrest. In the majority of cases they got their wish. Of course, a few inadvertently lived to be hanged. The



*Chopin playing for his friends. Painted by Balestrieri.* P. © G.

# More than Chopin had in his studio you can now have in your home

THE studio of Chopin is always thought of as a shrine of music. On many occasions other great musicians—Liszt, Mendelssohn—met there and played their own compositions.

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

record for one year alone as given in *The Times* shows that the Rangers arrested ninety-seven murderers in the space of twelve months.

Now here is the sad part of the tale. Working industriously and fearlessly over a long period of strenuous years the Rangers' intense activity could have but one result. It had it. They succeeded in making Texas as quiet and peaceful as any State in the Union. At the same time they succeeded in working themselves out of a job. Mr. White concludes:

> Therein lies the secret of their present downfall. For the last ten or fifteen years the Rangers haven't been called upon to fight any Indians, capture any train-robbers or hang any cow-thieves. The result has been that, except for brief periods when they have been busy along the Mexican border or have had to quell a riot in the oil-fields, they have had nothing to do. Time has hung heavily on their hands, and as they do not like an idle life they have on many occasions assisted county officers, sheriffs and the like in carrying out their official duties. So long as this was all that they did, and so long as they were willing to take their orders from the county officials in county matters, everything was all right, and no one objected.

But now there began to appear upon the scene a new type of "bad man," against whom the cruder methods of the Ranger were not so effective. This bad man did not careen into town on a plunging cayuse with flame splitting the dark from either hand. Neither did he sneak quietly along the railroad embankment with a loaded quirt ready for the first unwary head. He roared down Main Street in a low-hung, red-bonneted roadster with a few "samples" in the rumble, and his trucks followed ponderously in the dead of night. The bootlegger, of course, but not the bootlegger of Sunday magazine fiction, was a smooth, polite spoken, crafty young man of the go-getter type with wide-bottomed trousers and a regimental-striped tie. He engaged in no rip-roaring forays at dawn. He submitted quietly, but he "had friends." His friends higher up were silent but persuasive. His customers wailed long and loud. The result of this unequal battle was a foregone conclusion. Furthermore, says the *Times* writer:

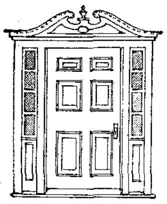
> When the Rangers, acting under orders from the Governor, of course, and carrying in their pockets commissions which gave them authority anywhere in the State, began to act as Prohibition officers, raiding hotels and arresting men with flasks on their hips, why then everybody objected. In a small way it is a question of "State's rights." Have the central authorities in Austin got the power to send their officers into the counties and enforce the law—especially when that law is an unpleasant one to the majority of the people of Texas? The people say "No!" most emphatically "No!" The court says "No!" and hence the Rangers are no more.

But even tho the Rangers have passed away, have gone out ingloriously as a collateral victim of the Volstead Law, they have left behind them a record which in its excellence and its picturesqueness is unexcelled by that of any other body of men known to history.

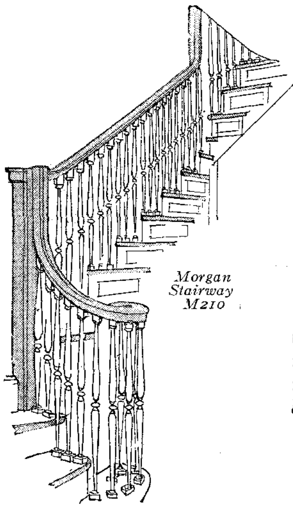
## THE HORRIFIC HELLS OF THE HEATHEN CHINEE

THAT blazing fiery furnace of punishment which made our grandparents tremble may be going out of fashion in the West, but in China, reports a recent investigator, it remains very much on the job. In fact, hell is so real to the people "that there are special temples, with groups of terrifying plaster statuary, where paterfamilias can take the family on Saturday afternoons and show naughty children—and grown-ups too—the terrifying punishments prepared for the past week's transgressions." There is one particular place of this kind just outside of Peking, reports the investigator, Juliet Bredon, who writes of her experiences in *Asia.* This building is known by the name of "The Temple of the Eighteen Hells," because popular belief subdivides the infernal regions into eighteen (or ten) courts of punishment, somewhat after the manner of Dante's Inferno. These courts are truly worthy of being called "Chambers of Horrors." To quote from Miss Bredon's description:

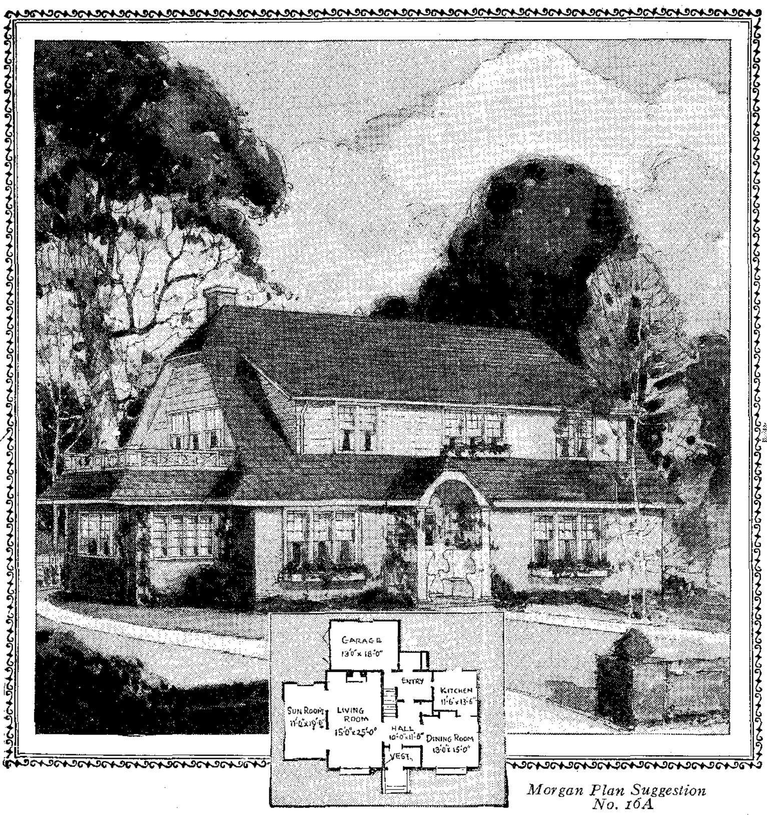
> The central courtyard, trimmed with dark cypresses, very grave and quiet, and tall marble stelæ on the backs of patient stone tortoises, is hemmed in on three sides by open galleries, subdivided into little square pens. Each of these contains a group of figures—fiends with grinning faces, engaged in their devilish work of vengeance upon miserable sinners.
>
> As the old caretaker conducts us along the veranda with picturesque overhanging eaves, where pigeons coo, and obligingly removes the wooden gratings before the various groups, he tells us the story of the temple and of its greatest treasure, which has disappeared.
>
> Once upon a time—oh, hundreds of years ago!—a famous priest was in charge of a tiny, tumble-down shrine that stood on this very site. Before he put on his monk's robe, he was a great artist. Always a lover of holy things, even in turbulent youth, he had devoted his talent to painting religious subjects. The most wonderful of all his pictures he had made from the memory of a terrible vision—the vision that had determined him to enter the priesthood. Upon a silken scroll he had traced exactly what he had seen—all the punishments of the various Taoist hells—and so realistically had he portrayed them with his skilful brush that the shadowy ghosts and their torturers appeared as living men. After completing his work, he shaved his head and retired from the world. A spirit messenger directed him to take up his abode in a small shrine, which was miserably poor. But when he exhibited his picture and preached of his vision, such crowds came to this humble place to look and listen that sometimes the box for offerings was filled to overflowing with copper cash.
>
> The fame of this holy man and his wonderful painting finally reached even to



*Morgan Entrance M50½*

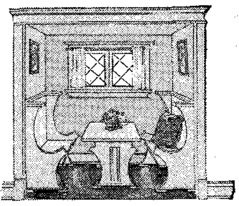


*Morgan Stairway M210*

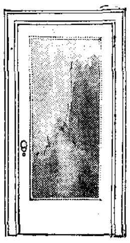


*Morgan Plan Suggestion No. 16A*

*Main Floor Plan*



*Morgan Breakfast Nook M392*



*Morgan Mirror Door M888*

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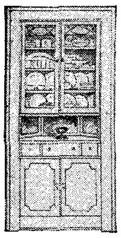

*Morgan China Case M375*

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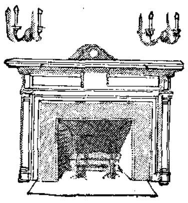

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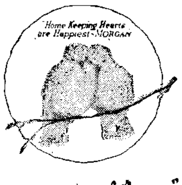

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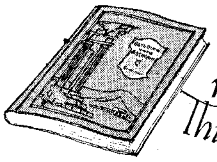

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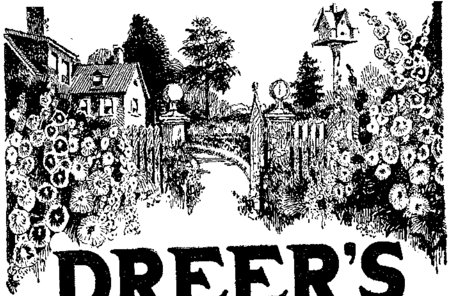

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

the palace, and the Emperor sent one of his officials to bring the artist and his work of genius to the court. Now, when the sovereign saw the scroll unfolded, he was unable to conceal his surprize at the vividness of the work. The tortured souls appeared to writhe as he looked at them, and he heard the sound of groans and shrieks. Moreover, the blood appeared really to be flowing from the wounds, so that he could not helping touching the picture. When he did so, he was amazed to find that his finger was not stained. Greatly desirous of possessing such a masterpiece, the Son of Heaven bade the owner name his price. But the monk respectfully answered: "This picture is the only thing of value I have in the world, and I am able to make a little money for the temple by exhibiting it. Therefore, I humbly beg that it may not be taken from me."

Enraged at the monk's refusal, the Emperor commanded that he should be given fifty taels of silver for his painting and a beating for his impertinence, and sent home. Thus the scroll remained in the palace. But next day, when, at the imperial order, it was unrolled in the presence of the assembled courtiers, to the amazement of every one, there was no picture there—nothing but a blank surface. Once again an official messenger was dispatched to the poor little shrine, this time to inquire how the monk had bewitched the scroll.

The retainer was astounded, on his arrival, to find the priest seated under a catalpa-tree in the courtyard with the same picture spread out before him in all its freshness and marvel, while he preached to the people as usual. When asked angrily for an explanation, he replied in the following words: "In every work of true inspiration there must be a soul. This soul acts independently of mortal desire; not even an earthly sovereign can command it. Perhaps the soul in a painting may refuse to be separated from the person who gave it life or from its rightful owner. Or it may, if it pleases, enter into another scroll—as a human spirit may choose to reincarnate itself in another body."

The messenger returned to his master and reported the strange assertions of the priest. "This monk must indeed be a holy man," said the Supreme Lord. "Return thou again to the temple and offer a much greater price for the genuine picture; for I desire it more than ever."

This time the monk agreed to accept the offer, on one condition. "Tell thy August Master," he said, "that I will sell my vision for a sum sufficiently great to rebuild this shrine and to make and place here representations of the 'Eighteen Hells' as a warning to future generations."

To this the Emperor agreed. Then the monk, who felt that his mission was now fulfilled, performed the rite of self-purification and made earnest prayers, after having practised great austerities on his body. When these rites were completed, he seated himself in the attitude of meditation under his beautiful tree, yielded up his spirit and was translated direct to the Abode of the Blessed.

The following morning the picture was brought once more to the foot of the throne and unwrapped. This time the vision appeared, indeed, as the holy monk had painted it, but the colors seemed to have faded. The devils appeared less devilish than before. The soul of the picture had taken flight with the soul of the artist, and what now appeared before the sovereign's astonished eyes represented a very great work of art, but no longer a living thing. Still, the Emperor kept his promise to the priest and personally ordered that the "Eighteen Hells" be well and realistically made as a warning to sinners for all time. As for the scroll in the temple, nothing whatever remained on it. Not a line nor a splash of color marred the whiteness of the silk.

"That is the story," concluded the old guardian, "of how this 'Temple of the Eighteen Hells' came to be built. They say, those who should know, that the painted vision is preserved in the palace collection. Here we still keep the blank scroll. If you care to see it . . ." We gazed reverently on the virgin sheet.

Any true believer who visits the representations of the "Eighteen Hells" must immediately turn from evil-doing. The fearsome kings of the infernal world who preside over the various courts of justice—or perhaps injustice—in the dreadful, dark regions under the ocean are enough to frighten the boldest into the path of virtue. Remember that none but the wholly righteous shall escape punishment, according to the Taoist faith. . . . "Alas! the wicked are many and the good are few."

Herbert A. Giles, recalls Miss Bredon, in an appendix to "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio," gives a translation of a well-known Taoist work describing the Ten Courts of Purgatory. According to this treatise:

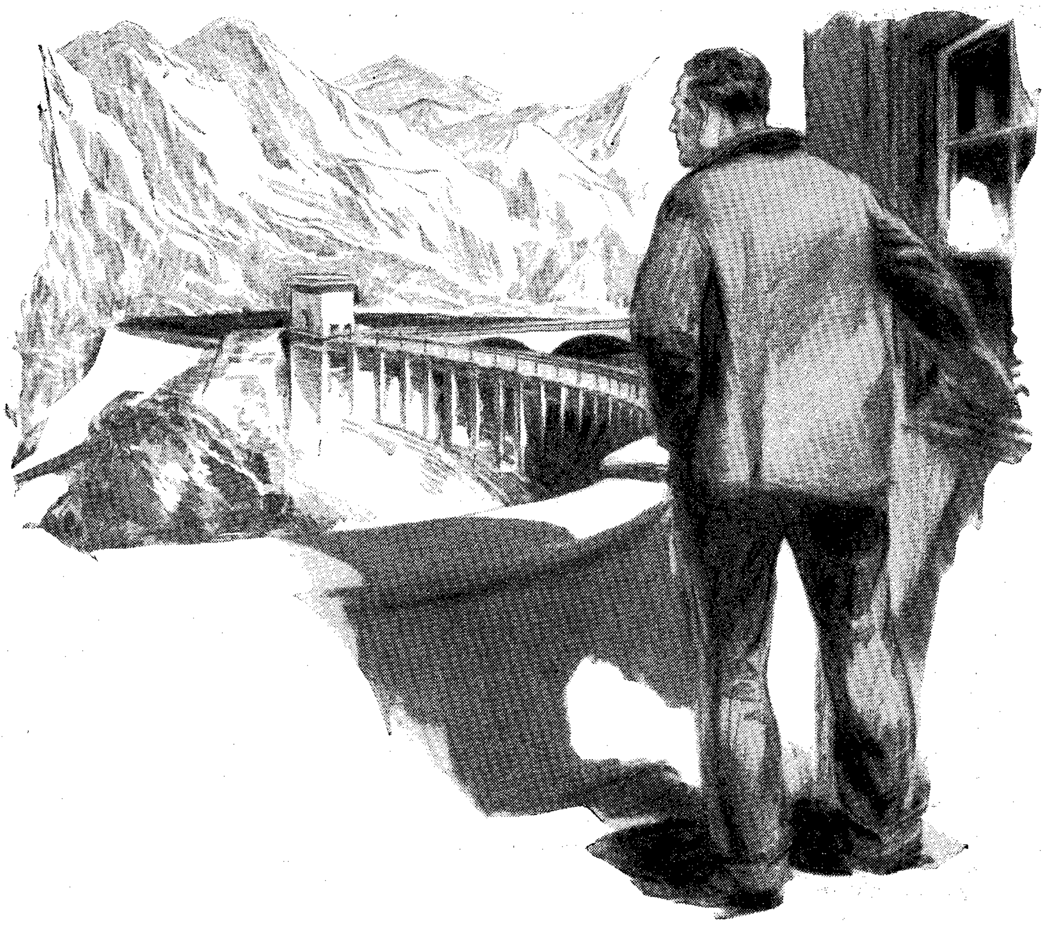
"Those who are disloyal, unfilial, who commit suicide, take life, or disbelieve the doctrine of Cause and Effect, saying to themselves that when a man dies that is an end of him, that when he has lost his skin he has already suffered the worst that can befall him . . . truly these do not know that the body alone perishes but the soul lives for ever and ever; and that whatsoever evil they do in this life, the same will be done to them in the life to come. All who commit such crimes are handed over to the everlasting tortures of hell."

Wicked souls, who have some good deeds to their credit, are sent first to the Terrace of the Mirror of Sin, where they see the naughtiness that possest their hearts while they were still among the living. What follows is a summary of Giles's account of their penitential experience.

After the questionable respite on the Terrace of the Mirror of Sin, they are sent to the First Court, to be registered, and thence are dispatched to the hells suited to their particular crimes. Suicides, for example, go to the Hunger and Thirst section, and every day from seven to eleven o'clock they suffer again all the bitterness of death. Should they attempt to frighten mortals by appearing to them as ghosts, they are seized by black-faced, long-tusked devils, tortured and teased and then "finally thrust into the great Gehenna, forever to remain hung up in chains, and not permitted to be born again."

The Second Court consists of black clouds, everlasting sand-storms, mud and filth, a forest with sword-pointed leaves, rivers of lime to drink—a prohibition desert, indeed! Presumably the ladies are in the majority in the ward occupied by all those who falsely state their ages.

The Third Court is the abode of inferiors who fail in the duty of gratitude toward their superiors, those who enjoy the light of day without reflecting on the imperial bounty, those who injure the bones of the



# He tends prosperity's gate

*Acres of hoarded water . . . ripening fields and busy towns in the valley below . . . sluices flung wide with life and hope when threat of drought impends! . . . Supply and need brought together by the man on the dam. . . . So, too, the Ætna-izer "tends prosperity's gate" . . . brings to you now a plan of definite financial help so valuable in time of trouble . . . represents a force of accumulated resources strongly fortified. . . . He merits your confidence as a man-worth-knowing!*

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*ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT* dead, who promote litigation or commit similar crimes. Sinners such as these find themselves in a hell where "above, below, and all round, the eye rests upon Salt alone. The shades feed upon it, and suffer horrid torments." Or they are perpetually pierced through the ribs or have their faces scraped with copper knives or their hearts scratched.

In the Fourth Court erring shades are hung up and water is continually poured over them. Those who cheat the customs—ladies beware!—or evade taxes or refuse to pay their rent or sell sham medicines have their livers squeezed or suffer other indignities. Those who throw into the street broken bottles or cups that have contained medicine, as well as those who allow their mules or ponies to be a nuisance to other people, are placed under heavy pieces of wood or stone and crusht.

The Fifth Court is the abode of hardened sinners, non-worshipers and skeptics, magicians, sorcerers, evil speakers and slanderers, those who tyrannize over the weak but cringe to the strong, those who destroy or hunt living creatures. This division of hell, let us add, is always overcrowded. Before the shades are sent to the various wards of the Fifth Court they are dragged to the See-one's-home Terrace, to gaze in bitter anguish on their lost homes and to perceive the results of their evil actions.

"This Terrace is curved in front like a bow; it looks east, west and south. It is eighty-one *li* from one extreme to the other. The back part is like the string of the bow; it is enclosed by a wall of sharp swords. It is 490 feet high; its sides are knife-blades; and the whole is in sixty-three stories. No good shade comes to this Terrace; neither do those whose balance of good and evil is exact. Wicked souls alone behold their homes close by and can hear and see what is going on. They hear old and young talking together; they see their last wishes disregarded and their instructions disobeyed. Everything seems to have undergone a change. The property they scraped together with so much trouble is dissipated and gone. The husband thinks of taking another wife; the widow meditates second nuptials. Strangers are in possession of the old estate; there is nothing to divide among the children. Debts long since paid are brought again for settlement, and the survivors are called upon to acknowledge claims upon the departed. Debts owed are lost for want of evidence, with endless recriminations, abuse and general confusion. . . . He (the departed) sees his children become corrupt, and his friends fall away. Some, perhaps, for the sake of bygone times, may stroke the coffin and let fall a tear, departing quickly with a cold smile. Worse than that, the wife sees her husband tortured in the *yamen;* the husband sees his wife the victim to some horrible disease, lands gone, houses destroyed by flood or fire, and everything in unutterable confusion—the reward of former sins." As Giles says, "For once the gross tortures of Chinese Purgatory give place to as refined and as dreadful a punishment as human ingenuity could well devise."

The Sixth Court is the place of punishment for all those who show disrespect for paper that contains writing, who use dirty cook-stoves for preparing sacrificial meats, who buy up grain and hold it until the price is exorbitantly high. They are either enclosed in a net of thorns and nipt by locusts or else bitten by rats, licked by flames, or subjected to equally unpleasant punishment. Going further on in this curious Inferno:

The Seventh Court is allotted to the people who break up dead men's bones and sell them for medicine—an abominable habit, truly! Here, also, dwell those who must expiate the sin of having spent more on wine than they should have, or who were guilty of stealing from coffins.

And so goes the chapter of horrors, covering all sixteen wards of each of the Taoist Courts of Purgatory. We notice a dreadful group, where sinners are being disemboweled; another where they are about to be cast into a fiery furnace or sawed in half or ground between upper and nether mill-stones. The unfilial are having their marrow cauterized. Adulterers are shown their former evil births—a frightful vision. "Released from the bonds of a single Self, they become hundreds and thousands, and fear with the terror of thousands, and despair with the anguish of thousands, and shudder with the agony of thousands, yet know the pleasure of none. All joys, all delights, appear but mists and mockeries; only the pain and the fear of discovery are real and always, always growing."

After all the shades of men and women have been passed on to the Tenth Court, and before they are returned to earth to fulfil their various destinies of rebirth, they are dosed with a concoction of herbs on the Terrace of Oblivion, by means of which they forget everything that has previously happened.

The regulations of the Taoist hells also provide that all beasts, birds, fishes and insects, whether biped, quadruped or polypod, shall, after death, become ghosts of ghosts to be reborn for long or short lives alternately. But such as may possibly have taken life and such as have necessarily taken life must first pass through the fiery furnace. If through three existences they do not destroy life, they are rewarded by a rebirth among human beings.

When we have made the round of all the "Eighteen Hells," we inquire with a shudder whether no mortals can escape punishment. There are many patient Chinese whose lives touch ours in humble ways, and it would grieve us bitterly to think of them as doomed to torture. Luckily there is a loophole of escape. The guardian explains that Pusa, the Savior—a kind of late Taoist Bodhisattva—especially recommended the judges of the Inferno to take note of every human being who "vows to lead a virtuous life and repenting, promises to sin no more. Two punishments shall be remitted him. And if, in addition to this, he succeeds in doing five virtuous acts, then he shall escape all punishment and be born again in some happy state—if a woman she shall be born as a man. But more than five virtuous acts shall enable such a soul to obtain the salvation of others, and redeem wife and family from the tortures of hell."

"Perhaps," says our guide, "the honorable foreigner thinks concerning these things that they are foolish?"

"No, Elder Brother. Even in the West there have been many men who believed such things. And are not all lessons admirable that teach the people to 'go and sin no more'?"

# UNCLE SAM AS A JOB-GETTER EXTRAORDINARY

THERE WAS AN ATLANTA MAN who valued his services at $10,000 a year, but he had been ill for some time, and he was out of a job. Formerly he had been an official of a large commercial enterprise, and there was no question of his ability. Somewhere the man—call him Henry Black—had heard of the United States Employment Service. Perhaps not a large proportion of the citizens of this country have ever heard of the United States Employment Service, even tho, according to its director, Francis I. Jones, it is the largest employment agency in the world, and during the past year found work for not less than two million men, women, and minors of legal working age. However, this Mr. Black, luckier than most people out of jobs, heard of Uncle Sam's job-getting bureau and then, as Director-General Jones reports in a recent article in the New York *Times:*

"Of course," mused Mr. Black, "they can find work for laborers and hands for the farms, but I don't see how that's going to help me." Still—

Henry Black put on his hat and hunted up the Atlanta Federal Employment Service director.

"You find jobs for people—$10,000 jobs?" he asked.

The director smiled.

"Are you a $10,000 man?" he asked.

"I am," replied Henry Black.

"Of course there is not an overabundance of such jobs vacant," the official said, "but if you actually are a $10,000 man, I don't see why we can't try to place you."

Henry Black sketched an outline of his experience and qualifications and soon the machinery of the Government was stirring in his behalf.

From the offices of all local Federal employment directors there issues at stated intervals a mimeographed form describing persons who seek work. It goes to employers of all kinds throughout that territory. The next one to issue from the Atlanta office contained a terse sketch of Henry Black, $10,000 executive. A copy of the form fell into the hands of one of a group of men who were forming in Atlanta a new corporation. The group was in the market for a man of sufficient business stature to become its President and General Manager. Henry Black seemed worth looking up. A meeting was arranged and a favorable impression was created on both sides. Negotiations were conducted through the Federal director, and at length the promoters of the new company were satisfied they had found the man they sought. A contract calling for a salary of $10,000 in return for the services of Henry Black was duly drawn and signed.

Uncle Sam's employment bureau, according to its Director-General, now operates through the employment services of 39 States and the District of Columbia, as well as through various municipalities and civic organizations. Continuing with a more general report of the bureau's activities, Mr. Jones writes:

The motto of the United States Employment service is "Bringing Together the Jobless Man and the Manless Job." And because of the system of cooperation between State

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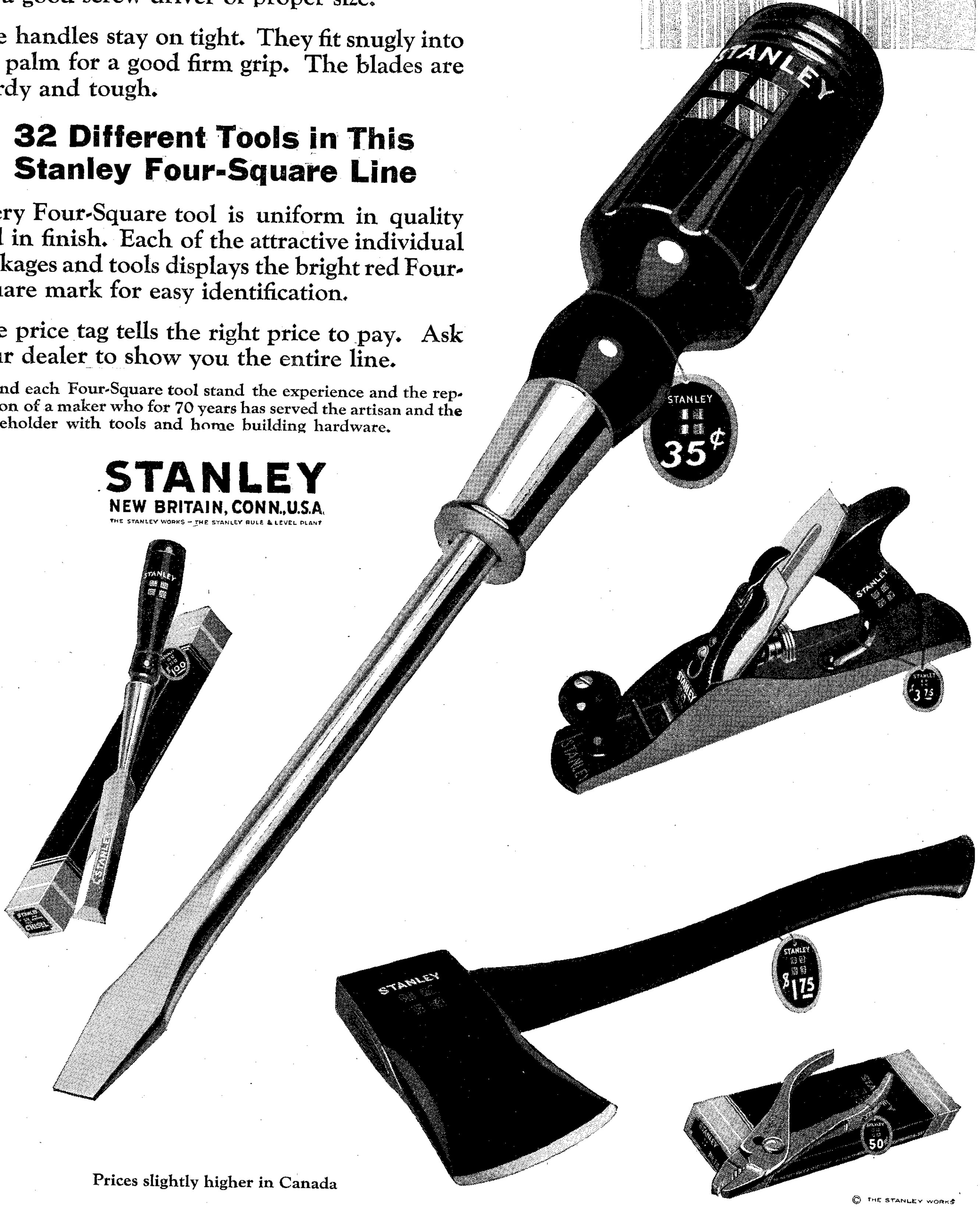

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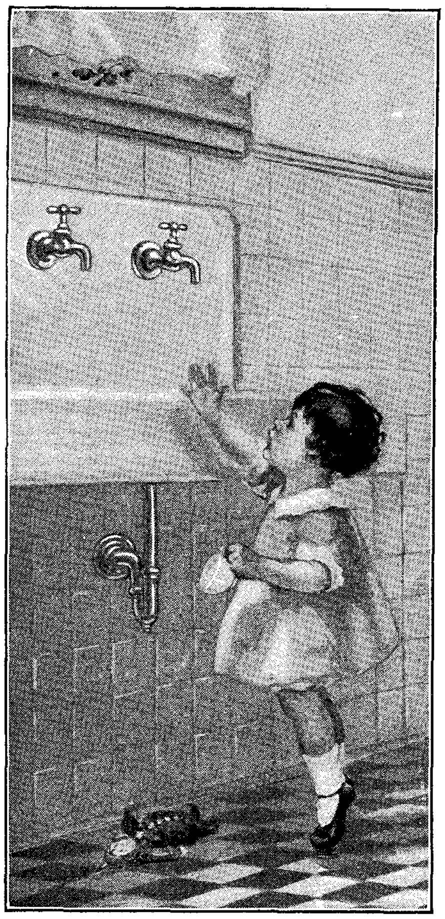

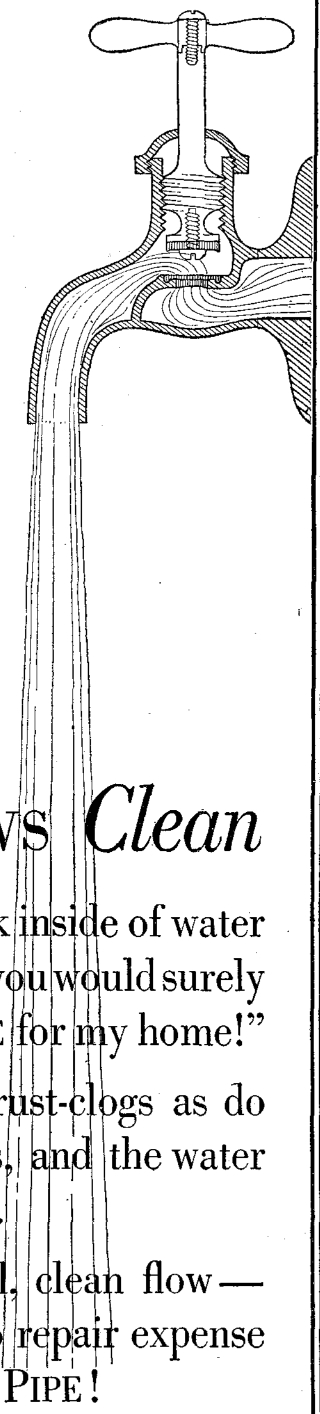

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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES
*Continued*

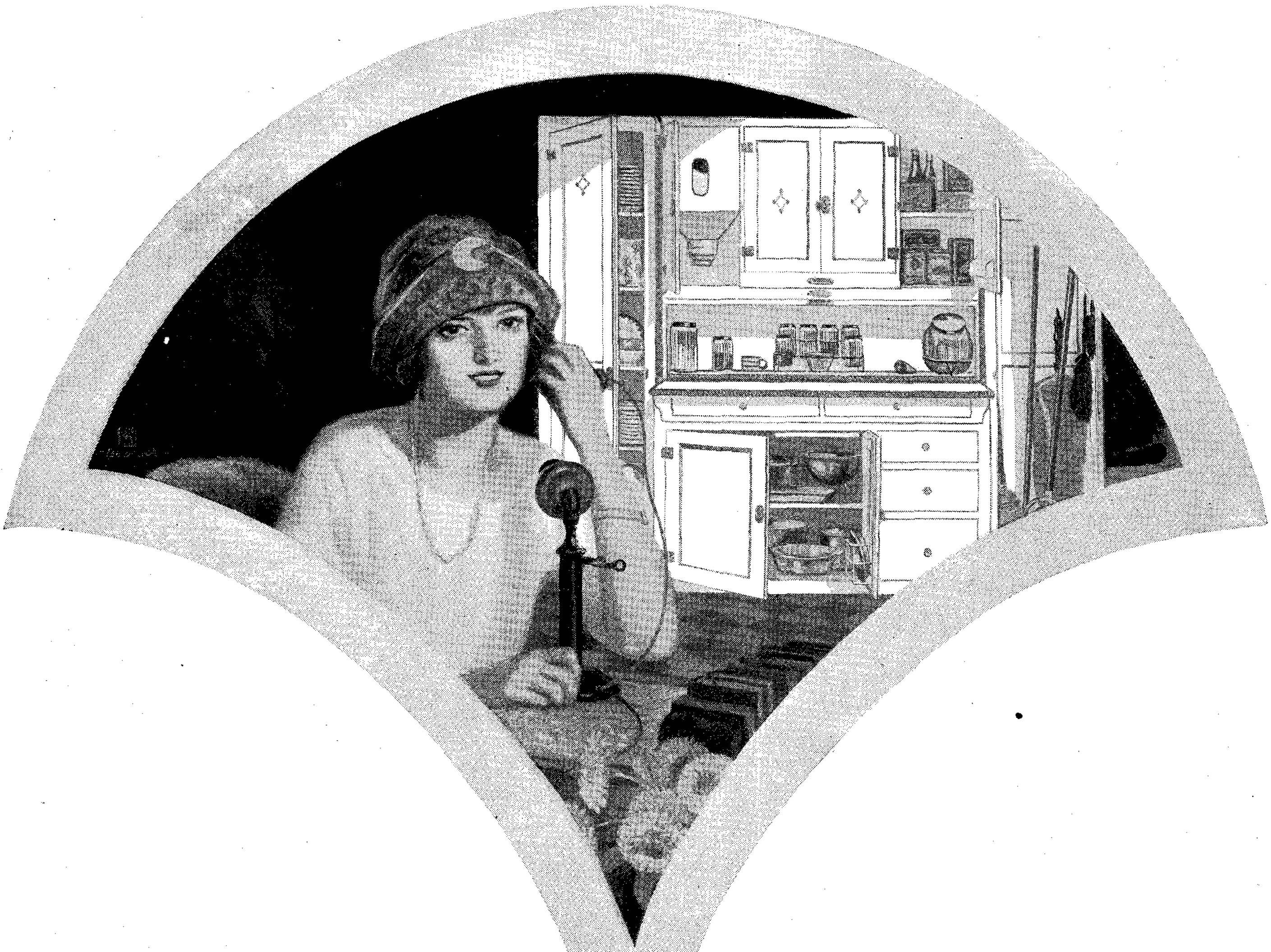
employment bureaus and municipal agencies and the Federal Government there are available to us resources for achieving this that are duplicated nowhere else on earth.

There undoubtedly exists a wide-spread notion that the United States Employment Service concerns itself only with the recruitment and placement of unskilled labor and farm-hands. Extensively as we are occupied with these classes of workers, they far from monopolize our attention. No matter what the applicant may be, artizan or artist, stevedore or stenographer, white-collar man or no-collar man, scythe-swinger or scientist, the Employment Service stands ready with its country-wide resources to connect man and job.

The files of the Employment Service show work found in a great variety of occupations. Workers in stores, offices, factories, mines and on farms were placed this year by the thousands, of course, but employment was also found for life-guards, saxophonists, humane officers, social service workers, artists' models, foreign correspondents, interpreters, and cartoonists, to mention only a few of the less usual occupations noted in the reports.

The case of the $10,000-corporation-president in Atlanta, according to Mr. Jones, while out of the ordinary, of course, was by no means unique. Other positions paying salaries running well into four figures were filled by applicants registered with the Employment Service. The Director-General of the Bureau mentions that a business reorganizer in Washington earning $7,500 a year and a factory manager in Detroit paid $6,000 are but random examples. However, he goes on:

> It is not merely an emotionless business of putting men and women and jobs together for the economic welfare of the individual. Behind the official reports there is often to be found a background of poignant human appeal.
>
> The sister of a disabled World War veteran was employed in the Veterans' Bureau at Washington, devoting all her hours of freedom to the care of her invalid brother, all that remained of her family. But the uncertain climate of the Capital was found not conducive to the recovery of his health. California was recommended by the doctor, but the migration of the boy and his loyal sister seemed impossible of achievement. They had money enough to take them there—and that was all. If the girl failed to find work at once the compensation drawn by the brother would be insufficient to support them.
>
> A friend suggested appeal to the Employment Service. The Director of the service in Los Angeles was apprized of the urgency of the case, and by the time brother and sister were ready for the journey, a position was assured the girl upon their arrival.
>
> Another transcontinental journey made possible by the Employment Service had an equally happy ending. It might be called "From Coast to Coast on a Twenty-Page Leaflet."
>
> John Doughboy for months had sought in vain to obtain from the Government hospitalization on account of defective teeth. His claim was disallowed, however,



*The modern kitchen cabinet is just as necessary as the telephone*

And let it flame in the mind of every woman in America that no other piece of furniture can do so much toward freeing her from an age-old bondage. This modern equipment, by which household work is raised to a higher plane, is in very truth a scientifically worked out laboratory for the reduction of labor in skillful preparation of better foods. Built-in cupboards do not serve this purpose. A new birthright is this fine kitchen cabinet idea—multiplying woman's powers, hence as vital to her as the motor car or the telephone.

*Here is high expression of the kitchen cabinet builder's art*

"Fifteen famous features," a surpassing combination of convenience and sanitation, give this new Sellers Klearfront the distinction of marking a high point of progress in scientific kitchening. Matchless beauty, together with every desired factor of efficiency contributing to the ideal cabinet. All shown in booklet D-2, gladly sent by G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. Canadian branch, Brantford, Ontario. See the cabinet, a masterpiece in white or French gray, at the better shops. Dealers gladly offer convenient terms.

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

*Continued*

on the ground that the condition was not of service origin. He was convinced of the validity of his claim and was sure that if he could lay his case before officials at Washington he would get relief. Still, he was virtually penniless, and the Capital was 4,000 miles away. That seemed to end the matter, but he didn't quit.

One day he ran across a copy of The Directory of Public Employment Offices, published by the United States Employment Service. Turning the pages idly, he noted that State by State and city by city these offices formed an unbroken if zigzag trail from ocean to ocean. It gave him thought.

"Why," thought he, "can I not at each one of these offices get work, at anything, that will give me enough jack to carry me over the next hop?"

And so he started. When he reached Washington, many weeks later to be sure, he had traveled the entire distance from San Francisco without stealing a ride or begging a meal.

An American citizen, disabled while serving with the Canadian forces overseas, found himself stranded and handicapped not only by his infirmities but also by an almost total lack of qualifications to hold a job. But he knew dogs, their care, breeding and training. He entrusted his future to the United States Employment Service and eventually carried in his pocket a contract for his services as trainer of canine movie actors for a large New York film corporation.

That the United States Employment Service has actually saved hopeless men and women from self-destruction, there can be no doubt. An instance was the case of a former Judge and Secretary of State of a Southern commonwealth, who found himself on the threshold of old age, destitute and with nothing but a black future stretching out before him. Of relatives he had none remaining, and the friends of better days one by one had dropt out of his life, leaving to him finally only a handful of fellow ineffectuals. Among these it was no secret that this broken man contemplated suicide, but they were as helpless as he. All but one.

This one had heard of the United States Employment Service, and he timidly suggested an appeal to it. The service machinery whirred in its routine way but could convince no one that the former Judge was worthy of employment in any capacity. The situation was desperate and a special cause was made of the case. After weeks of patient perseverance, the service found a man willing to give the derelict a chance as watchman on a building construction. Not much of a niche in the world where as jurist and high State official he had once wielded power and dwelt in affluence. But something. Pride could not be permitted to be an obstacle, and the aged man gratefully embraced his opportunity and embarked upon his simple duties. The man has made good. But, most of all, he has found contentment and is at peace with a world that seemed about to crush him.

Valuable as is the assistance the United States Employment Service gives men and women in finding jobs, not less valuable in many instances is it to employers, through providing them with workers who can not only hold the positions found for them but in many cases prove worthy of promotion. The following are a few random examples from the files of just one regional director:

Employment was found for a widow with dependent children as linen-room woman in one of the largest hotels in the city. She has now risen to the post of head housekeeper.

A young man who was first tried as private secretary to an official of a department store. Successive promotions have resulted in his becoming assistant general manager of the store.

Another youth was sent to a United States Senator as chauffeur. By study he fitted himself for office work and now is the Senator's assistant secretary.

A boy who entered one of the Government departments as a clerk is now assistant director of one of its most important bureaus.

Even tho applicants register with the Employment Service with no apparent qualifications, says the director, their cases are not considered hopeless. There was, for instance—

A young woman of 30, absolutely without business training of any kind. She was encouraged to study stenography, and when she had finished her course a post was found for her as secretary to a high official in the business world.

In its present operations the United States Employment Service has found rigid decentralization the most effective means of accomplishing results. Accordingly its personnel in Washington totals only fifteen, including the director-general, his assistants and the clerical force. This office concerns itself mainly with the dissemination, through a monthly bulletin, of information concerning the trend of employment in the United States, and as a clearing-house.

In States not having public employment service to cooperate with the Federal Government, liaison is maintained with municipalities and the American Legion. Financial assistance is given the State services out of the Federal appropriation, as well as office space in Federal buildings, furniture, standard office forms and the franking privilege.

In cases of oversupply of labor the United States Employment Service functions as the clearing-house between States, as in the case of the bituminous miners, thousands of whom were placed in road and building construction in other localities when a great unemployment problem developed in the soft-coal fields a few months ago.

That the maintenance of a strong public employment service (use of the term "free" employment service has been officially banned) is imperative is my firm conviction. The finding of employment for men out of work is a necessary public function. If it is the duty of organized Government to provide schools to educate its future citizens, is it not reasonable for the same government organization to supply the machinery whereby its citizens may find suitable work? A man without a job is as helpless as a child without an education. Nothing on earth is so important to a man as a job. As it is, too little attention is paid to the assembling and distribution of human labor. There is no question that the collection of materials is a proper function of corporations and private enterprise, but the dealing with the human element, the movement of labor and the protection of its right, should not be left entirely to profit-earning organizations or to fee-charging agencies.

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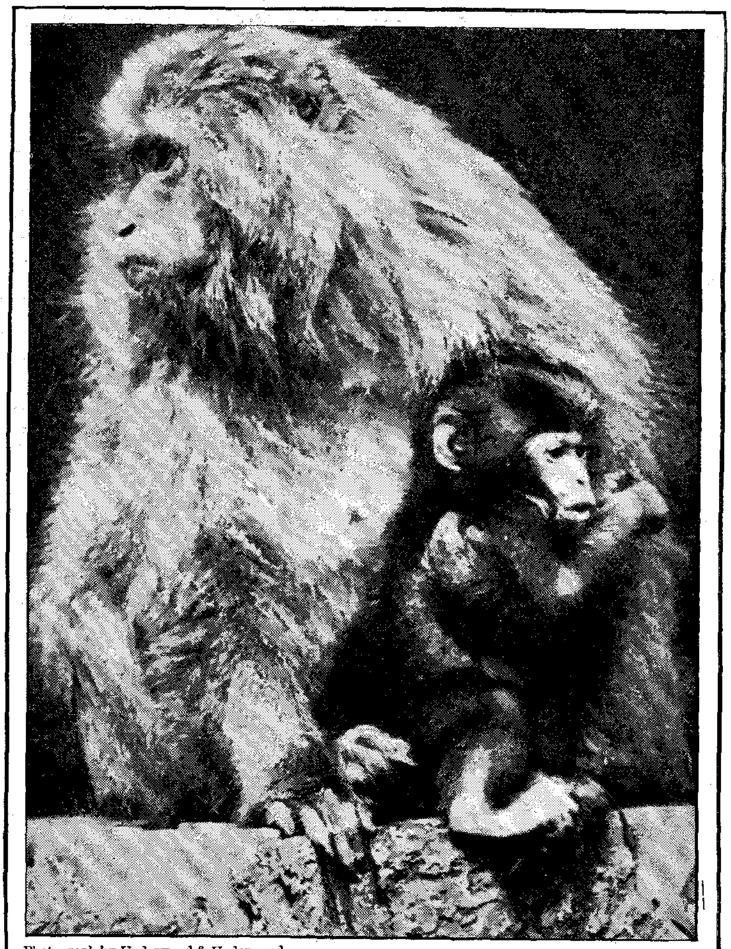
# BIRDS-BEASTS-AND-TREES

## A VISIT TO THE MONKEYS AND LEOPARDS AT HOME

RUDOLF REQUADT, the young ethnologist, who was in Africa studying the wild tribes of Swaziland, gave a start as he heard the shrill cry of an eagle circling just above him, for a story which the Kaffir boy had told him was still vivid in his mind, and it may also have had some bearing on his attitude toward what happened later. "Once," said the Kaffir, who was sitting beside him in the blazing heat of the jungle, "I was hunting in the early morning, and all at once I heard a loud, rushing sound, followed by many shrieks, and looking up I saw an eagle holding a little monkey in its talons. The mother monkey was swinging in the top branches of a tree making wild cries of grief and protest." The little forest tragedy held Mr. Requadt's attention for a few moments, and then he turned his thoughts to the business which had brought him in the early dawn to the mountain fastnesses of the monkey tribes, which the natives said often descended in great numbers on their small gardens and destroyed all the results of their labor.



*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*

"THEY ARE SHREWDER THAN MANY HUMAN BEINGS"

Mother love, and even a kind of family affection, are also strongly developed among our simian relatives, says an explorer who presents some illuminating sidelights on monkey life.

The Kaffirs felt, perhaps with justification, that the monkeys were their bitter enemies, and when the alarum came would sally forth to fight them to the death, and save their precious crops. The boys who were with Requadt thought the monkeys lived in the caves of the precipice, and so, he says in the *Koelnische Zeitung*, as quoted in *The Living Age*, they turned their steps toward a long wooded ridge:

As we were thus advancing very slowly, stopping and listening at almost every step, we made out a number of black forms in a distant tree, swinging from branch to branch. We were still watching them, when we were startled by a tremendous noise that drew our attention to the opposite height, where a whole troop of monkeys rushed out of a cave and, yelping shrilly, rolled and tumbled across a little grass plot. When they reached the middle of the grassy plot, they turned abruptly and soon were out of sight over the top of the hill.

Encouraged by this sight, we climbed the height and soon discovered a number of caves half hidden in the bushes. We could see by the disturbance of the dew on the foliage that the occupants had just left. Paths led to some of these dens, showing that they were tenanted by large troops.

At first the blacks suggested that we lay our snares along these paths, but they finally decided that we had left too obvious traces of our presence here, and that it would be better to find a more isolated cave elsewhere, which they could approach without disturbing the surrounding vegetation. So, leaving me behind, they stole off through the bushes on this errand.

Before long the three black boys returned. "Each of us has set a snare," the boys reported, "but we must go back in that direction, so that we can rush up quickly if a monkey is caught, or else he will strangle himself."

I joined the most responsible fellow of the three, and we two were soon seated on the edge of a hollow, examining the scene below us. Across this gully lay a little clearing, facing a cave invisible from our observation point, where a few ears of corn were strewn on the ground. I kept close watch with my field-glass. The black boy explained: "I laid the snare the best I could, but you must not feel sure we'll catch one. Monkeys are shrewder than many human beings. Altho they're not hunted much in this vicinity, they'll wonder how those ears of corn got in front of their cave."

By noon the heat became intense. The black took this for a signal that the monkeys would soon return to their caves. We redoubled our vigilance, and soon discerned the backs of several creeping through the bushes in the distance. As they were moving toward the place where the other snares were set, we listened eagerly for the shout of triumph that we knew the watchers there would give if they made a capture. Finally a wild shout mingled with a monkey's scream told us that the other boys had made a capture. We hurried in his direction, and were joined by the third boy before we reached our destination.

Arriving at the scene of all the outcry, we found our black boy holding by the tail a monkey which he had caught in a noose that had fallen directly around its throat. He was trying to prevent the captive from strangling itself in its desperate efforts to get away. The poor fellow was already bleeding from several vicious bites, which he had received in the effort. We quickly tied the animal's hind legs, but it proved impossible to tie the fore legs. The monkey's sharp teeth and powerful hands were too much for us. So we decided to tether it to a tree until it was exhausted or at least until we had rested a little.

As soon as the excitement of the capture was over, and the black boy had caught his breath, he pointed into the limbs of the tree and said: "The little one's there." We looked up in surprize. In fact, now that my attention was called to it, I could hear a whimpering sound in the foliage. At length we made out between the twigs a frightened-eyed little creature, watching with evident distress his captured mother. The sight brought a quick pang of pity to my heart. I looked at the old monkey. She lay on her back, held by the noose around her hind legs and the noose around her neck, gazing intently at her young one.

"You should have told me before," I said to the black boys. "I don't want to catch a mother monkey." I stood irresolute a moment, but the whimpering voice above me was too much, and I said quickly to the blacks, "We must let her go again."

My companions stared at me uncomprehendingly for a moment, but I insisted that they cut the noose. In spite of their surprize, I felt that they really understood my motive. Finally one said: "It would be bad to let the monkey go entirely, for she would attack us furiously. It would be better just

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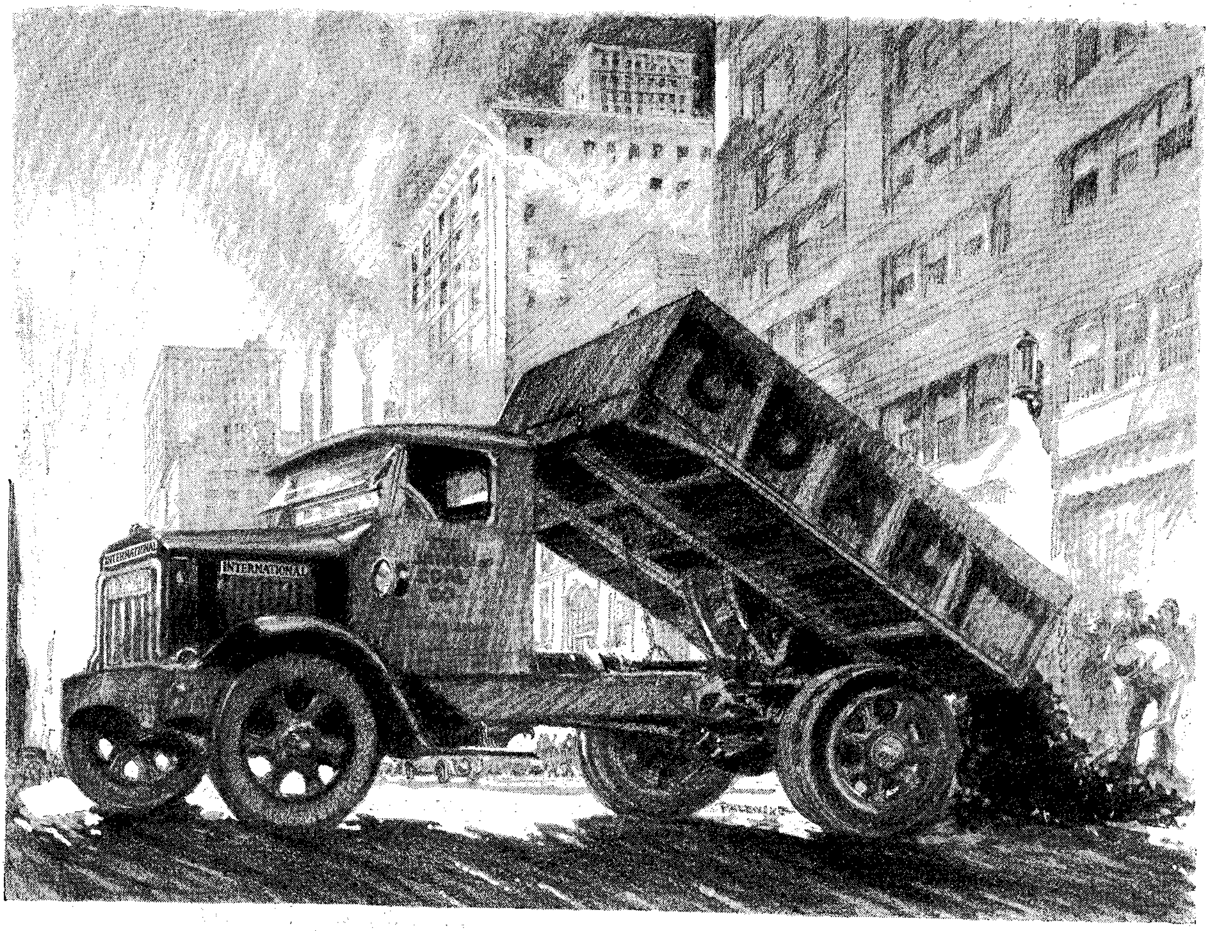

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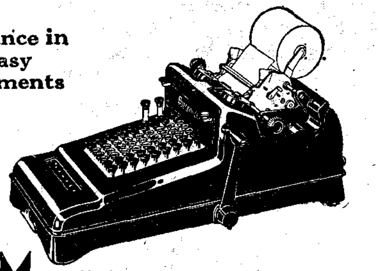

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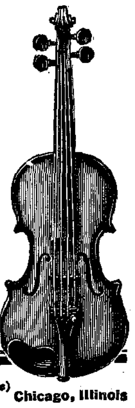

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## BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

*Continued*

to loosen the noose and she will free herself."

This sounded sensible. The blacks grinned amiably at the little fellow up in the tree, as if to make him understand, nodded in the same amiable way to the old monkey, stept cautiously back a little, and dropt the rope that held her.

The old monkey instantly assumed a sitting posture, and chatted what was apparently intended to be villainous abuse at us as we slowly withdrew. She continued this all the while we were hiding in the bushes to watch her free herself from the ropes. She stared for some little time at the point where she had last seen us, and then suddenly rolled over as if she were dead. I do not know whether she was really exhausted or whether it was a trick. A few seconds later she began to prattle softly to the little one in the tree, and the latter, who had been perfectly silent during our departure, answered.

After a few minutes of this the mother monkey climbed into the tree as far as the rope on her hind leg would let her, and a tiny brown creature, with a funny, foolish-looking little head and awkward movements, slipt down toward her. The mother monkey stretched one arm up as far as possible, and as soon as the little one was within her reach she lifted it lightly with her hand, and, letting herself down to the ground with her other arm, hugged it to her, uttering soft throat tones all the while. The little one nestled silently against its mother, while the latter carest it with indescribable tenderness. She licked its face and stroked it with the ends of her fingers as if to reassure herself that it was in her arms. Then she started to leave, but was brought to a quick halt by the rope.

Holding the young one with one arm, she jerked angrily at the tether with the other. She next examined, with a quick, curious bobbing of the head, the noose where her feet were tied, and the place where the rope was attached to a tree. Then she gave the rope a couple of vigorous pulls. When this proved of no avail, she began to scream angrily. That was repeated several times. At length she laid down her little one and began to gnaw the rope close to her feet. A few sharp bites severed it and left her free. Thereupon, taking her young one and looking cautiously in every direction, she vanished in the bushes.

It is always a fine thing to have good neighbors, but it is just as well, perhaps, that neighbors should have a decent sense of the correct time and method of making a call, and above all things it is not good manners to come leaping around after a person has retired for the night, or to announce an arrival by a fierce snort. That is exactly the kind of ill-bred neighbors, however, who came to see Mr. Requadt after dark, he says:

One night as I lay restlessly on my field bed unable to sleep, listening to the obscure noises of the forest and looking through the open tent-front toward the village at the foot of the little hill on whose slope I had made my camp, I saw the tent wall move and my ear caught a snarling snort outside, almost at my elbow. This made me give a sudden start that jarred the tent pole. The next instant an animal, which had evidently bounded high in the air, struck the ground with a heavy thud and a snarling growl that made me gasp with terror; for I realized in a flash that this nocturnal visitor was a leopard.

Before I could reach for my gun he started to run diagonally past the front of the tent, but catching sight of me stopt and stood motionless. He looked like a big dog in the moonlight. His head was turned intently toward me, his tail was stretched out rigidly in the grass, and one foot was lifted as if he were undecided whether or not to spring. I sat motionless, equally uncertain whether to reach for my weapon. The leopard's fiery eyes glared straight at me, and his ears were pointed forward like those of a cat watching a mouse. Altho I had a vague impression that the beast was more startled than angry, I could feel my hair rise on my head, and had a violent desire to end the situation no matter how. In a moment the leopard lowered his head, gave a low snarl, covered the breadth of the clearing in two light springs, and vanished into the shrubbery.

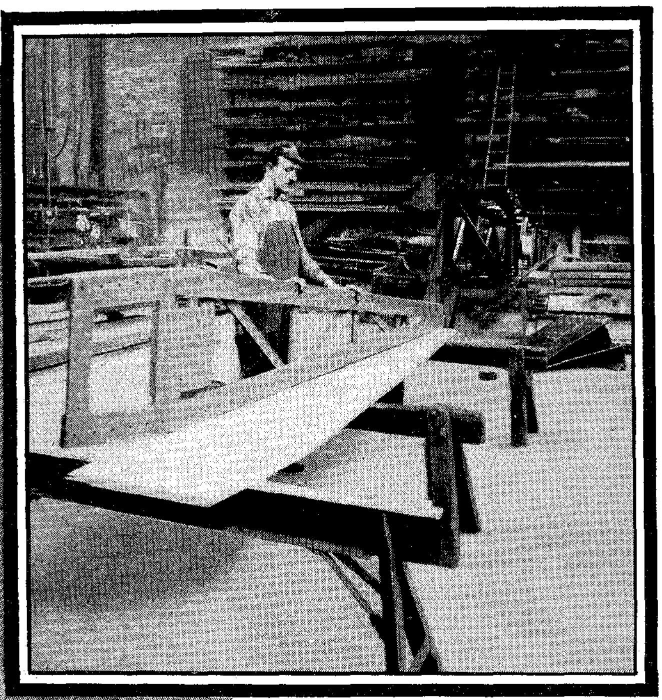
I had hardly time to catch my breath when he appeared from another direction, still glaring at me fixedly and looking more threatening than ever. In fact, he walked deliberately a step or two toward my tent, but then turned reluctantly into the thicket and a minute later I heard him dash wildly up the hill.

A few nights after the leopard visited my tent, I was awakened by a snuffling sound just outside. Jumping up with my revolver in my hand, I opened a flap and saw several leopards standing in a group in the moonlight and staring curiously at me. Half in anger and half in fright, I fired my revolver at them, whereupon they sprang high in the air and with one bound regained the forest and fled wildly up the hill.

Decidedly disturbed by the situation, I related my experience next morning in the village. The black boys grinned knowingly: "Leopards? Oha, oha! They often come." Listening patiently until I could untangle their story, I learned that these animals were found chiefly in certain mountains half a day's march from the village, close to a little pond.

A few days later I visited the place, guided by two black boys. I wanted to kill a leopard, and my companions promised me that I should find them near the pond. We pitched my tent in a hidden spot among the trees, from which, however, I could get a view of the whole extent of the tiny sheet of water and a considerable tract of forest around us. When darkness came we took up our watch at the tent door.

Watching intently, I saw first small animals come down to the margin of the lake to drink, and later a few larger animals. All drank hurriedly, and then vanished into the thickets from which they came. Toward midnight we imagined we saw a catlike shadow slink along the shore of the pond, but it vanished in a moment. Finally all the game had departed. The shores were silent; the black boys fell asleep. I continued my vigil, nevertheless, more alert than ever. Often I could hear the sound of a stealthy footstep in the neighboring thickets, and once I saw a startled wild hog trot hastily past. Finally there was a distant sound as if a puff of wind had swept through the forest, and I saw a long-legged antelope break out of the bushes across the pond and dart



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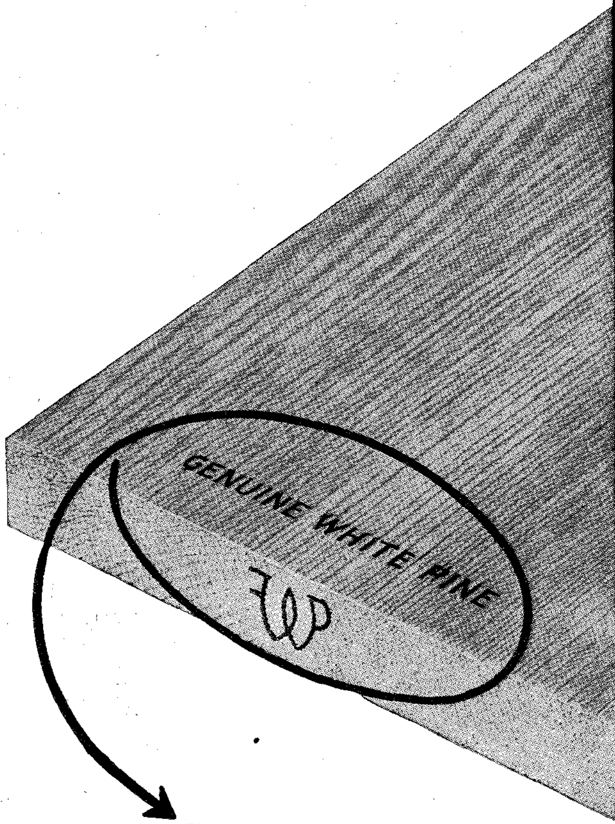

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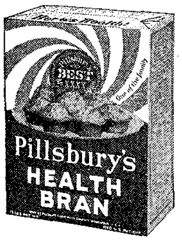

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## BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
*Continued*

down the shore in a series of tremendous springs. Right at his heels was a leopard, leaping lightly behind his quarry, and apparently playing, catlike, with the prey it knew was already in its power. The black boys awoke with a start. Just then the antelope, having cleared the length of the unobstructed shore, vanished into the forest simultaneously with the leopard, now only a few inches from his quivering flanks.

"The antelope's done for," said the blacks. "But a leopard is a cruel beast and doesn't kill with one bite. He lacerates his prey little by little with his claws, and only springs at its throat when it is already dying from fear and loss of blood."

As I sat listening to the retreating sound, the blacks relapsed into slumber, and a little later I also was asleep beside them.

Pleasure may be defined differently by various people, but not many would feel a thrill of joy at the idea of pushing through a wilderness infested by leopards, to view, even from a distance, a den full of them; but not so Mr. Requadt, for, as he tells us, he "welcomed the chance."

While we were eating breakfast next morning, a strange black came to the tent, and after some preliminary conversation told us he lived in the vicinity, and knew where there was a den of young leopards up in the mountains. If I would pay him, he would take me to a place where I could look at them without much danger. I welcomed the chance and made a quick bargain with the fellow. We set out along the shore of the pond, at first following a faint trail and then plunging into a pathless mountain wilderness cut by numerous rivulets. We had to push through dense thickets and jump over boulders for some distance before we finally reached a place where we could see a peak ahead of us, which the black pointed out as the goal of our journey.

When we reached its base, I found myself facing a cliff. The black explained that from the top of this we could look into the leopard's den. Warning me to make no noise, he led the way up the steep ascent, while I cautiously clambered after him, supporting myself by the tough broomplants. When we reached the upper edge of the cliff, the black motioned me to wait, and crept forward on all fours until he came to a big boulder. Sheltered by this, he looked cautiously over into what seemed to be a depression just beyond. Turning with a gratified gesture, he beckoned to me to come ahead quietly. I crept forward on my hands and feet until I reached him. Then I rose and, following his directions, looked cautiously around the stone to where he pointed.

A deep, narrow gully lay ahead of us, the bottom of which was strewn with boulders and broken by isolated clumps of bushes. After searching for some time, my eyes caught sight of what looked like a farmer's spring house surrounded by a hedge of thick shrubbery, beside which on big flat stones lay several spotted animals, whose light hides glistened in the sun. They were a mother leopard with three half-grown cubs. The leopardess was stretched lazily upon a stone higher than the rest, surveying with purring contentment her young, who lay dozing side by side in the hot midday sun. I gazed at them for some time with intense interest, until the leopardess, apparently feeling that she was being watched, rose alertly with a low growl, that made her cubs instantly prick up their ears. The black warned me in a whisper to look out. Just then the leopardess saw us, sprang over the shrubbery with a bound, and, followed by her startled cubs, disappeared into the green jungle beyond.

---

## THE TELEPHONE'S FOREST ENEMIES

A BEAR padding softly through the Adirondack woods hears a buzzing sound, most attractive because it plainly indicates to him the presence of bees and thick layers of honey. He approaches the sound as long as it grows in volume, and when it ceases he circles and finally comes to a tall, bare pole with funny cross-trees near the top. The New York *Times*, from which we quote this tale, reminds us that the bear had never seen a beehive in such a peculiar place and, of course, he does not know that what he thinks is a nest for bees is merely a telephone-pole. We read further:

> He proceeds to climb the pole until he comes to the cross-pieces. To the first of these he clings and listens, with the buzzing sound loud in his ears. But there is no scent of honey and no sign of a bee. After a bit the bear gently hits the glistening bulbs, but the blow is hard enough to shatter the glass and to cause a short-circuit.
>
> Shortly after this has happened there are loud complaints to the telephone central, and workmen are scurrying to put the line again into service. This is one of the few things that happen to the telephone in lonely districts. Other living things besides the bear that cause short-circuits are briefly referred to in the current number of *The Telephone Review*.
>
> The gray squirrel has discovered, according to *The Review*, that the lead telephone cable is palatable, and whenever he can locate one of these cables he squats and nibbles it. His teeth are sharp and strong enough to bite into the shell of a hickory nut, which is much harder than lead, goes quickly through the cable, leaving a hole that soon becomes a resting-place for moisture. After a bit this dampness dislocates the service and the country folk up and curse the telephone company.
>
> In the State of Washington there is a bird called the white-headed woodpecker. He likes cedar telephone-poles, and he often disregards other important concerns long enough to dig holes into these poles. This wood is soft, and not very long after these holes are made the telephone company sends along a team dragging new poles with which to replace those destroyed by the bird.
>
> The eagle is also an enemy of the company; but the harm he does is not through ignorance like that of the bear or through a craving for food, like that of the squirrels. All the eagle asks of the telephone-poles is a place for a few minutes' rest. So he sometimes perches on them and up to this point works no injury. But before he resumes his flight, he follows the habit of his kind and flaps his mighty wings. This frequently makes a contact between two open wires, with a short-circuit as the result.
>
> The spider works harm in much the

He was "too busy"
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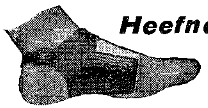

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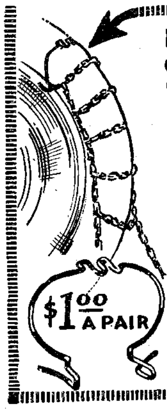

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## BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

*Continued*

same way. Those of the common kind will often spin their webs between two telephone lines and the gossamer strands hang lightly in the sun and without doing harm. Then comes nightfall; the web becomes saturated with dew and lo! the lines are out of commission.

Short-circuits are also caused by the *Vespa eumedia*, a dangerous wasp, through her fondness for laying her eggs in the telephone transmitter and after covering them with mud, departs, to be pursued later by bitter anathema. Then there is the *Scobicia declivis*, a beetle which has won the name of the "lead cable borer" and "short-circuit beetle" because it bores holes which penetrate the lead sheathing of the aerial cables. Comes next the humble and timid field mouse, who loves snug corners and sometimes has a nest in the telephone bell box. The white ant ends the long procession of makers of troubles for the telephone linemen. That is, the end so far as known; but those who work in the lonely places keeping up connections between farmhouse and farmhouse are constantly discovering new enemies. A creature no bigger than a white ant may threaten the life of an entire community, it is pointed out, because it is well known that quick help summoned over the telephone wires has saved communities many times, and a tiny creature of the woods or fields might disable the service at a time most fraught with danger to a great many.

---

## LINCOLN'S POEM ON "THE BEAR HUNT"

FEW people may think of Abraham Lincoln as a poet, but like the rest of humanity, he also had at moments the poetic urge, and a most interesting poem, unpublished until now, appears in the *Atlantic Monthly.* It is a ballad entitled "The Bear Hunt," and the original manuscript, in perfect condition, may be seen in the Morgan Collection. It was probably written, it is thought, about 1846:

A wild bear chase didst never see?
  Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
  Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
  'T was then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with fear
  And bears preyed on the swine.

But woe for bruin's short-lived fun
  When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun
  For vengeance at him fly.

A sound of danger strikes his ear;
  He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
  And seeks the tangled *rough.*

On press his foes, and reach the ground
  Where's left his half-munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around
  And find his fresh made trail.

With instant cry, away they dash,
  And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash
  And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack
  Bear shuns the open ground,
Through matted vines he shapes his track,
  And runs it, round and round.

The tall, fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice
  Now speeds him, as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged fice (1)
  Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
  To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell, a mingled din—
  The woods are in a roar—

And round, and round the chase now goes,
  The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws,
  And Mose Hill drops his gun.

Now, sorely pressed, bear glances back,
  And lolls his tired tongue,
When as, to force him from his track
  An ambush on him sprung.

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
  And fully is in view—
The dogs, new fired by the sight
  Their cry and speed renew.

The foremost ones now reach his rear;
  He turns, they dash away,
And circling now the wrathful bear
  They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horsemen come,
  All screaming in a row—
"Whoop!" "Take him, Tiger!" "Seize him, Drum!"
  *Bang—bang!* the rifles go!

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
  And crushes in his ire—
Wheels right and left, and upward rears,
  With eyes of burning fire.

But leaden death is at his heart—
  Vain all the strength he plies,
And, spouting blood from every part,
  He reels, and sinks, and dies!

And now a dinsome clamor rose,—
  "But who should have his skin?"
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows
  This prize must always win.

But, who did this, and how to trace
  What's true from what's a lie,—
Like lawyers in a murder case
  They stoutly *argufy.*

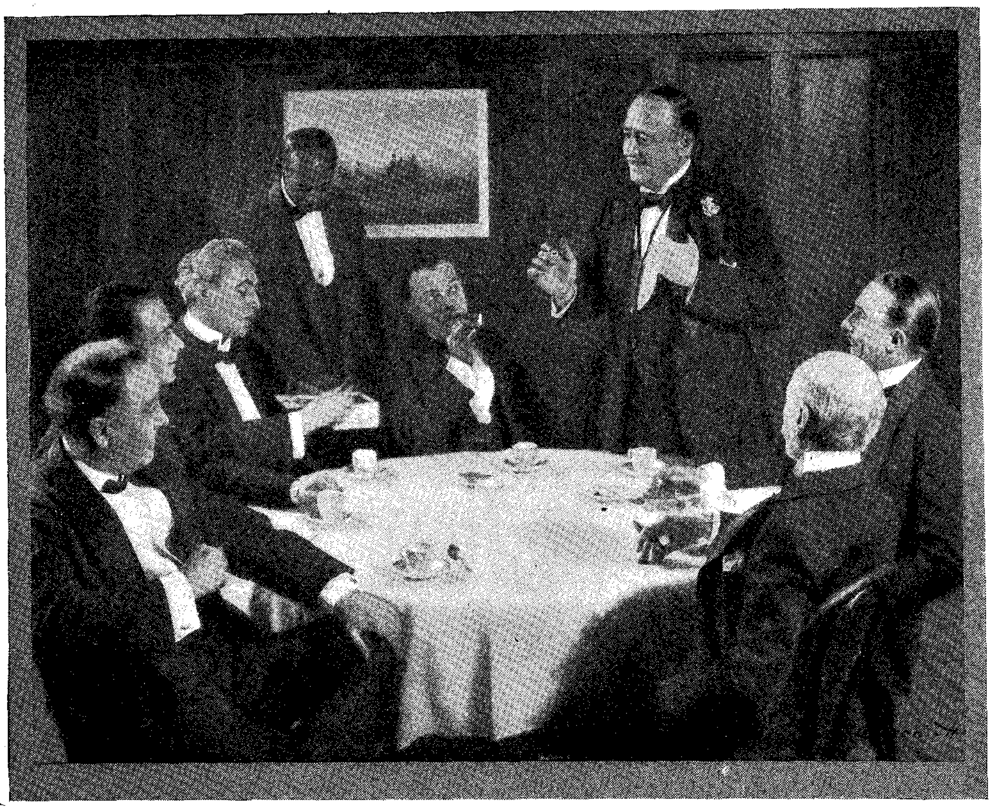
Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
  Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood
  Arrives upon the spot,

With grinning teeth, and up-turned hair
  Brim full of spunk and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear
  And shakes for life and death—

And swells, as if his skin would tear,
  And growls, and shakes again,
And swears, as plain as dog can swear
  That he has won the skin!

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee,
  Nor mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be
  Conceited quite as you.

(1) A small dog of nondescript breed. *Local, U. S. A.*—THE EDITOR.



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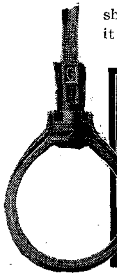

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# *It wasn't to dodge the Income Tax*

"MY telegram from Nashville was purposely ambiguous," said the President, as cigars were lighted. "I wanted all you men on the Board of Directors to dine with me the day I got back, but I decided to keep you guessing."

"He's found some way to evade the income tax, that's my guess," laughed one of the members.

"Not at all. But from now on I am going to comply with one law which most people are ingenious at evading. And I am prepared to prove that the penalty of evasion is enormous."

"Sounds like an argument against Tennessee moonshine," laughed another.

"I'm against an old moonshine idea in business—the idea that a buyer can get the best of it by pitting his trading ability against low bidders. With our new building expansion program a decision is called for. When we're in the market for any highly technical product, buying it at the lowest possible price is expensive. Is this Company to stand the expense?"

"But we can't complain about our new Tennessee plant," cut in one of the senior members.

"No, and I'll explain why. You know how I went down there expecting to see a half finished plant; how I found it practically ready to start—three months ahead of the date our own Company engineers had estimated as possible. Instead of our $1,000,000 being tied up in nonproductive building operations, that three months meant $50,000 profit we didn't expect this year.

"I got right hold of the Consulting Engineer and asked him how long he had been a miracle worker.

"'I'm not the miracle worker—you did it,' said he. 'You let me select the contractors, supposing, of course, I would accept the low bids. But I didn't. I took one of the higher bids—$5,000 higher.'"

A ripple of laughter went round the table.

"You needn't laugh. The $5,000 saved the $50,000! Usually the piping systems, sprinklers, heating, power and process piping are bought more strictly on price than anything else. Generally they are the last things to get done, although they are the most important from an operating standpoint. In this case one contractor got them all. Within two days after the contract was let he had two men on the job checking the plans against actual conditions.

"He had to make certain things in his own plants. He had the facilities for making them quickly and right. Certain items he had to buy outside. His price to us allowed him to buy good stuff quickly at fair market prices. He didn't have to hold up our work and tie up our money while he went shopping to beat down prices so as to pick up inferior material to square with a low bid.

"Within three weeks a capable construction crew under an experienced foreman arrived just one day behind the first carloads of material. The stuff was largely shop-assembled. Perfect fittings, adjustable hangers and straight pipe-threads allowed those men to get the pipe up without a hitch. Things fitted. It was a tailor-made job."

"One engineer in a hundred, I'd say," remarked a shrewd-looking man at the end of the table.

"You don't understand yet. In our new plant the higher bids provided for a service and for a freedom in purchasing materials that is out of the question for the average low bidder.

"Our Consulting Engineer made me see that competent contractors are to him what fine tools are to the artisan. Failure to recognize that fact before has cost our company a lot of money. Let us understand and agree now that the old horse-trading, sharp-practice, low-bidder idea will not waste any part of the large sums to be spent under our expansion program in the next three years. Because of the Consulting Engineer's large experience we unhesitatingly accept his plans and specifications. By the same token he is the only logical man to choose the contractor to execute them."

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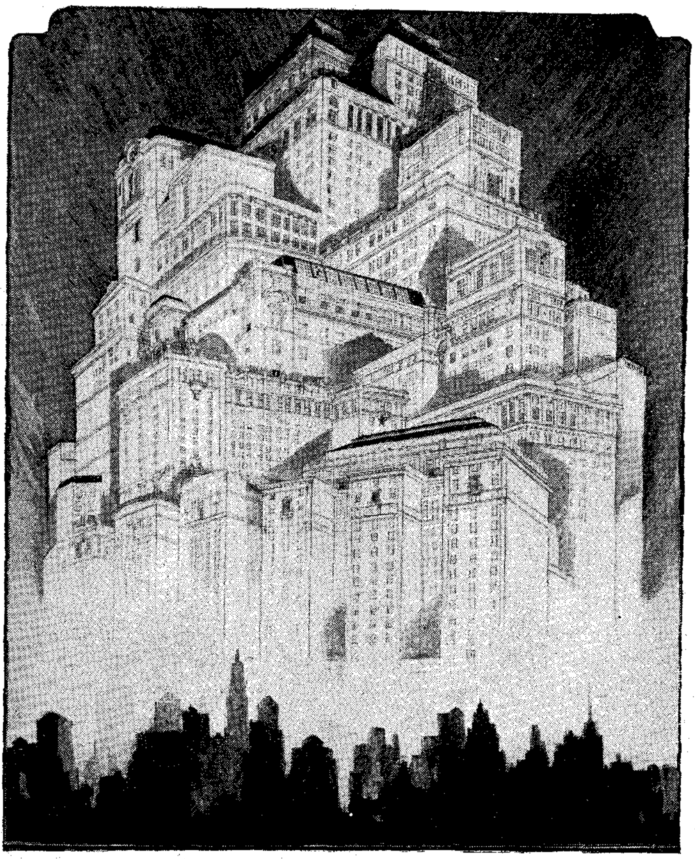

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## BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
*Continued*

### BABY BRUIN'S EDUCATION

THE day the baby bear was born was one of the coldest days of a very cold January, and while human folk kept as near the fire as they could, the little cub was quite warm enough under five feet of snow, in a tiny den not more than three feet high. He was round and fuzzy, and undoubtedly the mother bear thought that the day of supreme delight had been reached when, after about a month and ten days, the cub opened his small brown eyes and blinked at her. The den grew too small, as the cub grew rapidly larger, and soon the old bear felt the moment had come to introduce her baby to the delights of the forest world, and her method of emerging from her house was rather forcible, as we read in the account written by William Macmillan in *The Outing Magazine*:

> Prompted perhaps by some instinctive call of the outer world, the big bear pushed roughly up against the wall of snow one day, and burst out into the daylight. This being the cub's first introduction to a world with vaulted heavens and twittering birds, he poked out an inquiring nose, took one fearful look around, then scampered to the very back of the den, from where he was promptly routed by his mother.
>
> Tho the lower levels of the valley were still deep with water-soaked snow, the hillsides were green and bare. And since a bear never returns to her winter den, the mother and cub proceeded to clamber up the steep flanks of Van Leek Hill, where the warm spring sun enchanted them and filled the mother with a deep contentment.
>
> Half way up Van Leek Hill, tho it is more of a mountain than a hill, the mother bear located a sun-splashed ledge that appealed to her fancy, and here they loafed for a long month, the big bear nursing her tender feet and indulging in mild hunts, the cub feeding and sleeping and growing prodigiously.
>
> Then came May, when the air was filled with the deep humming of queen bees raising their first broods, and the chattering of baby squirrels, when the hillsides reechoed with the joyous notes of returning song-birds, and spring-born skunks tumbled about in the sunshine. And tho the baby bear wasn't aware of it, the time had come when muscle-producing bugs, grubs and insects were to replace his mother's delicious milk.
>
> The first explorative journey down into the valley bottom was a momentous experience that the youngster never forgot, and altho no untoward incident occurred during that preliminary skirmish, in the gray dusk of a spring day, the very strangeness of his surroundings filled his little heart with all sorts of vague fears, and he trotted close to his mother's flank.
>
> As the aromatic spring merged into the flood-tide of summer the mother bear proceeded to wean her fast-growing progeny, and initiate him into the mysteries and delights of botany—and let it be known right here that no animal-hunt in all the world calls for more skill and cleverness than does the locating and uprooting of a

luscious root some eight inches or more below the surface.

An amazingly clever botanist, the mother bear taught the cub how to locate and dig for wild bean roots and the pungent tendrils of sarsaparilla. Then when he wearied of scratching holes in the earth and digging his soft little nose into them, she would lead him to a populous ant-hill and teach him how to scoop a crater in the center, and stand in the hole while the terrified inhabitants scurried up his legs. And tho the youngster shivered and wriggled uncomfortably when he first felt the little insects crawling up his legs, he stuck it out, and was finally rewarded with a luscious breakfast.

The overturning of stones and logs for grubs was, of course, a very simple affair, and if the cub had not persisted in tackling stones and stumps altogether too heavy for his strength, he would have met with greater success. The yellow-jackets, tho, were things that the cub could never tolerate, and tho he manfully imitated his mother's every move, the ferocious things nipt him on the nose till he howled with pain, finally scampering into the swamp and digging his smarting snout into the cool mud.

Then came swimming lessons, because, contrary to popular belief, baby bears can not swim without being taught. The mother bear's method, while somewhat Spartan, nevertheless proved effective. Plunging into the waters of a small creek that flowed through the valley bottom she swam about for a few minutes, while the cub crouched on the bank and cried piteously at the fearful predicament that he imagined his parent to be in. When she finally clambered ashore he ran toward her with a happy little cry, but a tremendous cuff from her forepaw sent him sprawling into the water.

The surprized cub didn't go very deep, of course no thick-furred creature ever does, but the water got into his mouth and nostrils and choked him. Paddling desperately he tried his best to keep his head above water. At last, when it seemed as if he couldn't give another stroke, his mother surged toward him, grasped him by the scruff of the neck and hauled him ashore.

Nature seems to tell all animals to "Keep moving," and the bears started on what was to be, for them, a most tremendous and frightening experience, and it all came about by the appetite of the baby cub for molasses sandwiches. When that craving called, whatever happened, the cub must follow, and follow he did, altho the pace which he took was faster by far than he ever had anticipated:

For a number of weeks the couple loitered by the creek, and the cub soon became thoroughly at home in the water—catching eels and suckers that came up the creek with the morning mists, and fishing for silver-throated frogs in the golden twilight.

Under such ideal conditions the mother's lean flanks began to fill out, and the baby bear grew big and fat. It was summer now, when nature decrees that bears should circumnavigate their hunting-grounds in great ten-mile circles. So in due course the mother bear turned her nose to the east and, growling to her cub, started to climb the southern slope of Van Leek Hill. Once again their daily bill-of-fare underwent a change. The white-fleshed eels and suckers gave way to meaty nuts, while berries and mushrooms took the place of frogs' legs.

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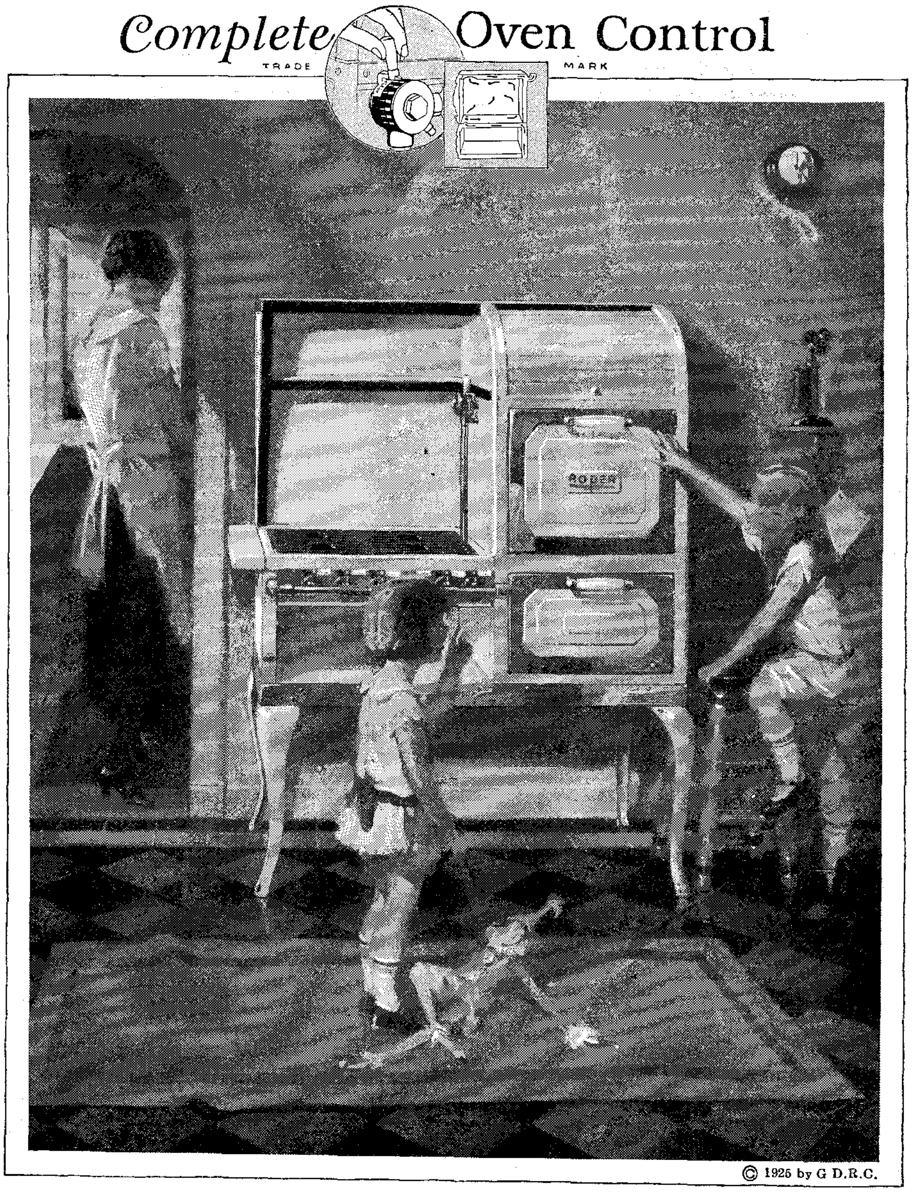

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## BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
*Continued*

Honey, too, could be had for the taking, and grubs were satisfyingly fat and luscious.

As the journey progressed the travelers began to veer more to the south. It was evident that the big bear's intention was to work clear around the mountain and trail back into the valley again at the upper end.

It is fairly well conceded by observant woodsmen that a bear usually follows the same general direction in her annual summers' travels, and it is altogether likely that the present trail was somewhat familiar to the big bear. But unfortunately she hadn't reckoned on the advance of civilization. In the long months that they had basked in the sun on the distant hillsides a gang of brawny workers had blasted a great cut through the far-eastern peak of the mountain, and laid down twin strips of glittering steel.

In late August, by the time the bears were nearing the eastern extremity of their journey, the men had laid the rails down the mountainside, and even now were bridging the great swamp that lay at the foot of Van Leek Hill.

Considered in terms of mileage, the distance wasn't very great, not more than two miles perhaps from the rock-cut to the swamp, but there was a steep grade all the way, with one bad curve near the swamp.

The bears reached the track in the cut in the early hours of an August day. Recoiling instinctively from the gleaming rails, and the alien smell of the boot-trodden ties, the mother bear growled warningly at her cub and sniffed doubtfully along the edge of the track. Had she deemed herself capable of bridging the double row of rails at a single bound she might have been tempted to try it. But the bright steel held her back, and by and by she called to the cub and struck off into the bushes.

Instinctive caution is a bear's greatest weapon of defense, and this particular bear undoubtedly enjoyed her fair share of this commendable defense—maybe that is why she had lived so long. But as it turned out, caution, in this particular instance at any rate, almost led to their undoing. Had the big bear swallowed her nameless fear and shambled across those innocent tracks, she could have gone her way, nobody would have been the wiser, and both mother and cub would have been saved a terrifying experience.

But, growling to the highly interested cub, the big bear had shuffled off into the bush, anxious to get as far as possible away from these dangerous human scents, so that by the time the August sun, a globe of molten gold, swung into the heavens, she was hot and tired and pestered with flies. Locating a shady pool in a half-dried swamp, she wallowed happily about in the cool mud, like a pig.

Suddenly she missed the cub. One minute he had been there, grubbing at the foot of a rotten stump, the next he was gone. Scrambling to her feet she pointed her mud-plastered nose to the heavens and sent an inquiring growl into the silence. But when no answering whine came back, she raced nervously about, her nose to the ground. Picking up the youngster's trail at the stump, she followed it across a little ravine to a partly demolished ant-hill. She hesitated here for a second or two, then crashed viciously through the bushes.

Fortunately the youngster hadn't gone far, and the big bear growled in doubtful relief when she found him a few minutes later on the railway track where she had turned away. Unhampered by experience or instinctive fear of humans, and vastly attracted by the sweetish smell of the workmen's molasses lunches, the cub had clambered onto a hand-car standing on the rails. Tho her heart tightened a bit when her claws clicked on the steel rails, the big mother raced down the ties toward her offspring.

By this time the cub had located a lunch. Squatting up on his fat little hindquarters, and leaning against the handle-supports, he clawed and ripped the paper wrappings off his prize. The pounding of his mother's pads made him look up, and, anxious to gobble down the appetizing sandwich before she came, he lurched forward in his excitement and crashed against the brake-handle. A sharp click—the harsh grating of wheels on new steel, and the hand-car began to roll slowly down the grade.

The mother bear had no difficulty in overtaking the runaway car, of course. Lurching forward she threw her great fore-paws up on it, but almost immediately the down-jogging handle caught her a nasty crack on the nose, and she tumbled to the ground, giving the car a sharp push forward as she fell. Oblivious of his fast-increasing speed, and but slightly worried at the clicking of the wheels, the cub gobbled down the molasses sandwiches, finishing up by stuffing the paper wrappings into his mouth.

By the time the cub had consumed some half-dozen lunches the hand-car must have been traveling at the rate of a good ten miles per hour, while his mother, furious with the pain in her battered snout, and this inexplicable insubordination of her progeny, pounded the ties not a hundred yards behind.

Once again the big bear overtook the runaway car. Hooking her claws into a piece of tarpaulin, she was pulling her great body forward when the canvas ripped apart and she crashed to the ground again in a cloud of dust, while the hand-car, gaining in speed as the grade increased, swung wildly around a curve and out of sight.

Speed was the keynote of the Trans-continental Railway construction, and the gang of twelve sweating section men at the end of the trail seemed thoroughly imbued with the magic of that word as they swung their shovels in the mud of the great swamp. A veritable lake of mud and slime gaped at the very tips of the rails, and it was this hole that the men were filling in, when the foreman gave a startled shout and twelve pairs of eyes looked up at the clicking of wheels on the rails. For a second the whole gang gazed in spellbound astonishment at the sight that met their eyes. Hurtling down the rails toward them, swaying dizzily from side to side, came the hand-car they had left at the top of the incline, and squatted on his haunches and leaning frantically against the handle-supports was a small black bear, crying in terror at his awful predicament.

"Gangway! Gangway!" yelled the foreman, and the men scattered as the hand-car struck the end of the rails with a jar, hung in the air for a fraction of a second, then plunged into the mud and slime, disappearing from sight with its astonishing passenger.

The men were gazing in silent amazement at the stream of bubbles breaking to the surface when the cub's head reappeared. Plastered with mud from nose to tail the little fellow, totally unlike any living bear the men had ever seen, crawled dazedly

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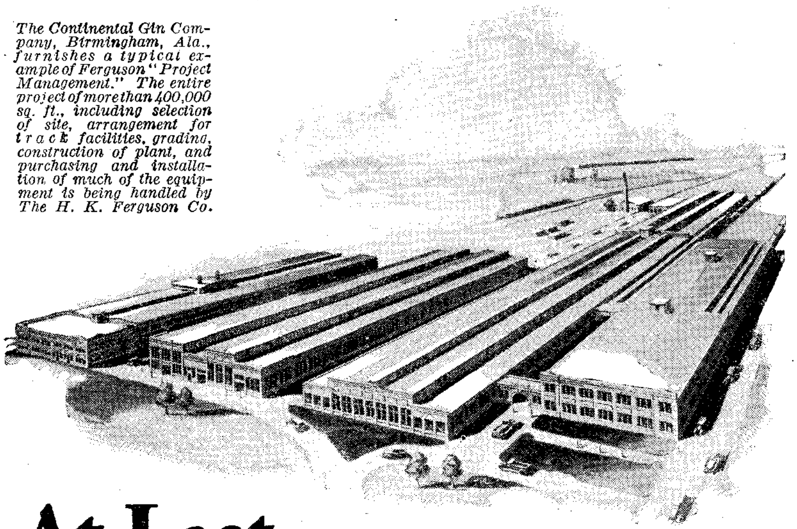

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## BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
*Continued*

to the bank, choked painfully with the mud in his throat, then sent quavering up the track a long, heart-breaking wail of supplication.

Forgetting the wreck of the hand-car and the loss of their lunches, the men were crowding around the pathetic little figure, when it seemed as if a cannon ball had exploded in their midst, and the mother bear, in a berserk rage at this obvious plot to harm her offspring, laid about her with iron-taloned forepaws, scattering the little group to the four winds. Then, catching sight of her dilapidated baby she greeted him with a cuff that sent him sprawling, and separated him from a goodly portion of his muddy coat.

For a long minute the big bear stood over her cub, her little brown eyes flashing fire, and her lips curled back in a challenging snarl. Then bringing up from her very toes a rumble of heavy thunder she growled to her dispirited baby, leapt into the bracken and crashed away through the swamp.

### A FISH THAT DEFIES EVOLUTION

"ORPHANS of the past" sounds something like the title of a sentimental novel of our grandmothers' day, but it is, instead, a very real description of one of nature's moods of freakishness in showing us to-day what she had to offer in the Devonian age of fishes, somewhere about 19,000,000 years ago. True, this same little fish was not alive at that particular time, but some very remote ancestors of his were, and thoughtfully "left their skeletons lying under hundreds of feet of water-formed rock" as proof. Far off in Australia there now lives in the rivers the strange "lung-fish," with the body and scales of a fish, and air-breathing lungs. Dr. William T. Hornaday, in his book, "Tales from Nature's Wonderlands" (Charles Scribner's Sons), tells of many unknown and strange wonders, but none more remarkable than the lung-fish, for, as he says, "it is regarded as the most ancient of all living fishes." How it breathes and lives is part of the rest of Dr. Hornaday's story:

> Away back about 19,000,000 years ago, somewhere in the Devonian Age of fishes, unknown circumstances in three continents—Australia, Africa and South America—forced certain fishes to *breathe air, or die!* That was half-way back to the dawn of animal life on this planet. Many species of fishes that were confronted by that hard option did die, and left their skeletons to be entombed in what are the sandstone rocks of to-day.
>
> But some survived—by breathing air successfully, and by developing lungs. And thus began the frogs and toads and the wonderful present-day axolotl of Mexico, with the ability to change quickly from a gill-breathing pond creature to one that can travel on dry land and breathe air. It is thus that a pond axolotl saves itself from death when its pond dries up.
>
> According to all rules of nature, the fishes that developed lungs 19,000,000 years ago and started the great class

Amphibia should, in the natural course of change and decay, have passed away. The wonderful, and even bewildering, array of fishes that the world owns to-day swims before us as the last exhibit of fish development, not the first. Progress has gone so far that now we have fishes that can fly, fishes that can climb trees, and fishes that come out upon the bare mud flats of the Malay Peninsula, cheerfully hop about, and loaf around in the sun, breathing air for an hour or more at a stretch. Of fishes, the class is enormously large and exceedingly diversified as to the form and habits of its members.

But this is not all.

In the rivers of Australia, the land of strange things, we find to-day the wonderful lung-fish, with the body and scales of a fish and air-breathing lungs. It belongs to an age of transition, or change from fishes to amphibians. The fossil skeletons of its dead ancestors as they are found in the rocks are believed by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn to be nearly 200,000,000 years old. This fish belongs to a Past so far back that it makes one's brain spin around to think of it. The scientific men know it as the Cer-at'o-dus, and it is regarded as the most ancient of all living fishes.

Any one who would like to see this fish which counts its ancestors back to prehistoric times does not have to gaze on his skeleton in a museum, but by merely taking a trip to the New York Zoological Park may see the lung-fish quietly swimming around just like other fishes of less aristocratic and ancient lineage. Says Dr. Hornaday:

> The London Zoological Gardens and the New York Zoological Park have possest and exhibited for months living examples of the Australian lung-fish. It played an important part in the evolution—or development—of water-breathing fishes with gills into air-breathing creatures with lungs, ready to climb out of the water and travel upon land. It was thus that the frogs and toads and salamanders developed into lizards and iguanas and crocodiles and higher forms of reptiles.
>
> The first law of evolution is: Change to something higher, or die. Nineteen million years ago—a span of time that almost defies the imagination—the lung-fish was due to develop into something higher, while its original form sank into oblivion. With all other animal forms of that far-off period, it should have gradually developed its crude fin limbs into serviceable legs, shed the surplus fin rays of its tail and become at least a land-going salamander. As a mere connecting-link species between the great class of Fishes and the small class of Amphibians, the original Australian lung-fish should have disappeared from the rivers of Australia, and gone to an honored tomb in the sandstone rocks.
>
> But the lung-fish thought differently. It chose for its slogan, "Once a lung-fish, always one. Let the evolutions of other species go on as they please, let our children and grandchildren develop into what they choose. We, the original lung-fishes, refuse to change; and we elect to go on as we are. Why should our line perish so long as water and food remain?"
>
> And so, the *Cer-at'o-dus fosteri* has equaled the proud boast of The Pebble to The Acorn:
>
> "I am abiding, while ages flee!"

To write the Story of What the Lung-Fish Saw is to write the history of the world,

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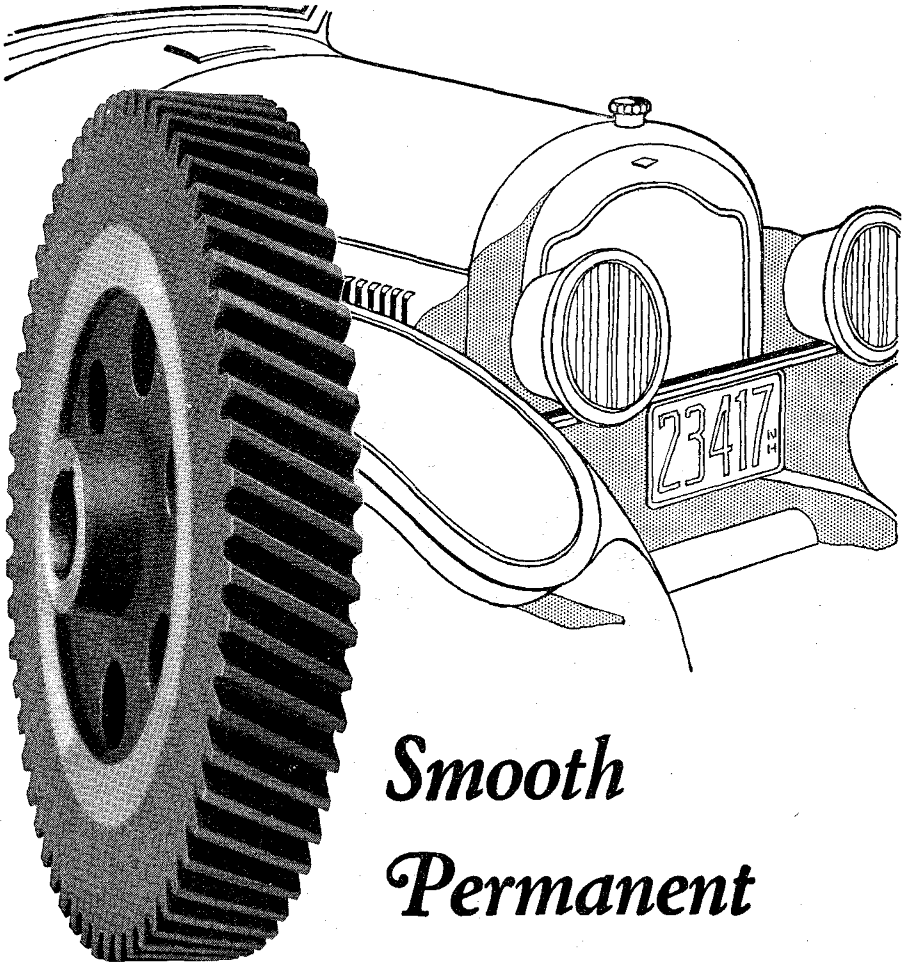

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## BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
*Continued*

from the fishes to men. But what is the appearance to-day of this immortal species that even yet obstinately refuses to die?

In the autumn of 1920 there arrived at the New York Zoological Park, convoyed by the veteran collector of zoological rarities, Mr. Ellis S. Joseph, a living lung-fish. Its ancestral home was in a deep pool of the Barnett River, Australia. It had traveled from Sydney, Australia, without once taking food. Its length was nineteen inches, which is less than one-half the length of a fully grown large specimen.

In its general form this fish suggests a long-bodied, scaled carp, with the rearward half of the body slightly deeper than the front half. The scales are very carplike; but there the resemblance ends. The tail is not broad and divided, as the tails of our common fishes are, but long and tapering to a point. The pectoral fins (next to the gill-openings) are long, thin, triangular and pointed at the end, like the flipper of a sea-lion. As the fish rests close to the bottom these fins drop down below the body, point backward and touch the bottom, suggestive of a future development into flipper-like legs.

The swimming-bladder of this strange fish has developed as a large but very simple lung, which so connects with the mouth that the fish is able to take mouthfuls of air at the surface and fill its lung. The fish spends most of its time lightly resting on the bottom. Presently it becomes active, slowly swims round and round the tank a few times, then rises to the surface, thrusts its nose upward and out of the water, takes a big gulp of air and again sinks to the bottom.

In captivity the food of this fish consists of chopped raw beef, or frogs carved up, or earthworms; and sometimes it is said that it eats lettuce leaves. They are very subject to fungoid attacks, and this requires skilful treatment with a swab of permanganate of potassium applied every other day for about two weeks.

In Australia the lung-fish is kept in open ponds at Sydney, where it lives very successfully; but in an aquarium tank in America, supplied with fungus-laden Croton water, the results are different.

The lung-fish of Australia belongs to the small Order of Connecting-Link Fishes, which also contains the mud-fish of the Amazon, and the African mud-fish of the River Gambia. The "legs" of those two relatives are mere wisps of skin, but they too have air-bladder lungs and breathe air. The Australian lung-fish is found in the Barnett and Mary Rivers, of Queensland. It sometimes grows to a length of nearly four feet, and its greatest weight is about twenty pounds.

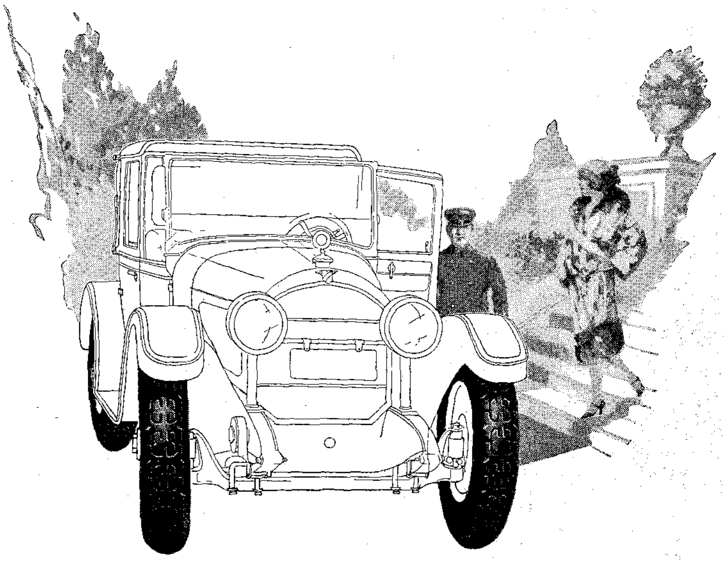
Can we now forecast the future of the Australian lung-fish? Most assuredly we can. Will it live on for other millions of years, or thousands, or even hundreds of years? Not on your life. Let us make no mistakes inspired by hope on that point.

We are now living in the age of far-reaching and ruthless destruction of the works of nature. The ice age was nothing to this for the extinction of species. Boys and girls now living will see the Australian haunts of the lung-fish either dammed or drained for land or for irrigation, swiftly destroying the nice balance of nature by which the lung-fish is even yet able to find its daily food, marry, rear healthy children, and live to old age.

## LUMINOUS PLANT AND ANIMAL COMPANIONS

BOTH luminous animals and plants have long been known to naturalists, but the discovery that many of the former owe their luminosity to the minute forms of plant life which live within their bodies, is comparatively new. This sort of association between two living organisms is known as "symbiosis"—literally, "living together." It is not parasitism, because neither organism preys upon the other. In symbiosis the associated organisms are mutually useful in one way or another. A German naturalist named Buchner has recently published a book entitled "Animals and Plants in Intra-Cellular Symbiosis," in which he sets forth at some length his study of "animal hosts and plant guests." It has been observed that certain sea animals normally contain luminous micro-organisms. When these are separated from the tissues of the animal and transferred to a bouillon solution they thrive therein, forming luminous colonies. Buchner is also of opinion that the luminous organs of various insects likewise consist essentially of luminous vegetable organisms of a symbiotic nature. Again, studies made by him in 1914 of the luminous sea creatures *pyrosoma*, to which much of the brilliance of tropic ocean waters is due, convinced him that here again the *pyrosoma* are indebted to certain fungi which live with them. It has been demonstrated, likewise, that similar relationships exist in the case of sea-pens, cuttlefish, etc. In these mutual benefit societies the guest plants furnish oxygen to the animal host, while the latter returns the compliment by the delivery of carbon-dioxid and nitrogen. A writer in the *Illustrierte Zeitung* (Leipzig), commenting upon Buchner's discoveries, remarks:

> The especial significance of luminous symbiosis for the animal host exhibits itself in various ways, as Buchner has comprehensively explained. In the case of insects and cuttlefish, as well as various other sea animals, it enables the two sexes to find each other. In the *pyrosoma* (which are members of the tunicate family), the sea-pens and certain other salt-water animals the luminous organs are so placed that small creatures attracted by the light swim directly into the mouth or within reach of the grasping tentacles. The light issuing from the plant members of the symbiosis also illuminates the vicinity of the animal in the depths of the ocean and thus, in many cases, enables it to find its way from place to place. The luminosity is probably a means of protection in some instances. Just as cuttlefish, when pursued, throw out a black cloud of sepia, so as to hide themselves from their enemies, certain luminous animals eject a cloud or swarm of luminous bacteria, so as to dazzle the pursuer and throw him off the track. Buchner inclines to the belief that all cases of luminosity in animals depend upon a symbiosis of the animal with luminous vegetable organisms. If this is correct, then the capacity for light-production is really confined to the bacteria and other minute vegetable organisms, such as fungi.



Another Step Forward in Cord Tires

It was General's mastery of internal friction that enabled it to produce, five years ago, the first low-pressure tire ever placed on the market—the General Jumbo 30 x 3½ Cord with air pressure of 30 pounds. Just as today it has enabled General to produce the successful 6-ply Balloon Cord, to replace 4-ply Balloons on all except the smaller cars—combining all balloon advantages with the right strength for the load, as well as reducing balloon puncture risk 90%.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

YOUR BUSINESS

"Spotlight" Your Business

PUT your business into the "Spotlight" of public attention. A Flexlume Electric Sign will do that. It will increase your sales because of its power to attract and its suggestion of quality.

Flexlumes have enduring beauty and utility built into them by a responsible organization which has specialized in quality electrical advertising since 1912.

Flexlume's raised white glass letters, with their day-and-night efficiency, are recognized as a standard the world over. Write today for photoprints showing installations and information as to how a Flexlume can profitably serve you.

**FLEXLUME CORPORATION**
1300 Military Road Buffalo, N. Y.
Phone: "Flexlume"—All Principal Cities
FACTORIES ALSO AT
Detroit, Los Angeles, Oakland, Calif., Toronto, Ont.

FLEXLUME CORPORATION

*Some good selling zones open for live distributors and salesmen. Write the Home Office for information.*

ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET

ALBRIGHT
TOOTH BRUSH
A PRODUCT OF
RUBBERSET CO.

It gets *in between* where decay *begins!*

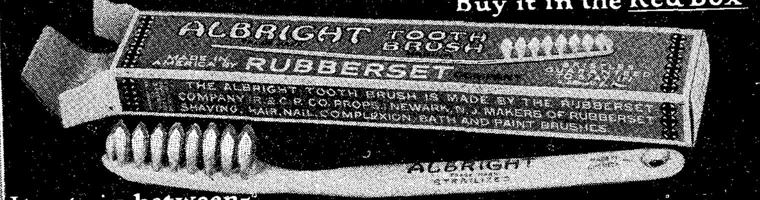
Decay invariably begins *between* the teeth and on the *uneven* grinding surfaces—places which cannot be reached by ordinary toothbrushes having a mass of bristle. The ALBRIGHT toothbrush was designed by 4118 dentists and more than 20,000 now endorse it. The tufts of bristles are *wedge-shaped* and *widely spaced.* They penetrate into *every crevice.* The ALBRIGHT is *different* in design and *different* in results.

45¢ 35¢ 25¢

Handles in *five* distinctive colors for quick identification of *your* toothbrush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue

RUBBERSET COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

Buy it in the Red Box



MADE IN AMERICA BY RUBBERSET
THE ALBRIGHT TOOTH BRUSH IS MADE BY THE RUBBERSET COMPANY (R. & C. H. T. CO. PROPS.) NEWARK, N. J. MAKERS OF RUBBERSET SHAVING, HAIR, NAIL, COMPLEXION, BATH AND PAINT BRUSHES

It gets in between where decay begins

ALBRIGHT RUBBERSET

## SCIENCE AND INVENTION
*Continued*

### THE AUTO AS A KILLER OF WILD LIFE

ANIMALS and birds, as well as humans, go to make up the enormous annual toll of life due to the mania for speed so generally prevalent among automobile drivers. Dayton Stoner, of Iowa University, who communicates some recent observations to *Science* (New York), quotes a magazine writer to the effect that "as a killer of men, the automobile is more deadly than typhoid fever and runs a close second to influenza." But, he goes on to note, not only is the mortality among human beings high, but the death-dealing qualities of the motor-car are making serious inroads on our native mammals, birds, and other forms of animal life. He continues:

> This matter was most forcefully brought to my attention during June and July, 1924, when my wife and I made the journey overland from Iowa City, Iowa, to the Iowa Lakeside Laboratory, on West Lake Okoboji, Iowa, a distance of 316 miles. Parts of two days were occupied in the going journey on June 13 and 14, while approximately the same time was required for the return trip on July 15 and 16.
>
> Within a few minutes after we had started from Iowa City and a considerable number of dead animals, apparently casualties from passing motor-cars, had been encountered in the road, it occurred to us that an enumeration and actual count of those that we might yet come upon during the remainder of the tour would be of interest. Accordingly, we undertook to do this on both the going and return trip which, altho not over the same routes in their entirety, were of exactly the same length.
>
> In this count only freshly killed carcasses of vertebrate animals lying in or immediately at the side of the highway were taken into consideration, and only those forms of whose identity we were certain as we passed along were included. Since we seldom exceeded twenty-five miles per hour we had ample time to identify the more familiar things. Stops were made for a few of the less common and unusual finds.
>
> Our route took us through typical Iowa farming communities, for the most part moderately thickly populated and supplied with the usual farm buildings. Prairie, marsh and woodland were also represented, as were various types of soil and vegetation supported by them. All these conditions make for a diversity of animal life, and we found it well represented on the highways.
>
> About 200 miles of the road were graveled; the remainder was just "plain dirt," most of which had been brought to grade. Of course the surfaced roads permit of greater speed, together with more comfort to the speeder and correspondingly greater danger to human and other lives.
>
> In general, the greatest number of casualties were encountered on the good stretches of road. By way of illustrating this point it may be noted that on the return journey between the Laboratory and Marshalltown, Iowa, a distance of 211 miles, all well graveled, 105 dead animals, representing 15 species, were

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

counted; of these, 39 were red-headed woodpeckers. Several other forms that could not be identified in passing were met with.

The mortality among red-headed woodpeckers is higher than that of any other form observed, and I believe that a combination of circumstances will account for this situation. In the first place, these birds have a propensity for feeding upon insects and waste grain in and along the roads; second, they remain as long as possible before the approaching car, in all probability not being keen discriminators of its speed; and third, they have a slow "get-away," that is, they can not quickly acquire a sufficient velocity to escape the oncoming car, and so meet their death. However, I feel certain that a speed of from 35 to 40 miles an hour is necessary in order to catch these birds. Of course this is not true for some other forms, such as turtles and snakes, which depend upon terrestrial progression and are comparatively slow movers. In most cases all animals, if given a reasonable time to escape, will cause the hurried motorist little if any delay.

Further comment need not be made upon the various factors entering into the situation here discust. It will be sufficient to point out that on a summer motor trip of 632 miles over Iowa roads, 29 species of our native and introduced vertebrate animals, representing a total of 225 individuals, were found dead as a result of being crusht by passing automobiles, and that this agency demands recognition as one of the important checks upon the natural increase of many forms of life. Assuming that these conditions prevail over the thousands of miles of improved highways in this State and throughout the United States, the death-toll of the motor-car becomes still more appalling.

## EARTH SLOWING UP

THE day, or period, during which the earth makes one rotation on its axis, is slowly growing longer. This discovery, due to the study of ancient eclipses, was announced recently by Prof. Ernest W. Brown, of the departments of mathematics and astronomy in Yale University. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> We need not expect the earth to start wobbling like a run-down top, and finally quit spinning altogether. If such a thing happens, it will be exceedingly remote, for Professor Brown explains that the slowing down and consequent lengthening of the day will amount to only about one-tenth of a second in a thousand years. But the detection of so small a change over so large a period of time is in itself a triumph of mathematical astronomy. The first indication that something was the matter with the rotation of the earth was noticed over two centuries ago by the great English astronomer Halley, who found that he could not reconcile the motion of the moon as it was then known with its motion many centuries earlier. Two theories were advanced, during the times that followed, to account for the discrepancy: one, that the attraction of other planets, tho small, was still sufficient to account for the change; the other, that the friction of the tides of the seas was slowing down the earth. During the past decade exact calculations have shown that oceanic friction really does account for the phenomenon. Curiously enough, two-thirds of the total braking effect of water on the earth's rotation is concentrated in a single body of water, the Bering Sea.

SHE—*"I beg your pardon. What did you say?"*

HE—*(inwardly)"Poor girl! She's as deaf as a post."*

**DEAF?** A post-card will bring the joy of good hearing again

FREE Ten Days' Trial of the New Perfect Hearing Aid

Never imagine that deaf folks do not sense the silent pity of others. The humiliation of knowing the inconvenience that one's poor hearing causes to others is one of the severest penalties of deafness.

But in this wonderful age, why should anyone accept the hardships of deafness. Science has made this hardship unnecessary.

For Radio Engineers have recently perfected a powerful little personal hearing aid—worn practically concealed—which immediately restores good hearing, even to the poorest ears.

This device, called the radio-built ACOUSTICON, is based upon the same sound-sending, reproducing and amplifying principles of the radio itself, with the deaf person as his own receiving and sending station.

Like the radio, the ACOUSTICON has a transmitter and a receiver. But sensitive to a pin drop. So powerful they pick up any sound the human ear can hear and deliver it clearly, distinctly and resonantly to the impaired auditory nerve.

FREE 10 DAYS' TRIAL

The new radio-built ACOUSTICON is a marvel of lightness, comfort and inconspicuousness. A joy to wear and use. We are so sure it will delight you, regardless of what other device you are now using, that we invite you to try it 10 days without a penny of risk. No red tape to go through. No deposit or payment of any kind. Just send your name, address and free trial request to the DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION, Dept. 1322, 220 W. 42nd St., New York City.

The Acousticon *The Perfect Hearing Aid*

TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

**NEW Youth-Giving Belt Reduces Waistline—Quickly**

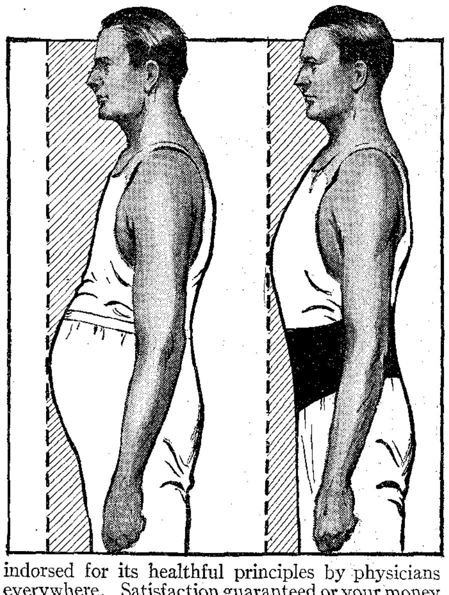
***Makes you look pounds lighter and inches thinner the moment you put it on—while actual fat quickly and surely disappears.***

Here's a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy, gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 4 inches! You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

**Reduce the Way Athletes Do**

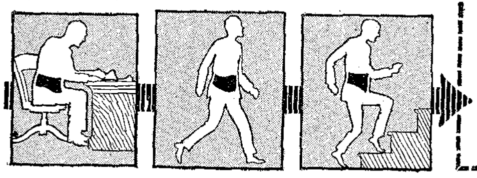
The Weil Reducing Belt is made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that, as you wear it, every breath you take and every move you make imparts a constant gentle automatic massage to every inch of the abdomen. It works for you every second, day and night, and reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly



indorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question.

*As shown below, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.*



**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER**

Write at once for full description and details of the Special 10 day trial offer being made by The Weil Company, 82 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

**The Weil Company,**
**82 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.**

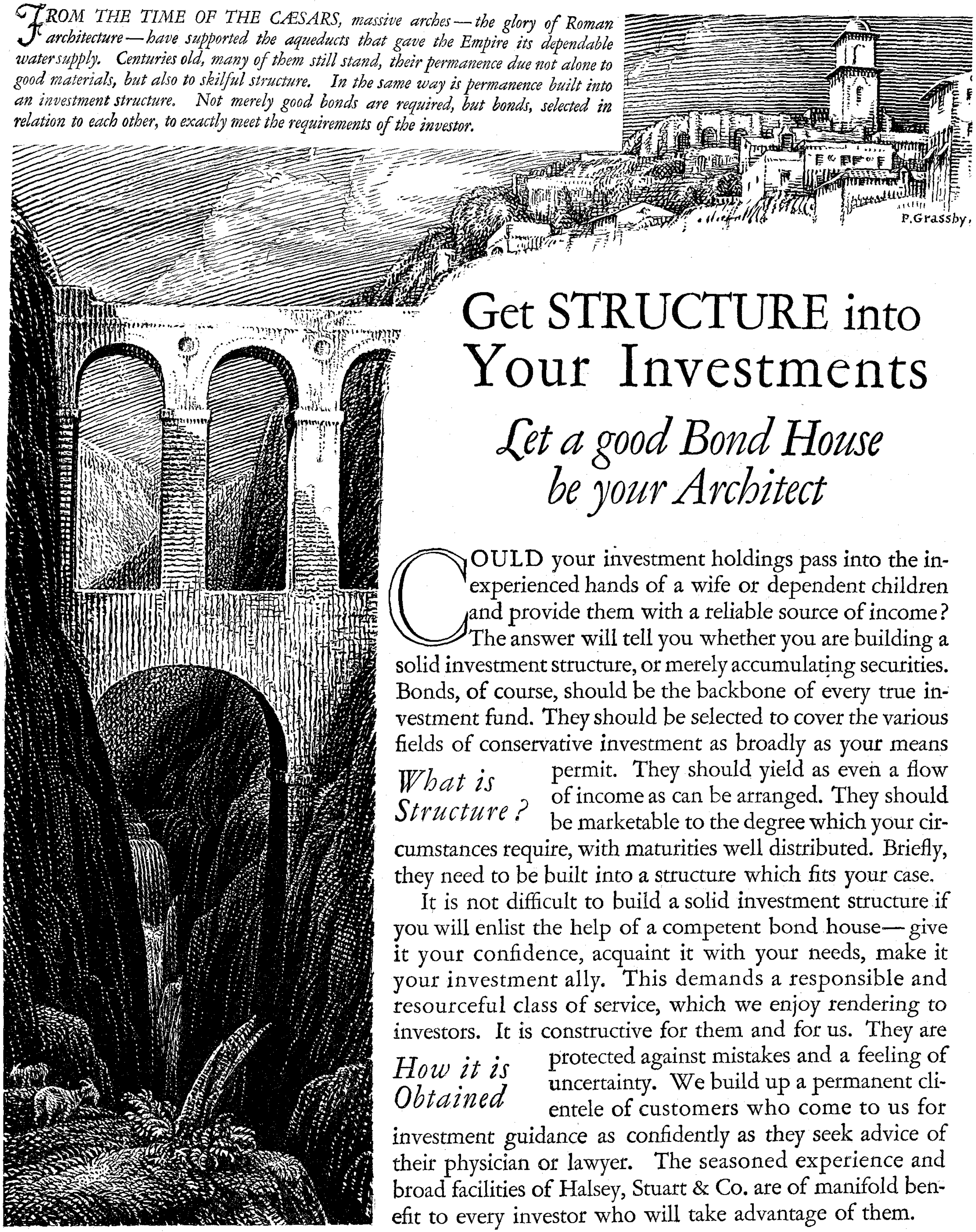
Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your special 10-day trial Offer.

Name........................................

Address........................................

City........................State..............

*FROM THE TIME OF THE CÆSARS, massive arches—the glory of Roman architecture—have supported the aqueducts that gave the Empire its dependable water supply. Centuries old, many of them still stand, their permanence due not alone to good materials, but also to skilful structure. In the same way is permanence built into an investment structure. Not merely good bonds are required, but bonds, selected in relation to each other, to exactly meet the requirements of the investor.*



# Get STRUCTURE into Your Investments

## *Let a good Bond House be your Architect*

### *What is Structure?*

COULD your investment holdings pass into the inexperienced hands of a wife or dependent children and provide them with a reliable source of income? The answer will tell you whether you are building a solid investment structure, or merely accumulating securities. Bonds, of course, should be the backbone of every true investment fund. They should be selected to cover the various fields of conservative investment as broadly as your means permit. They should yield as even a flow of income as can be arranged. They should be marketable to the degree which your circumstances require, with maturities well distributed. Briefly, they need to be built into a structure which fits your case.

### *How it is Obtained*

It is not difficult to build a solid investment structure if you will enlist the help of a competent bond house—give it your confidence, acquaint it with your needs, make it your investment ally. This demands a responsible and resourceful class of service, which we enjoy rendering to investors. It is constructive for them and for us. They are protected against mistakes and a feeling of uncertainty. We build up a permanent clientele of customers who come to us for investment guidance as confidently as they seek advice of their physician or lawyer. The seasoned experience and broad facilities of Halsey, Stuart & Co. are of manifold benefit to every investor who will take advantage of them.

"CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT HOUSE"—*This booklet presents in simple form a few of the important standards by which investors should judge bond houses and determine on a competent one for their purposes. Sent to anyone on request. Ask for booklet LD-2.*

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INCORPORATED

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201 South La Salle St.

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BOSTON
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MILWAUKEE
425 East Water St.

ST. LOUIS
319 North 4th St.

MINNEAPOLIS
610 Second Ave., S.

# INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

## "LITTLE EASY PAYMENTS"—A NEW FINANCIAL PROBLEM

NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO selling on the instalment plan was confined almost entirely to furniture. Now one can buy on this basis all kinds of labor-saving equipment, home appliances, heating-plants, clothing, musical instruments, radio receiving-sets, cash-registers, trucks, taxicabs, garages, Diesel engines, locomotives, newspaper presses, rugs, and electrical appliances. And the financing of these sales has become such a gigantic problem that a new type of financial institution has sprung into existence to solve it. It is said that of the 4,000,000 automobiles sold in 1923 at a wholesale price of about $2,000,000,000 only 1,000,000 were sold for cash, the others being bought on the instalment plan. And last year, according to one writer on the subject, there were 635 companies specializing in the financing of automobiles bought by instalments. The ultimate price of this mania for instalment selling, so a writer in *The American Mercury* fears, "will be the breaking down of the whole morale of the nation." The New York *Commercial* seems to be of much the same opinion. First of all, it points out, the cost of deferred-payment selling is high as compared with the cash system, "because of the losses occasioned by the necessity of repossessing goods of small resale value, the outright disappearance at times of both the customer and the merchandise, the long time before the investment in goods can be made to turn, and the added expense caused by the work of collecting the various instalments." If the instalment plan increases the total of sales, which is the reason for its existence, the question then arises, continues the editor of *The Commercial*, "whether the increase is economically justified, considering the burden that has been added to the load of those who have bought goods by the processes of mortgaging their future earnings." And the editorial concludes with a pointed question:

> That plan of trade or exchange which gives the individual in the community who is least able to afford the things he must have the most for his limited means, is the best, and that one which gives him least is the poorest. Does not the instalment plan give him less goods for dollar spent than any other yet devised?

Many bankers and business men thoroughly dislike the present wave of instalment selling, writes Alex Moss in *Advertising and Selling Fortnightly:*

> They feel that the wage-earner is already under too great a temptation to mortgage his future earnings. Any serious industrial depression, they point out, will react first against those industries which resort most to time-payment sales.

On the other hand, "manufacturers who have succeeded in greatly increasing their volume of sales through instalment selling" are said to affirm "that they find time-payment sales both sound and economical." That instalment selling has increased sales is an undoubted fact, the writer pointing out that:

> The Singer Sewing Machine Company was never able to attain quantity production until it developed the practise of instalment sales. Eighty per cent. of electrical household appliances are sold on the "easy payment" plan. Approximately 90 per cent. of musical instruments are bought in the same way. In 1923 over 328,000 pianos were manufactured in the United States, with a wholesale value of more than $100,000,000. Nearly 90 per cent. were sold on a time-payment basis.

"The automobile industry could not have reached its present size had sales been only for cash," continues Mr. Moss, citing figures which have already been quoted, "while a considerable factor in the astonishing expansion of the radio industry has been the use of easy credit terms." "The General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Electric Company both finance electrical wiring in homes, the former through its own internal financing organization, the latter through a credit company in Baltimore."

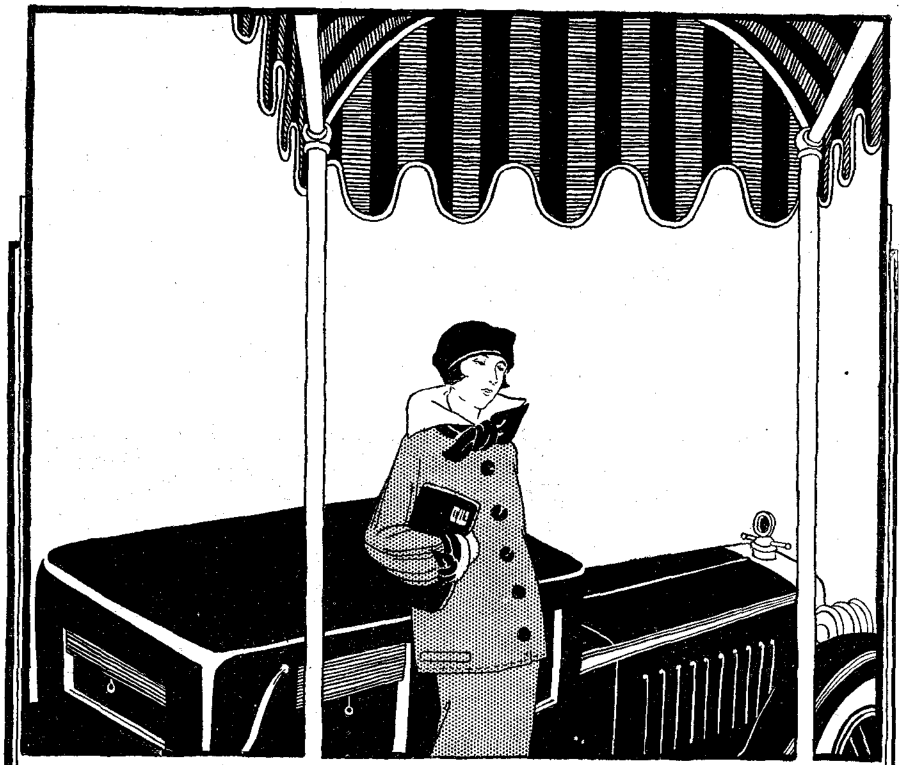
Within the last year or two a number of department stores have introduced deferred-payment selling in connection with various lines of goods previously sold only for cash or on regular accounts. What is practically large-scale instalment-plan selling is undertaken by the new corporation which sells machinery to manufacturers on practically the same basis as the equipment trust plan of providing railroads with rolling stock.

Now the one great obstacle in the further development of instalment-plan selling is the fact that the dealer finds it difficult to borrow on what is coming to him in customers' instalments. Banks usually restrict loans to three or four months. But to meet this need, a new type of financial institution is being organized which has already "proved itself of value in making deferred-payment sales possible and profitable." These organizations are known as finance companies, and this is the way they work:

> A manufacturer, wholesaler or retailer is in business to keep merchandise moving. Profits depend upon the rapidity of turnover. The finance company relieves the seller of the long-time paper created by deferred-payment sales by purchasing such paper. Many of these institutions go a step further and make a time sale resemble as nearly as possible a cash sale, by undertaking the collection of payments from the buyer as they mature, thereby eliminating the necessity and expense of collection department maintenance. By dealing with many organizations, a finance company can scatter its risks widely, and so increase the safety of its operations. If the management is prudent and cautious, it is not difficult to obtain additional financial facilities from the commercial banks through the use of collateral trust notes.
>
> The highest grade of commercial credit corporations enter into trust agreements with trust companies, whereby the credit corporation issues collateral trust notes under an indenture.
>
> There may be hundreds or thousands of credit obligations, therefore, which are bunched together and held by the trustee in trust as security to the outside investor who may buy collateral trust notes.
>
> One large department store in Detroit has adopted the following method of meeting time-payment competition: When customers request to buy on the instalment plan, an officer of the company explains that it would be impossible to do so without increasing prices. The suggestion is then made that the customer borrow from a local finance company, arranging to pay it back in instalments. This method, the customer is told, would be more economical to him.

Finally, the writer points out that any manufacturer or dealer will naturally give much careful thought to the selection of a finance company. He will find out about such things as these:

> 1. Is the finance company sufficiently experienced in instalment financing?
> 2. Does it specialize in deferred-payment paper, or is that merely incidental to its other lines of banking or brokerage, so that the handling of the deferred-payment paper suffers as a result?
> 3. Has it financial stability, so that it can care for the manufacturer's financing at all times?
> 4. Are its capital and resources of sufficient amount so that remittances to the manufacturer will be made as soon as it receives the manufacturer's paper, so that payments are not dependent upon collections?
> 5. In connection with financial stability, does the finance company operate within certain territorial limitations, with the result that it is seriously affected by changes in local conditions; or does it operate nationally, having a large spread and consequently is unaffected by poor conditions in certain localities?



A Thought for Thoughtful Tire Buyers

You'll seldom find India Tires as original factory equipment on new cars. That's because Indias are built only in limited quantities "for those who want the best."

This means that practically every single India Tire has DISplaced one of some other make—or REplaced another India.

And 61% of all Indias go where mileage is considered before first cost—on commercial vehicles and busses. Discriminating pleasure car owners buy the balance.

The Extra Miles Cost No More!

INDIA TIRES

THE INDIA TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

J-32

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
*Continued*

### OUR BILLION-DOLLAR CORPORATIONS

AMERICA is getting to be a billion-dollar country, points out a writer in *Forbes*, with fourteen corporations having assets exceeding a billion dollars each, two of them in the two-billion-dollar class, and five of them having done as much as a billion dollars' worth in a year. And there will be more billion-dollar corporations if the railroad consolidations now being planned become actualities. Until very recently our only two billion-dollar concern was the United States Steel Corporation, but "the acquisition of the El Paso and Southwestern by the Southern Pacific has put the latter in the two billion-dollar category." The writer continues:

> Our fourteen ten-figure enterprises include seven railroads, three insurance companies, one bank, one telephone company, one oil company and one steel company. The companies having assets of $1,000,000,000 or more follow:
>
> American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
> Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.
> Baltimore & Ohio R. R.
> Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
> National City Bank of New York.
> New York Central R. R.
> New York, Chicago & St. Louis R. R.
> New York Life Insurance Co.
> Pennsylvania R. R.
> Prudential Insurance Co. of America.
> Southern Pacific R. R.
> Standard Oil of New Jersey.
> United States Steel Corporation.
> Union Pacific R. R.
>
> Five of these have a capitalization of a billion or more. They are:
>
> American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
> New York Central R. R.
> Pennsylvania R. R.
> Southern Pacific R. R.
> United States Steel Corporation.
>
> Curiously, only two of the fourteen are among the five companies whose annual sales have touched the billion-dollar mark. The Steel Corporation's sales easily exceed that globular total. Ford Motor's sales will run close to a billion dollars this year. Our two largest packing companies' sales crossed a billion dollars a year during the war boom. The Metropolitan Life's sales of insurance exceed a billion annually.

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### WARNING

#### Beware of Subscription Swindlers

Swindlers are at work throughout the country soliciting subscriptions. We urge that no money be paid to strangers, even tho they exhibit printed matter apparently authorizing them to represent us. Offers of cut-rates, instalment payments or premiums made by canvassers are frequently fraudulent.

If you have any doubt about the honesty of a solicitor, better send subscription direct, or postpone giving your order until you can make inquiry. Should you discover anything suspicious, report should be made at once to the proper authority of your own and surrounding places. Local papers may spread the alarm if the facts are given them.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., *Publishers.*

## CURRENT EVENTS

### FOREIGN

February 10.—The International Opium Conference in Geneva adopts the American proposal that opium-growing be restricted to medicinal and scientific needs, but allows signing Powers to impose their own interpretations and limitations.

One hundred people are wounded or bruised, two fatally, in a French Communist attack on a Catholic rally in Marseilles.

February 11.—The International Opium Conference in Geneva adopts the Protocol amended to satisfy the Japanese and reaffirms the Hague convention which permitted opium smoking temporarily only.

A Russian Communist agent at Berlin testifies before the Leipsic Supreme Court that he had received $35,000 from the Soviets to prepare a Red uprising in Germany.

February 12.—Ellen Terry, famous English actress, is invested by King George with the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire.

Cough-drops and patent medicines containing heroin are interdicted by a decision of the International Opium Conference. All preparations with heroin must be subjected to medical prescription.

Two hundred and thirty German coal-miners die from poisonous gas in explosion of fire-damp at Dortmund in the Ruhr.

February 13.—Prof. Nicola Mileff, recently appointed Bulgarian Minister to the United States, is assassinated before he can leave Sofia.

February 14.—Trotzky, ex-war minister of Soviets, who is now taking a rest cure in the Caucasus, is relieved from all his remaining official duties by the Council of Commissars.

It is asserted that the assassins of the Bulgarian Minister to the United States, Professor Mileff, were Macedonians revenging the recent murder of their leader, Alexandroff.

February 15.—French Premier Herriot is dissuaded from resigning by his Cabinet, and is expected to withdraw restrictive measures on capital, banks, etc.

February 16.—Damaging storms raging in western Europe from Switzerland to Sicily blow trains off tracks, flood coast and valley towns, and wreak havoc generally.

### DOMESTIC

February 10.—The House passes the Postal Salary Increase Bill, calling for increased revenue of about $61,000,000.

President Coolidge's inauguration is planned to cost not more than $500, according to a dispatch from Washington to the New York *World*.

The President is reported as opposed to General Mitchell's plan for a unified air service.

February 12.—The United States Department of Justice, say Washington

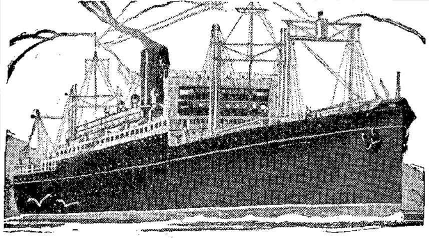
See him through
.....*through coupons*

APRIL 1925
$25
David Robinson

Coupons from well secured bonds would systematically help to finance his education. Such coupons are periodical rewards of family forethought and thrift. For high-grade bonds of many types, yields and maturities, consult our current list. It will be mailed gladly on request.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS — *Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the world* — SHORT TERM NOTES



ORIENT
Tours *via* Seattle

SEND the coupon now for the illustrated booklet, "Orient Tours via Seattle." It tells of travel in the Orient and how you may take this trip of a life-time at little more cost than an ordinary vacation. Get all the facts about the glorious voyage on U. S. Government ships over the American Oriental Mail Line's popular Short Route. Only 11 days to Yokohama.

A sailing every 12 days from Seattle via Victoria, B. C., to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila.

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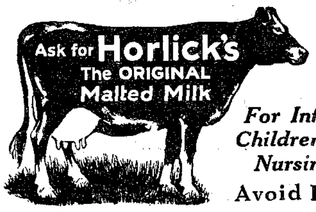

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## CURRENT EVENTS
*Continued*

reports, begins an inquiry into gasoline stocks and prices.

High water causes damage in New York and neighboring States.

The United States Property Custodian puts the value of German property seized during the war at $550,000,000.

February 14.—The Motor Show at Kansas City burns with a total loss of more than $1,000,000.

A daughter is born to Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

February 15.—Floyd Collins, imprisoned in a cave near Cave City, Kentucky, is found dead after seventeen days' imprisonment.

Governor Smith transmits the McAvoy report on the New York City transit situation to the legislature, with recommendations for action.

---

## WHY CLEAR ALL THE SIDEWALKS?

UNDER this heading an editorial writer in *The Engineering News-Record* asserts that snow-removal in our cities is hampered and the resulting congestion of traffic is increased by what he terms the "antiquated laws or ordinances" that require all sidewalks to be completely cleared. He writes:

The property-owner is under compulsion to get rid of this snow, and the only place he can put it is the street. In consequence we have ten to twenty-five foot sidewalks smooth and clean as a ballroom floor and piles of snow man-high cumbering the gutters and the curbside lanes of the streets. Vehicle traffic is restricted to the narrow center lanes and delayed by the snow-removal forces working at the mountains piled up from the sidewalk cleaning, while a broad sidewalk is left clear for a pedestrian traffic which could be readily accommodated in half the normal sidewalk width. The laws or practises that continue such an evil should be changed. Some one should be given authority to rule whether sidewalk or street in specific locations is the more important artery, and in every street but those crowded down-town districts the sidewalk cleared space should be narrowed and the curbside sidewalk space left for snow cleared from both street and sidewalk.

---

**Only an Amateur.**—Gloomily the man in the Public Library stood staring at the volumes of the encyclopedia—from AUS, down through BIS and CHA, clear to ZYM. "I guess I've got a lot to learn," he muttered. "I never get any of those stations on my set."—*American Legion Weekly.*

---

**Variety.**—LADY (to grocer)—"I want to buy some lard."

GROCER—"Pail?"

LADY—"I didn't know you could get it in two shades."—*The Widow.*

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Decidedly here is a book worth reading.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

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## THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

*Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.*

**awful, awfully**—"W. S. C.," Columbus, O.—*Awfully* is used sometimes idiomatically, but things can not be "*awfully* nice," or persons "*awfully* jolly," notwithstanding the sanction of colloquial usage. Phelps relates the following: "Two travelers at Rome once criticized Michael Angelo's statue of Moses. 'Is it not *awful?*' said one. 'Yes,' answered the other, 'it is *sublime.*' 'No, no!' rejoined the other, 'I meant *awfully* ugly!'" That is *awful* only which inspires awe.—"Desk Book of Errors in English," page 26.

**crare**—"R. H. S.," Aurora, Ind.—"Could you give any information as to the name of a slow merchant vessel of olden times? The name is a five-lettered word with the three letters 'RAR' in the middle."

The word inquired for is an obsolete term—*crare*—which is defined in the FUNK & WAGNALLS *New Standard Dictionary* as "a slow, clumsy merchant vessel of olden times." It is a variant spelling of *crayer* and appears (in a large list of variant forms) throughout English literature from the fourteenth century until the middle of the nineteenth century. Shakespeare used it in "Cymbeline," act iv, sc. 2, in the phrase, "You show what coast thy sluggish *crare* might easiliest harbor in."

**eternal, everlasting**—"C. M. R.," Peterborough, Ont., Can.—*Eternal*, considered strictly, signifies without beginning or end, in which sense it applies to God alone; *everlasting* applies to that which will never cease; *eternal* is also used in this more limited sense; *endless*, without end, in its utmost reach, is not distinguishable from *everlasting*. *Endless* is constantly used in inferior senses, especially in mechanics, as in the phrases an *endless* screw, an *endless* chain. *Everlasting* and *endless* are both used in a limited sense of protracted, indefinite, but not infinite duration; as, the *everlasting* hills; *endless* debates; so we speak of *interminable* quarrels. *Eternal* holds strictly to the vast and sacred meaning in which it is applied to the Divine Being and the future state. *Everlasting, endless,* and *eternal* may be applied to that which has no life, as *everlasting* chains, *endless* night, *eternal* death; *immortal* applies to that which now has life, and is forever exempt from death. *Timeless* carries, perhaps, the fullest idea of *eternal*, as above and beyond time, and not to be measured by it.—FERNALD, *English Synonyms, Antonyms and Prepositions.*

**fall on the face**—"J. H. W.," Graham, N. C.—"Why does Matthew 17–6 read 'And when the Disciples heard it, they fell on their *face*, and were sore afraid,' instead of 'fell on their *faces*'?"

Because the translators so rendered it. The singular form *face* has been used collectively by various writers for centuries of time. Thus, Fleming, 1576, says, "*They* . . . with a smiling *face* promise us *their* benevolence." Pope, in "The Rape of the Lock," 1712, says, "Some nymphs there are, too conscious of *their face.*" T. Boston, 1732, says, "People ply their business with skill and industry, but the wind turns in *their face.*" Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in "Aurora Leigh," says "God . . . thrusts the thing we have prayed for in *our face*," and sometimes we live to regret that we prayed for it.

**Far East, Near East, Orient, etc**—"W. R. J.," Estacada, Ore.—(1) The phrase *Far East* designates China and Japan and that region of Asia that is most eastern, whereas the *Near East* refers to the Levant, Turkey, and the countries adjacent thereto. Originally in the political world, Turkish affairs were referred to as the Eastern Question. In those days, the mid-Victorian period, the regions of the Far East were designated by the names of the countries referred to. It was only when the dismemberment of China was determined upon by Russia and Japan that the phrase *Far East* came into prominent use. (2) The word *Orient* is derived from the Latin *orior*, rise, and designates that part of the earth in the East because the sun is said to rise in that region. (3) The term *pulchritude* owes its origin to the Latin *pul her*, beautiful. The term *pulchritude* designates "the quality of beauty or comeliness; grace; also, any part or quality that confers beauty."

**occasion**—"S. W.," New York City.—*Occasion* as a transitive verb has been in use since the sixteenth century. The sentence quoted, "One thing that *occasioned* me the greatest surprize happened," is, therefore, entirely correct.

**sailer, sailor**—"T. B.," Mt. McGregor, N. Y.—The correct and accepted spelling of the word referred to is *sailor*. The spelling *sailer*, formerly in vogue for the seaman, is not commonly accepted to-day, the word being restricted in its use to a sailing vessel. The form *sailer*, for the man, has not been in use since 1605.

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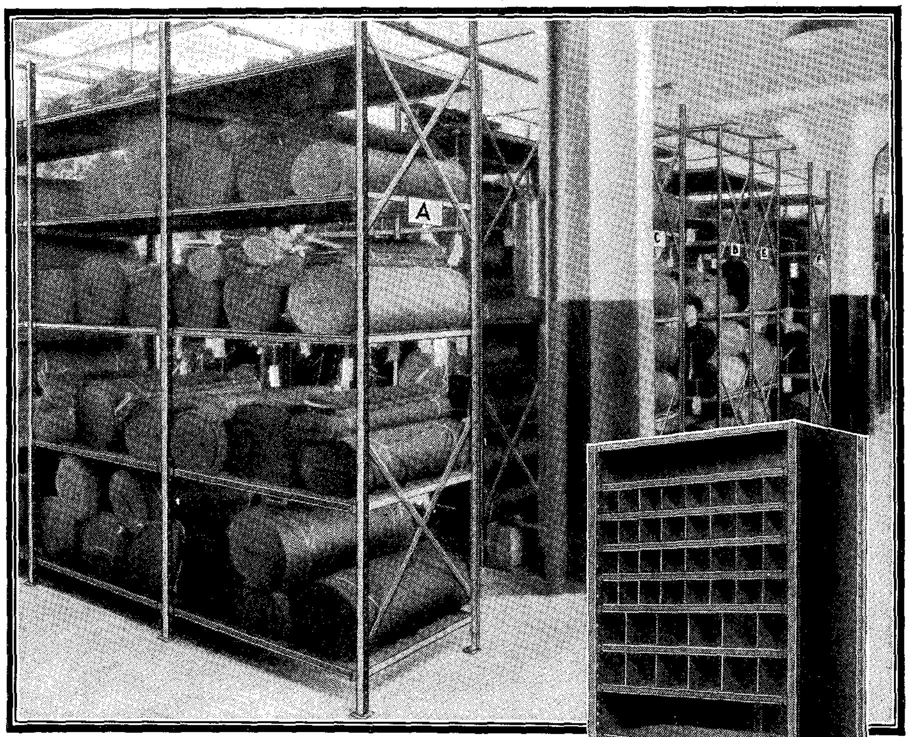

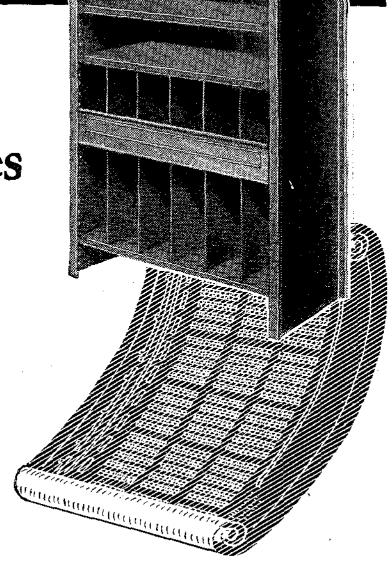

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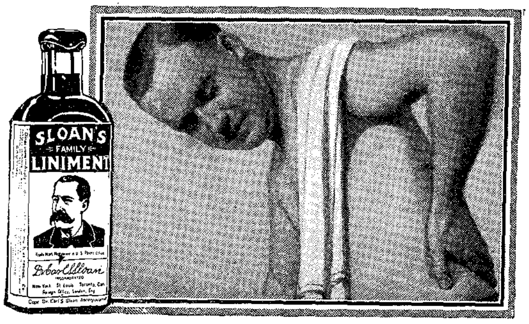

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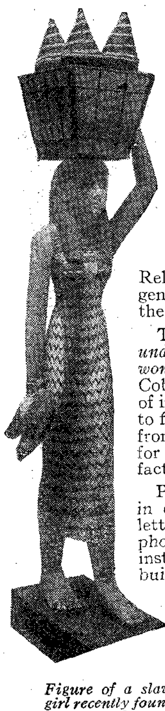

*Figure of a slave girl recently found in a tomb near Thebes*

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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**all over**—"H. J. L.," Youngstown, O.—The phrase "all over" is an English idiom meaning "in all parts," and is characterized a colloquialism. "I am *all over* rain" means "I am covered all over with rain." It is in generally accepted usage.

**cahoot**—"E. L. D.," Klamath Falls, Ore.—The term *cahoot* is recorded in the dictionary as slang, meaning "partnership," so that "They were in *cahoots* on the scheme" means that they were associates or partners in it.

**calory**—"F. P. W.," Mecosta, Mich.—The word referred to is correctly spelled *calory*, and is pronounced with the stress on the first syllable, the *a* as in *at*.

A *calory* is one of two recognized units of heat, of which the greater calory is the amount of heat necessary to raise one kilogram of water one centigrade, the lesser calory being the amount of heat necessary to raise one gram of water one centigrade.

In dietetics, a calory is a unit of heat- or energy-producing value of food; also, the amount of food required to produce them.

**democrat, republic**—"G. W.," Eagar, Ariz.—(1) The word *democrat* is derived from the Greek words *demos*, people, and *krateo*, rule; and therefore means "one who favors a government controlled by the people; as, the organizers of the French Revolution called themselves *democrats*." The name, "the Democratic party," was assumed in 1828 by the old Anti-Federalist or Republican party as "a novel, distinct, and popular party."

(2) The word *republic*, derived from the Latin words *res*, affairs, and *publica*, public, defines "a state in which the sovereignty resides in the people and the administration is lodged in officers elected by and representing the people." There is no fundamental difference in the meaning of the two words; as, for example, the *republic* of the United States is a *democracy*. The Republican party was organized in 1854.

A full discussion of both of the political parties may be found in any good American history or in any good encyclopedia.

**escrowee**—"W. T. D.," Frankfort, Ky.—"Is *escrowee* a good word? It is used in this sense, that it refers to the escrowe agent or party with whom an instrument is deposited to be delivered upon the fulfilment of a certain contract."

The Lexicographer has no record of *escrowee*. The word *escrow* is an instrument that is placed in the hands of a third person, as a *scrowl* or *scroll* or writing. Commercial paper, bonds, deeds, etc., are held *in escrow*, and it may be the practise among persons who deal with these to refer to the holders of such instruments as *escrowees*, but the word is new to the Lexicographer.

***in lieu***—"W. S. N.," Union, S. C.—Exactly what use can the phrase 'in lieu' be put to, and illustrate."

The phrase *in lieu* means "in the place or in the stead of," *lieu* being used in its accepted sense of "place" or "stead." For example, "The plaintiff sued the defendant for a month's rent *in lieu* of notice." Here "in lieu" means "in the place of or in the stead of." But the phrase has been used commonly for "instead" for years—"A durable stone building *in lieu* of a perishable wooden one."

**which, who**—"C. E. B.," Louisville, Ky.—The relative pronoun *which* in modern usage refers to things without life, or to the lower animals. *Who* refers to persons and not to things. *Department* is the name of a thing, not of a person; hence, the correct relative pronoun to associate with it is *which*—"These vouchers should be sent to the Law Department *which* authorizes or declines their payment."

"B. O.," Phoenix, Ariz.—"Should a question-mark be used in the following sentence: 'May we request your check'?"

The sentence should be followed by a question-mark.

The question, "May we request your check?" if answered in the affirmative, "Yes," does not commit the replier to send a check. He merely says, "Yes, you may request my check."

Some business-letter writers in the attempt to be more emphatic and to get more immediate response, add the phrase, "by return mail," to the foregoing inquiry. The answer is, affirmatively, "Yes, you may request my check by return mail," or, negatively, "No, you may not request my check by return mail." If the check is needed is it not best to say simply, "Please send your check"?

## THE SPICE OF LIFE

**Not Enough Tone.**—STOREKEEPER—"I don't like the ring of this half-dollar."

CUSTOMER—"What do you want for fifty cents—a peal of bells?"—*The Purple Cow.*

**Mabel's Car.**—"I notice that Mabel has an inferiority complex."

"I hate those foreign cars, don't you?"—*Sniper.*

**No Fingerprints.**—"Safety first," remarked the detective's son as he donned rubber gloves to raid the jam closet.—*The American Legion Weekly.*

**The Receiving End.**—"Is Mrs. Mortensen in?"

"Yes. But she isn't receiving to-day."

"I am. I'm the rent-collector."—*Klods Hans (Copenhagen).*

**Only Explanation.**—"This taximeter can't misrepresent anything," said the driver.

"What's the matter?" inquired the passenger. "Is it broke?"—*Washington Star.*

**Latest Peril.**—A new disease, called Phyesphesiatics, has been discovered by Professor Inder, of New York. What a stumbling-block this word would be to a cross-word enthusiast who stuttered.—*The Humorist (London).*

**Whence "Satiated."**—TEACHER—"Robert, give me a sentence using the word 'satiate.' "

BOBBY—"I took Mamie Jones to a picnic last summer and I'll satiate quite a lot."—*Boston Transcript.*

**Dauntless Eclipse.**—Iron Mountain, Mich., January 24.—(9:03 a. m.)—Despite fog and generally cloudy conditions, the sun was in complete eclipse here almost on the exact schedule forecast by scientists.—*From a news item in the Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

**Right Up-to-Date.**—A man was spending a night at a hotel in a small Southern town, and when going to his room for the night he told the porter that he wanted to be called early in the morning.

"Say, boss," replied the porter, "I reckon yo' ain't familiar wid dese heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawin' all yo' has to do is to press de button at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up an' calls yo'."—*Everybody's.*

**Evening Up.**—"Well," said Farmer Briggs to the artist, "how much will you charge to paint my farmhouse with me standing at the door?"

"Oh, fifty dollars," said the artist.

"Done," said the farmer. "Come to-morrow."

In due course the painting was finished. But, alas! the artist forgot to paint in the farmer.

"Yes, I like it," said the farmer; "but where's me—where's me?"

The artist tried to pass off his error with a joke.

"Oh," he said, "you've gone inside to get my fifty dollars."

"O, have I?" was the farmer's reply. "Perhaps I'll be coming out soon, and if I do I'll pay you; in the meantime, we'll hang it up and wait."—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

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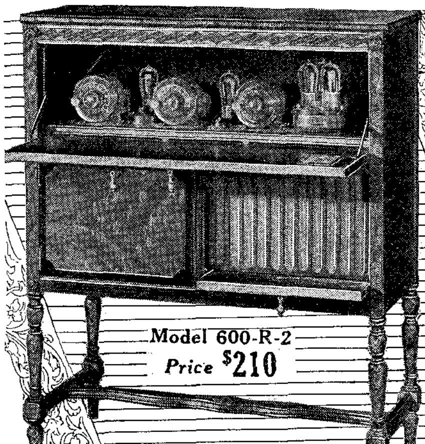

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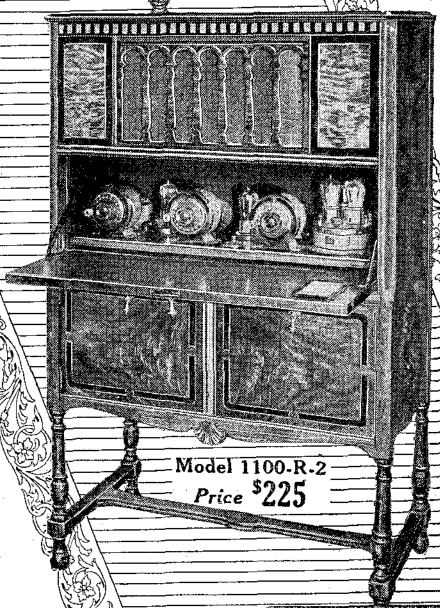

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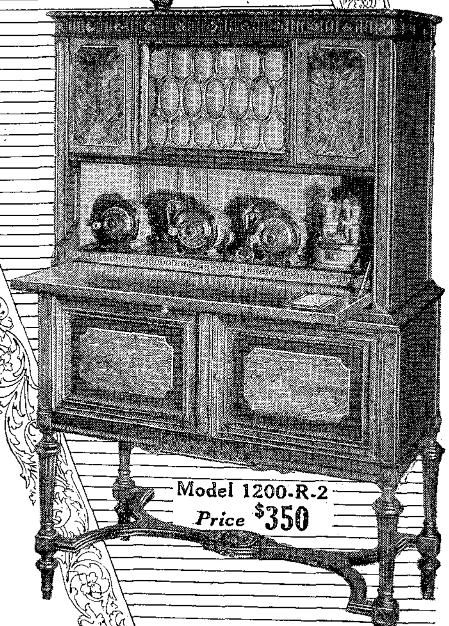

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## THE SPICE OF LIFE
*Continued*

**Franker than Most.**—GANTZ BROS' GARAGE—Dodge work a specialty.—*Classified Ad. in the Boston Herald.*

**Red Ink?**—LOST—A fountain pen by a young man, full of ink. Return to Review office.—*Classified ad. in the Towanda Review.*

**Couldn't Fool Her.**—POP—"Just think, those ruins are 2,000 years old."

MOP—"Aw gwan, it's only 1925 now."—*The Purple Cow.*

**The Needful Knowledge.**—HE—"Know anything about India?"

HIM—"Delhi is the word you want. I solved that one last night."—*Life.*

**No Runabouts Need Apply.**—Refined lady wishes charge of widower's home or old coupe.—*Want ad in the Seattle Daily Times.*

**Proved.**—"Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

"Unquestionably."

"What is it?"

"I just told you."—*Boston Transcript.*

**Probably.**—The lion and the lamb had just lain down together. "As for me," remarked the lion, "I should like to be called at 7.30 in the morning." Said the lamb: "Don't bother to call me; I'll probably get up when the lion does."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Reassurance.** — "I wish you could assure me," said a nervous old lady, approaching the captain of an excursion boat, "that this vessel would be able to come safely through a storm."

"Lady," proudly asserted the grizzled skipper, "this old craft has come safe through so many storms that half her timbers is unj'inted."—*American Legion Weekly.*

**Discount That Counted.**—In American bookselling circles it is customary to allow a discount to publishers, authors and personal friends. When Mark Twain once visited a bookshop he chose a book and said to the assistant:

"Now, as a publisher I am entitled to a discount of 50 per cent. As an author I am also entitled to 50 per cent., and as a friend of the proprietor I should get 25 per cent. Now, what's the price of the book and what do I have to pay for it?"

The assistant did some rapid figuring and handing over the book, said:

"I guess we owe you 75 cents. Here you are. I hope we may have your further patronage!"—*Jugend (Munich).*

**Flowers for the Dear Departed.**—A society has been formed, each member of which has to sow a packet of flower seeds along country roads. We presume that motorists are expected to stop long enough to pluck blossoms for a wreath to lay on each fallen pedestrian.—*London Opinion.*

**Inspired Religion.**—A little girl returned home to her parents after taking her musical examination. They asked her how she had got on.

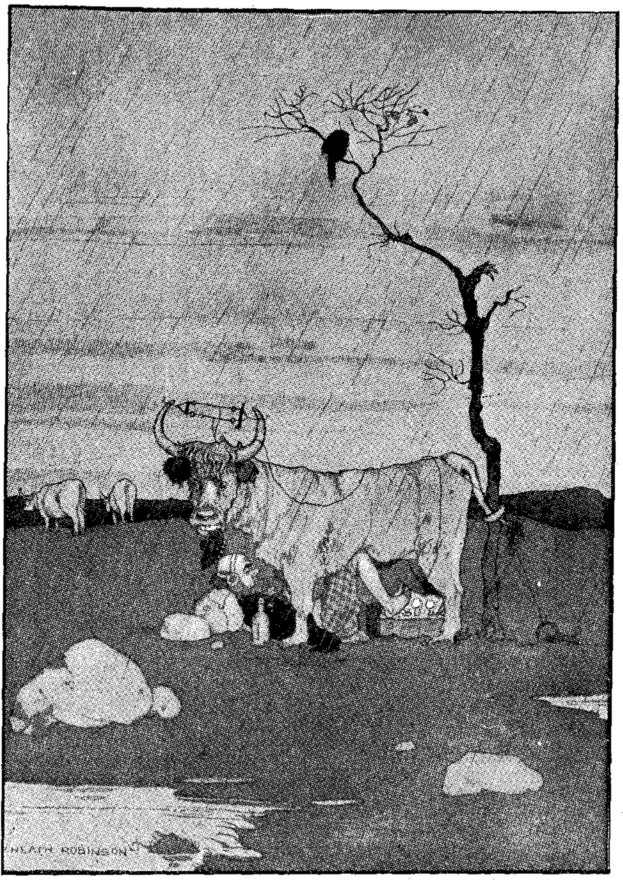
"Very well, I think," she answered.

"What was the examiner like?"

"Quite a nice man—and so religious."

"Religious! How could you tell?"

"In the middle of one of my pieces he put his head in his hands and said, 'Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens!' very reverently."—*The Methodist Recorder.*



How the spread of broadcasting brought home-comforts to a lonely herdsman in the Highlands.

—*The Bystander* (London).

**Taking No Chances.**—"So you wish to leave to get married, Mary. I hope you have considered the matter seriously?"

"Oh, I have, mum. I've been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign-book, and dreamed on a lock of 'is 'air, and I've been to a medium and a asterologist, and they all tell me to go ahead, mum. I ain't one to marry reckless like, mum."—*London Opinion.*

### Where He "Acts up Some."

I am twenty-five cents.

I am not on speaking terms with the butcher.

I am too small to buy a quart of ice-cream.

I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy.

I am too small to buy a ticket to a movie.

I am hardly fit for a tip, but—believe me, when I go to church on Sunday I am considered *some money!*—*The Christian Evangelist* (*St. Louis*).